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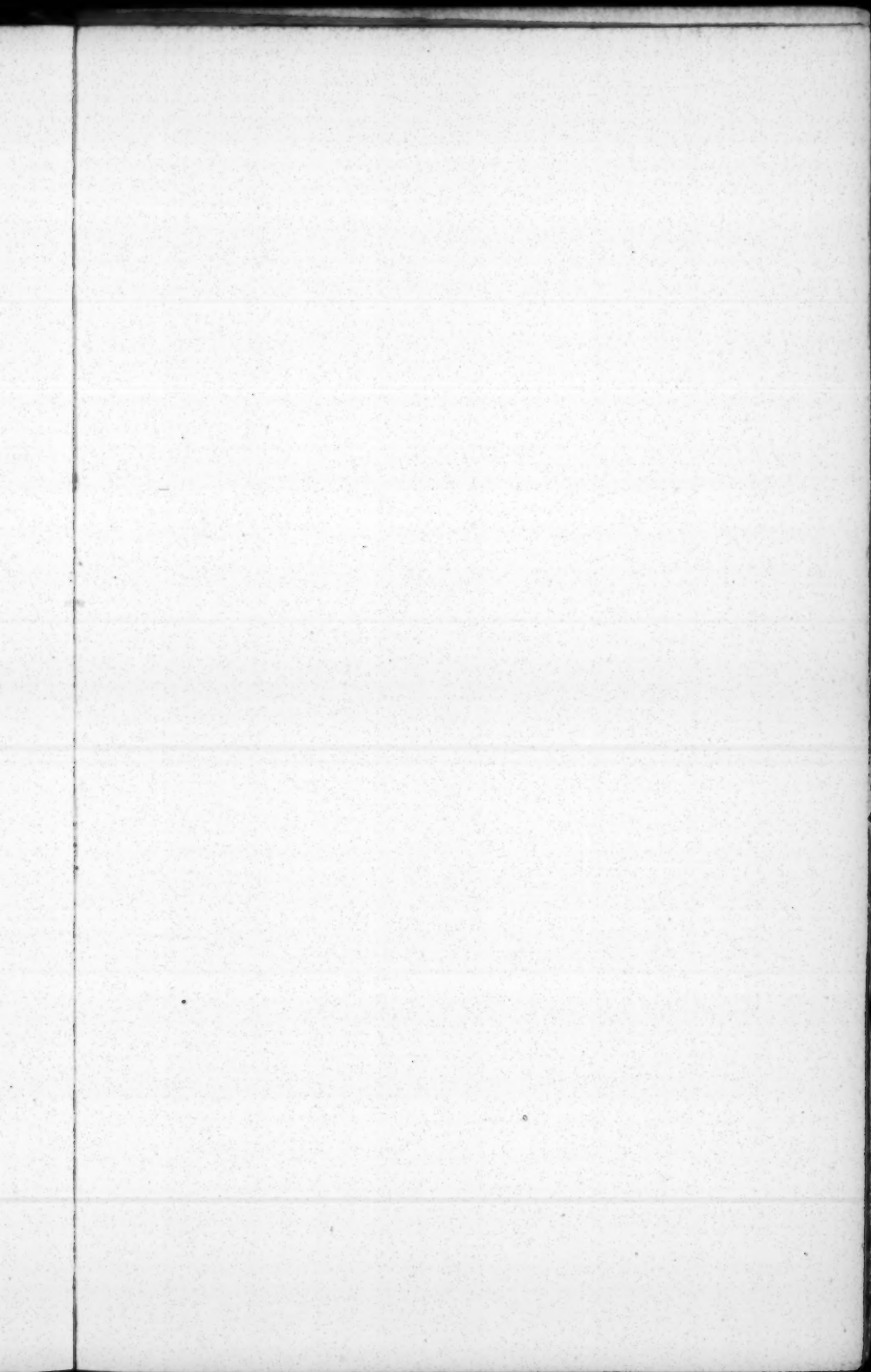
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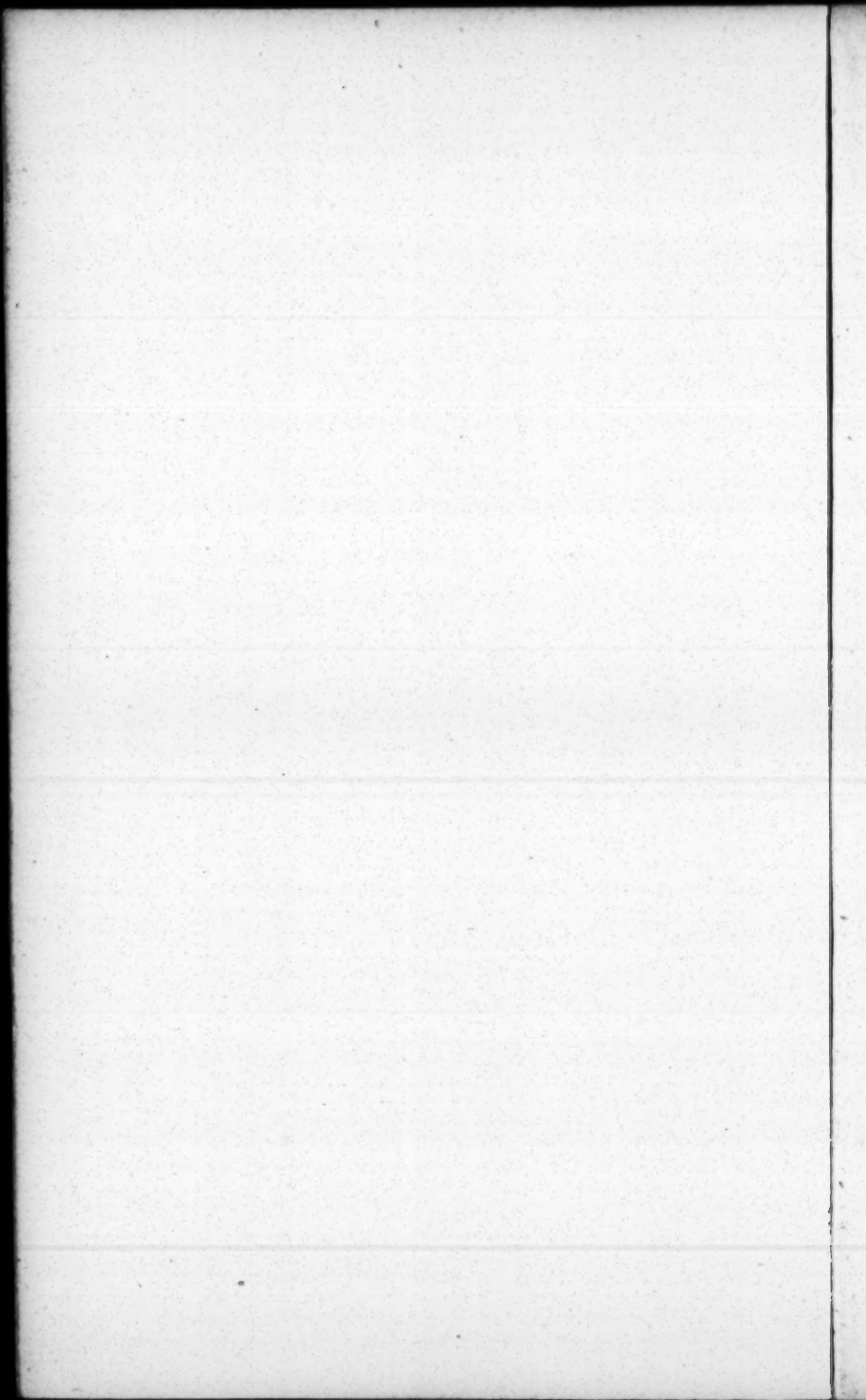
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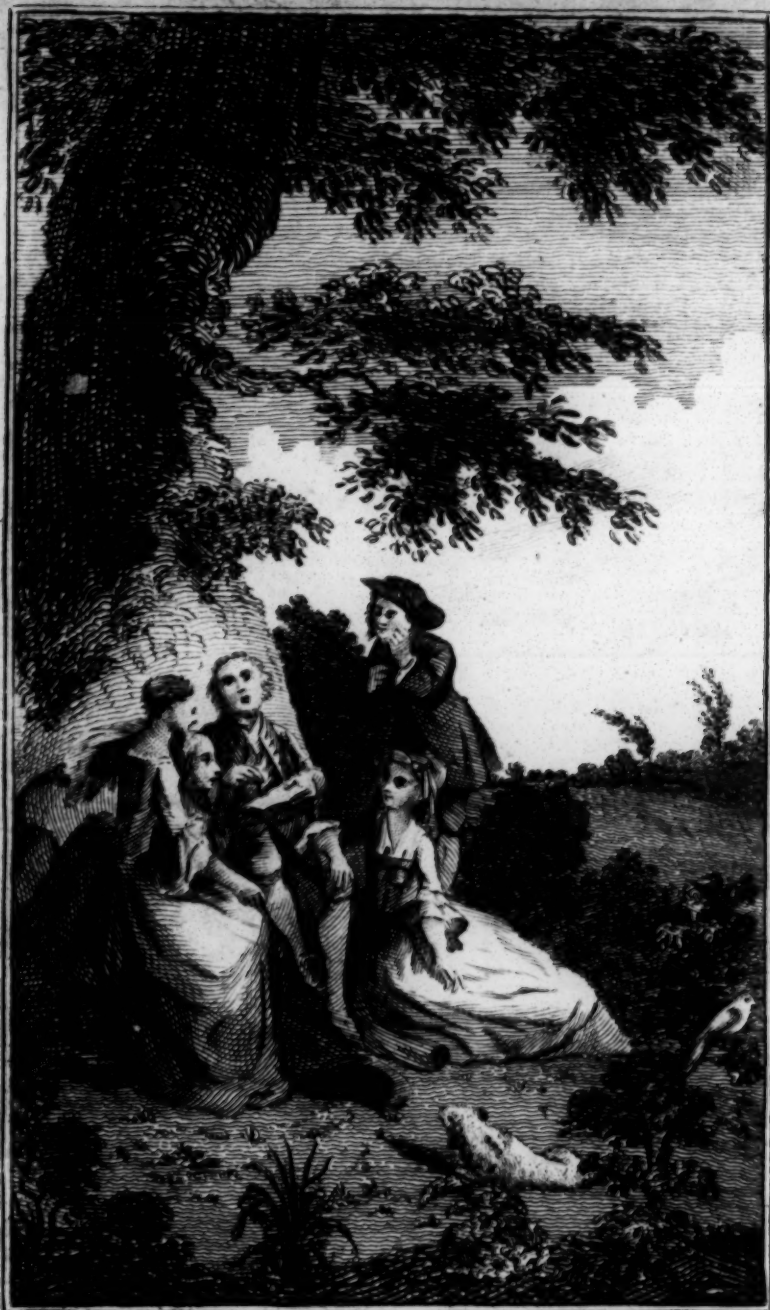
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Pr
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THE
(Bull-Finch)
Being
(A choice Collection)
OF THE
Newest and most favourite
(English Songs)
Which have been
Sett to Music and Sung at
The Public Theatres & Gardens.

Printed for G. Robinson and R. Baldwin in
Paternoster Row, and G. & J. Wilkie in
St Pauls Church Yard, LONDON.



THE BULL-FINCH;

BEING A COLLECTION OF
THE MOST ADMIR'D NEW SONGS.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

By Mr. Dibdin.

I Sail'd from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how it smack'd thro' the breeze,
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy,
As ever fail'd on the salt seas.
Then adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls and our dear native shore,
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We ne'er shall see them any more.
But sailors are born for all weathers,
Great Guns, let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have funk;
For the wind so began for to alter
She yaw'd just as tho' she was drunk,
The squall tore the main-sail to shivers,
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries,
Brace the fore-sail athwart, see, she quivers,
As thro' the rough tempest she flies.

*But sailors, &c.
The*

B

Hasting C 596

THE BULL-FINCH.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
 As black just as pitch was the sky:
 When truly a doleful disaster,
 Befel three poor sailors, and I,
 Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handfail,
 By a blast that came furious and hard,
 Just while we were furling the mainfail,
 Were every soul swept from the yard.

But Sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cry'd peccavi,
 As for I, at the risk of my neck,
 While they funk down in peace to old Davy,
 Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
 Well, what would you have? we were stranded,
 And out of a fine jolly crew,
 Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
 But I, and, I think, twenty-two.

But Sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarry'd,
 Another guess way fat the wind,
 For to England I came and got marry'd
 To a lass that is comely and kind;
 But whether for joy or vexation,
 We know not for what we were born,
 Perhaps I may find a kind station,
 Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.

But Sailors, &c.

PADDY'S JOURNEY TO LONDON.

A New Song.

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's
sweet city,

And for England's own self thro' the seas I did
plow ;

For three days long was I tofs'd up and down.

Like a quid of chew'd hay in the troat of a cow ;

Whilst afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, Sir,

I clung like a cat fast hold for to keep, Sir,

Round about the big post that grows out of the ship,
Sir.

Oh! tis true as I'm now singing Langolee.

Then standing stock still all the while I was moving

Till Ireland's sweet coast I saw clean out of sight,

When finding myself a true Irishman born, Sir,

Was leaving the ship on the shore for to light,

A little board they put out, 'twas too narrow to
quarter,

The very first step I was ready to totter,

That I jump'd on dry land to my neck in the water.

Oh! that was no time to sing Langolee.

Then with grief, cold, and hunger, I never did
feel more,

My stomach and bowels with hunger did growl;

For to keep them in temper, I thought the best way,

Sir,

Was to take out the wrinkles of both, by my soul.

Then we went to a house where roast meat they
provide, Sir,

Where the whirlegig, which up the chimney I spy'd,

Sir,

That grinds all the smoke into powder, beside, Sir.

Oh! its true as I'm now singing Langolee.

Then I went to the landlord of all the stage-coaches,
 That set out for London each night in the week,
 To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,
 As a birth aboard one of them I went to seek.
 As for the inside, I'd no cash in my casket,
 'Therefore by your leave, Sir, I make bold to ask it,
 If your coach goes at twelve, pray what time goes
 the basket?

For there I can ride and sing Langolee.

Then the man made his mouth up, says he, "Sir,
 the basket

"Goes after the coach, a full hour or two."

"Very well, Sir," says I, "that's the thing that
 I wanted."

But the devil a word that he told me was true;
 For the one goes before, and the other behind, Sir;
 They set off cheek by jole, at the very same time,
 Sir;

So that very same day I set off by moonshine, Sir,
 All alone by myself, singing Langolee.

Oh! good luck to the moon, that noble sweet
 crature,

That serves me with lamplight each night in the
 dark;

As for the sun only shines in the day time, by
 which nature

Wants no light at all, as you all may remark.

But as for the moon, I will be bound, Sir,

'Twould save this whole nation a great many pound,
 Sir,

To subscribe for to light her up all the year round,
 Sir,

Or I'll never more sing about Langolee.

THE BULL-FINCH.

5

THE FLOWING CANN.

By Mr. Dibdin.

A SAILOR's life's a life of woe,
He works now late now early;
Now up and down, now to and fro,
What then, he takes it cheery:
Blest with a smiling can of grog,
If duty call,
Stand, rise, or fall,
To fate's last verge he'll jog:
The kedge to weigh,
The sheets belay,
He does it with a wish;
To heave the lead,
Or to cat-head,
The pond'rous anchor fish;
For, while the grog goes round,
All sense of danger's drown'd,
We despise it to a man:
We sing a little, and laugh a little.
And work a little, and swear a little,
And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
And swig the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring seas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the storm our hearts at ease,
For Jack's to fear a stranger:
Bless'd with the smiling grog we fly,
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now rise on mountains high:
Spite of the gale
We hand the sail,

B 3

Or

Or take the needful reef,
 Or man the deck,
 To clear some wreck,
 To give the ship relief;
 'Though perils threat around,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man:

We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our fate is hard,
 Though storms at sea thus treat us;
 For coming home, a sweet reward,
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us:
 Now to the friendly grog we quaff,
 Our am'rous toast,
 Her we love most,
 And gayly sing and laugh:
 The sails we furl,
 Then for each girl,
 The petticoat display:
 The deck we clear,
 Then three times cheer,
 As we their charms survey,
 And then the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger's drown'd
 We despise it to a man:

We sing a little, &c.

DICK THE DUSTMAN.

By Mr. Dibdin.

In his Entertainment of the *Wags*.

I'M dashing Dick, the Dust-man,
 None my calling can degrade,
 For I am not the first man,
 Who has driven a dirty trade:

Pretty

THE BULL-FINCH.

7

Dust ho, dust ho! I rings my bell and cries,

My tricks if you would find 'em,

Pretty early you must rise,

For watch me still,

Howe'er you will,

I bears off many a prize,

And if I wants to blind 'em,

Throws dust in their eyes.

Why what's your man of honour,

And what's your madam Fame,

A jilt when he has won her,

That proves a dirty name:

Victory, victory! he draws his sword and cries,

In the midst of slaughter find him,

See where the savage flies,

He spares no life,

Nor friend, nor wife,

Where'er he finds a prize,

'Till death at last to blind him,

Throws dust in his eyes.

The lawyer, the physician,

And e'en the learn'd divine,

Each drives in his condition,

As black a trade as mine.

Fees ho, fees ho! each draws his purse, and cries,

Their consciences can't bind 'em;

The wretched patient dies;

All prayers fail,

And in a jail,

The ruin'd client lies,

Unless you throw to blind 'em,

Gold dust in their eyes.

And so d'ye see men baffle,

'To see who's dirty first,

And one another hustle,

And all to raise the dust.

Dust ho, dust ho! each draws his purse and cries,
 And whom old Nick behind him,
 Will take, to mount up, tries,
 All scrambling go,
 From friend to foe,
 'To bear away some prize,
 And each throws dust to blind him,
 Plump in his neighbour's eyes.

Sung by Mr. Johnson.

"Young Casey's the Lad."

WHEN I was at home, I was merry and frisky,
 My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold
 whisky;

My uncle was rich, but would never be easy,
 'Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow Corporal Casey!
 My dear little Sheelah, I thought wou'd run crazy
 When I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Casey.

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
 On Sheelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;
 But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey!
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
 The devil go with him! I ne'er could be lazy,
 He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
 That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely;
 And who shou'd the first be that dropt?—who, an't
 please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey;
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
 Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be easy,
 So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

LOVELY

THE BULL-FINCH.

9

LOVELY SUE. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

THE main had darkness mantled o'er,
The howling tempest blew,
Yet dread of seeing thee no more,
Was all the fear I knew,
Tho' out of sight, ne'er out of mind,
Thy sailer always true,
Regarded more than waves or wind,
The sight of lovely Sue.

But when we met the haughty foe.
And bullets round us flew,
With double strength I gave each blow,
To merit thee, my Sue.
Tho' out of sight, ne'er out of mind,
My heart still fonder grew,
In Fancy's glass, to lovers kind,
I gaz'd on thee, my Sue.

A FAVOURITE DRINKING SONG.

Set by Mr. Hooke.

Sung at Vauxhall, by Mr. Duffy.

LET Philosophers prate about reason and rules,
And preach about maxims design'd but for
fools,
From a brisk sparkling bowl brighter sentiments flow,
And I find myself wiser the deeper I go;
We can teach them to live, and by practice explain,
What in theory only they never could gain;
Draw the cloud from their eyes that o'er shadows
their soul,
And enlighten their heads with a sup from my bowl.

THE BULL-FINCH.

May the pedant be lost in his phantom pursuit,
 While I revel in wine, and with bumpers recruit,
 Since the wisest can never perfection attain,
 Why should life proffer sweets and enjoyments in
 vain?

Let not man then his time in such foppery waste,
 Or refuse mingled sweets with the bitter to taste,
 But thus let him waft to Elysium, his soul
 In an ocean of liquor—his vessel my bowl.

Relax'd from the cares of the world let me live,
 'Gainst the rude stream of life that I never may strive,
 With a friend to partake, and a girl to adore,
 Oh what mortal more happy!—what man could wish
 more!

Dull mechanical mortals here look and repine,
 That their hearts can ne'er glow with such feelings
 as mine,

But such feelings, such joys, receive birth in my
 soul,

When thus mellow'd, thus rear'd, and refin'd in
 my bowl.

THE JOYS OF THE COUNTRY.

By Mr. Dibdin.

LET bucks and let bloods to praise London
 agree,

Oh the joys of the Country, my jewel, for me,
 Where sweet is the flow'r which the May bush adorns
 And how charming to gather it but for the thorns;
 Where we walk o'er the mountains with health our
 cheeks glowing,

As warm as a toast, honey, when it in't snowing;
 Where nature to smile when the joyful inclines,
 And the sun charms us all the year round when it
 shines.

Oh

THE BULL-FINCH.

11

Oh the mountains and vallies and bushes,
The pigs and the screetch-owls and thrushes,
Let bucks and let bloods to praise London agree,
Oh the Joys of the Country, my jewel, for me.

There twelve hours on a stretch we in angling
delight,

As patient as Jobs, though we get ne'er a bite,
There we pop at the wild-ducks and frighten the
crows,

While so lovely the icicles hang to our cloaths ;
There wid aunts and wid cousins and grandmo-
ders talking,

We are caught in the rain while we're all out a
walking,

While the muslins and gauzes cling round each fair
she

That they look all like Venus's sprung from the sea.

Oh the mountains, &c.

Then how sweet in the dog-days to take the fresh air,
When to save you expence the dust powders your
hair;

Thus pleasures like snow-balls encrease as they roll,
And tire you to death, not forgetting the bowl:

With mirth and good-fellowship always uniting,
We agree, that is, when we are not squabbling and
fighting,

Wid good toasts and pint bumpers we bodder the
head,

Just to see who most gracefully staggers to bed.

Oh the mountains, &c.

THE BULL-FINCH.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

By Mr. Dibdin.

ADIEU, adieu! my only life,
 My honour calls me from thee,
 Remember thou 'rt a soldier's wife,
 Those fears but ill become thee:
 What though by duty I am call'd,
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Where Valour's self might stand appall'd,
 When on the wings of thy true love,
 To heav'n above thy tender oraisons are flown,
 The tender prayer thou put'st up there,
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving,
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving:
 Let perils come, let horrors threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle,
 I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assured when on the wings of love,
To heaven above, &c.

Enough with that benignant smile,
 Some kindred god inspir'd thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee;
 I go assur'd, my life adieu!
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Where murd'ring carnage stalks in view,
 When on the wings of my true love,
To heaven above, &c.
AWAKE

THE BULL-FINCH.

13

AWAKE MY FAIR.

A favourite Song. Sung at Vauxhall by Mr. Duffy.

Composed by Mr. Carter.

AWAKE my fair, sweet Chloe wake ;
Thy true love calls to thee ;
Come lady, come, thy bed forsake,
And range the fields with me :
Come let us to the greenwood rove,
'Tis just the dawn of day ;
Arise, I prythee my true love,
I can no longer stay.

The cock has crow'd three times or more,
And wakes the village train ;
Come lady, ope thy chamber door,
For here I can't remain ;
Haste Chloe, haste, my charmer rise,
Awake make no delay,
The veil of night has left the skies,
I can no longer stay.

The lark, my fair, has fled his nest,
And morn is growing late ;
Come lady, leave awhile thy rest,
And tend me at the gate ;
Sweet Chloe, come, thy promise keep,
" 'Tis Love, our bridal day."
We've other things to mind than sleep,
I can no longer stay.

THE BULL-FINCH.

HAPPY JERRY.

By Mr. Dibdin.

I WAS the pride of all the Thames
 My name was Natty Jerry,
 The best of smarts and flashy dames,
 I've carried in my wherry ;
 For then no mortal soul like me,
 So merrily did jog it,
 I lov'd my wife and friend, d'ye see,
 And won the prize of Dogget ;
 In coat and Badge so neat and spruce,
 I row'd all blythe and merry,
 And all the Watermen did use,
 To call me happy Jerry.

But times soon chang'd, I went to sea,
 My wife and friend betray'd me,
 And in my absence treach'rously,
 Some pretty frolicks play'd me.
 Return'd, I us'd them like a man,
 But still 'twas so provoking,
 I could not 'joy my very can,
 Nor even fancy smoaking ;
 In tarnish'd badge and coat so queer,
 No longer blythe and merry,
 Old friends now pass me with a sneer,
 And call me dismal Jerry.

At sea, as with a dangerous wound,
 I lay under the surgeons,
 Two friends, each help I wanted, found
 In every emergence ;
 Soon after my sweet friend and wife,
 Into that mess had brought me,
 These two kind friends who sav'd my life,
 In my misfortunes fought me ;

We've

THE BULL-FINCH.

15

We've come, (cry'd they,) that once again,
In coat and badge so merry,
Your kind friends the watermen,
May hail you happy Jerry.

I'm Peggy, once your soul's delight,
To whom you prov'd a rover,
Who since that time in man's attire,
Have fought you the world over;
And I (cry'd t'other,) am that Jack,
When boys you us'd so badly;
That now the best friends to your back,
Then pr'ythee look not sadly.
Few words are best, I seiz'd their hands,
My grateful heart grew merry,
And now in love and friendship's bands
I'm once more happy Jerry.

BACCHUS'S FEAST.

By Mr. R. Rusted.

Tune—To Anacreon, &c.

TO the feast of brave Bacchus, that great God of
wine,

All the Goddesses met with a kind invitation;
The Muses and Graces all came to the spine,
Came in haste to partake of the grand obligation:
Mad'm Juno was there, and Venus the fair,
With Minerva triumphantly gracing the chair;
'Twas a meeting of deities, meant to define,
The union of melody, mirth, love, and wine.

Their

Their godships all seated the glass circled round
 When Anacreon rose up and began an oration ;
 In behalf of good Punch made by mortals profound,
 Which he mov'd might be drank on this glorious
 occasion :

All praised the thought, the liquor was brought,
 While Jove in (cant language) cry'd this is the sort,
 And damme, says Bacchus, this night we'll define,
 The union of melody, punch, love, and wine.

Such Heaven-born notions, the Gods all inspir'd,
 Mars, a toast gave most nobly, without hesitation :
 With courage undaunted, and good liquor fir'd,
 Drank the noblest spot, in the female creation :
 The Goddesses laugh'd while the nectar was quaff'd,
 And Venus of punch took the finishing draught ;
 Exulting, declaring, she'd nobly define,
 The union of melody, punch, love, and wine.

Pan hiccup'd and reel'd; as did Momus and Sol,
 The Muses and Graces all caught the delusion ;
 Thro' Heav'n they rang'd, chaunting Tol, de rol, lol,
 All was chaos, Jove thund'ring his voice in con-
 fusion :

Cries, since the feat's done, and the olio's begun,
 Let it henceforth be call'd by the Gods royal fun ;
 On earth let 'em know, we sublime can define
 The union of melody, punch, love, and wine.

Song in the Follies of the Day.

TO the winds, to the waves, to the woods I
 complain,
 Ah, well-a-day! my poor heart ;
 They hear not my sighs, and they heed not my pain,
 Ah, well-a-day! my poor heart ;

To

THE BULL-FINCH.

17

To the sun's morning splendor the poor Indian bows,
 Ah, well-a-day! my poor heart;
 But I dare not worship where I pay my vows,
 Ah, well-a-day! my poor heart.

Song by Mr. Edwin, in Inkle and Yarico.

A Voyage o'er seas had not enter'd my head,
 Had I known but on which side to butter my
 bread.

Heigho! sure I—for hunger must die;
 I've fail'd like a booby; come here in a squall,
 Where, alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all!
 Oho! I'm a terrible booby!
 Oh, what a sad booby am I!

In London what gay chop-house signs in the street!
 But the only sign here is of nothing to eat.

Heigho! that I—for hunger should die!
 My mutton's all lost, I'm a poor starving elf,
 And for all the world like a lost mutton myself!
 Oho! I shall die a lost mutton!
 Oh, what a lost mutton am I!

For a neat slice of beef, I could roar like a bull,
 And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full.

Heigho! that I—for hunger could die!
 But, grave without meat, I must here meet my grave,
 For my bacon I fancy I never shall save;
 Oho! I shall ne'er save my bacon!
 I can't save my bacon, not I!

Song

Song by Mr. Edwin, in Love in a Camp.

I'LL sing you a song ; faith, I'm finging it here now,
 I don't mean t'affront either small or big, bow,
 wow,
 The subject I have chosen, it is the canine race
 To prove, like us two-legg'd dogs, they're a very
 fine race.

Bow, wow, wow, Fal, la, la.

Like you and I, other dogs may be counted sad dogs ;
 As we won't drink water, some might think us mad
 dogs :

A courtier's a spaniel, a citizen a dull dog,
 A soldier is a mastiff, a sailor a bull-dog.

Bow, wow, wow, Fal, la, la,

An old maid comes from church, to the poor no lady
 kinder ;

A lusty dog a footman, with prayer-book behind her :
 A poor boy asks a farthing, and gets plenty of good
 kicking,

But little Shock, her lap dog, must have a roasted
 chicken.

Bow, wow, wow, Fal, la, la.

When filly dogs for property, uncle, son, and brother,
 Grin and snort mighty gruff, and worry one another :
 Should they a bit of equity from justice beg the loan of,
 That cunning dog the lawyer, Snap, carries quick
 the bone off.

Bow, wow, wow, Fal, la, la.

A poet's a lank greyhound, for the public he runs
 game down,

A critic is a cur that strives to run his fame down ;
 And though he cannot follow where the noble sport
 invites him,

He slyly steals behind, and by the heel he bites him.

Bow, wow, wow, Fal, la, la.

You've

THE BULL-FINCH.

19

You've a pack of friends, while to feed them you are
able,

Your dog for his morsel crouches under your table,
Your friends turn tail in misfortune or disaster,
But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake his
master.

Bow, wow, wow, Fal, la, la.

As your friends turn tail the moment that you need 'em,
My dog ran away when no longer I could feed him.
This cur, so ungrateful, forsook me on my journey,
And for a mouldy crust went back to the attorney.

Bow, wow, wow, Fal, la, la.

Song by Mr. Edwin, in Inkle and Yarico.

A Clerk I was in London gay,
Jemmy linkum feeble,
And went in boots to see the play,
Merry fiddlem tweedle.
I march'd the lobby, 'twirl'd my stick,
Diddle, daddle, deedle;
The girls all cry'd, "He's quite the kick!"
Oh Jemmy linkum feedle.

Hey, for America I sail,
Yankee doodle deedle;
The sailor boys cry'd, "Smoak his tail!"
Jemmy linkum feedle.

On English belles I turn'd my back,
Diddle, dandle, deedle;
And got a foreign Fair quite Black,
Oh twaddle twaddle tweedle!

Your London girls, with roguish trip,
Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
Boast their pouting under-lip,
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

My

THE BULL-FINCH.

My Wows would beat a hundred such,
 Diddle, daddle, deedle,
 Whose upper-lip pouts twice as much,
 Oh pretty double wheedle!

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes,
 Jemmy linkum feedle;
 A feather fine shall grace her nose,
 Waving fiddle feedle,
 With jealousy I ne'er shall burst,
 Who'd steal my bone of bone-a
 Awhile Othello, I can trust
 A dingy Desdemona.

Sung by Mr. Banister and Mrs. Kemble in Inkle and Yarico.

Mr. Bannister.

O Say, simple maid, have you form'd any notion
 Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?
 When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they remind
 you,
 To sigh with regret for the grot left behind you?

Mrs. Kemble.

Ah! no, I cou'd follow, and sail the world over,
 Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!
 The winds which blow round us, your arms for my
 pillow,
 Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each billow.

Both.

O say then, my true love, we never will funder,
 Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big thunder;
 Whilst constant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
 And journey all over the world both together.

Song

THE BULL-FINCH.

11

Song in the Maid of the Oaks.

COME sing round my fav'rite tree,
Ye songsters that visit the grove ;
'Twas the haunt of my shepherd and me ;
And the bark is the record of love.

Reclin'd on the turf by my side,
He tenderly pleaded his cause ;
I only with blushes reply'd,
And the nightingale fill'd up the pause.

Song by Mrs. Bannister, in Sherwood Forest.

and I Travers'd Judah's barren sand,
At beauty's altar to adore ;
But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters were no more.

In Greece, the bold imperious mien,
The wanton look, the leering eye,
Bade love's devotion not be seen
Where constancy is ever nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair shore,
I bent my never-ceasing way,
And to Loretto's temple bore
A mind devoted still to pray.

But there, too, Superstition's hand
Had sicklied ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me soon regain the land,
Where beauty fills the western shore.

Where Hymen, with celestial pow'r,
Connubial transport doth adorn ;
Where purest virtue sports the hour
That ushers in each happy morn.

Ye

Ye daughters of old Albion's Isle,
 Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
 O Charity's sweet children smile,
 To chear a pilgrim on his way.

THE POOR PEASANT.

Sung by Mr. Darley, at Vauxhall.

THOU' the muses ne'er smile by the light of the
 sun,

Yet they visit my cot when my labour is done;
 And whilst on my pillow of straw I recline,
 A wreath of sweet flow'rets they sportively twine;
 But in vain the dear damsels weave chaplets for me,
 Since my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

Full oft I reflect on my indigent state,
 But reflection and reason are ever too late;
 They tell me I sigh for too beauteous a fair,
 And fill my sad bosom with doubts and despair;
 Then hope kindly smiling averts the decree,
 For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

When the shrill pipe and tabor proclaim the light
 dance,

With transports I see my dear Mary advance;
 Then such grace she displays while she trips 'mid the
 throng,

That each Shepherd with raptures to her tunes his
 song;

But by none she's lov'd with such truth as by me,
 For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

THE BULL-FINCH.

23

FICKLE BLISS.

Sung by Mr. Addison, at Vauxhall.

FICKLE bliss, fantastic treasure,
Love, how soon thy Joys are past,
Since we soon must lose the pleasure,
Oh, 'twere better ne'er to taste.

Cruel thoughts, that pain yet please me,
Ah! no more my rest destroy;
Shew me still if thou wou'dst ease me,
Love's deceit, but not its Joy.

Gods! what kind yet cruel pow'rs
Force my will to rack my mind;
Ah! too long we wait for flowers,
Soon, too soon, to fade design'd.

A FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.

Sung at Vauxhall.

AS health, rosy health, from cheerfulness flows,
And sloth draws old age on apace;
To avoid sad disease, and such mortal foes,
By cheerfully joining the chase,
To the wood then let's haste—Diana invites,
And thus does the Goddess report,
“If you wish to gain health with much joy and
delight,
“Mount your courfers and follow the sport.”

For nature, gay nature, imparts in the chase,
Those charms which but hunters enjoy;
There we see a strong picture of life's eager race,
In a pastime that never can cloy.

Then

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And floth draws old age on apace;
To avoid fad difeafe, and fuch mortal foes,
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For nature, gay nature, imparts in the chace,
Thofe charms which but hunters enjoy;
There we fee a ftrong picture of life's eager race,
In a paftime that never can cloy.

Then

Then at night when the chace has bestow'd all
its charms,

And they 're sung o'er the joy-giving bowl;
To repose we retire in beauty's soft arms,
Where transports envelope the soul.

LA PAUVRE NANNETTE.

Sung at Vauxhall by Miss Addilon.

CUPID, cruel knave of hearts,
Fond beguiler of the Fair,
Hear a novice in thy arts,
Save a damsel from despair,
Pity me, ah! pity me;
Shall I take him,
Or forsake him,
Shall I own his power yet?
Love distracts me,
Duty racks me,
La Pauvre Nannette.

Cupid, whisper in his ear,
All the anxious cares I feel,
Let the glowing blush declare,
What my bosom must conceal.

Pity me, &c.

Yet, inconstant should he prove,
All my tender hopes are vain,
Henry frowns upon my love,
Nannette ne'er can smile again.

Pity me, &c.

A favour it

A favourite Scotch Ballad.

AND are you sure the news is true?
 And are you sure he's weel?
 This is no time to think of work,
 I must set by my wheel.
 Give me my cloak, I'll to the quay,
 And welcome him on shore;
 But why do I thus lose my time?
 Perhaps he's at the door.
 Lie still, lie still, my beating breast,
 Ah! welcome him on shore;
 Perhaps from me no more he'll roam,
 Or trust the rude sea more.

So true his words, so smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air;
 His very foot has musick in't,
 When he trips up the stair:
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 There's lily whiteness in his skin,
 And roses in his cheek:
 Lie still, lie still, my beating heart,
 My Donald's at the door;
 Perhaps from me no more he'll part,
 Or trust the rude sea more.

The cold blast of the winter wind,
 That thrill'd late through my heart,
 Are all blown by, and Donald's safe,
 'Till death we ne'er must part:
 But what puts parting in my head?
 It may be far away;
 The present moment sure's our own,
 The next we ne'er may see:

C

Lie

Lie still, lie still, my beating heart,
 Hark! hark! he's at the door;
 Perhaps from me no more he'll part,
 Or trust the rude sea more.

THE HERMIT. *The Words by Dr. Beatie.*

Set by Signor Giordani.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;
 'Twas then by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
 A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began;
 Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was refin'd,
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.
 Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe?
 Why thus, lovely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain:
 Yet if pity inspire thee, oh! cease not the lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer; man calls thee to
 mourn;
 Oh! sooth him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away,
 Full quickly they pass, but they never return.
 Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
 The moon half extinguish'd, her crescent displays;
 But lately I mark'd, when majestick on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze:
 Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendor again;
 But man's faded glory no change shall renew,
 Ah! fool, to exult in a glory so vain.
 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more,
 I mourn, but ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with
 dew:
 Nor

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
 Kind nature the embryo blossom shall save;
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
 Oh! when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

A favourite Scotch Song. Set by Mr. Hook.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain,
 One evening reclin'd to discover his pain;
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
 flow;

Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain,
 Yet Chloë, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloë's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they;
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight;—
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same;
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But, see the pale moon all clouded retire;
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desire;
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on the mind:
 Ah! wretch, how can life be worthy thy care?
 To lengthen its moments but lengthens despair.

THE BULL-FINCH.

DUET *by Dr. Harrington, of Bath.*

HOW sweet in the woodland, with fleet hound
 and horn,
 To waken shrill Echo, and taste the fresh morn!
 But hard is the chase my fond heart must pursue,
 For Daphne, fair Daphne is lost to my view.
 Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,
 More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain;
 In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies:
 Though Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo who dies.

THE SEASONS. *A New Song.*

WHEN the young Chloe's rising charms
 Invited lovers to her arms,
 She look'd a dainty thing:
 We saw her beauty, own'd her wit,
 And, as the simile most fit,
 We call'd the period Spring.
 Full bloom'd, as is the ripen'd flow'r,
 We saw her still maturer pow'r,
 And woman's state become her:
 The prudent mother, and the wife,
 Dispensing round her all the life,
 And all the blifs of Summer.
 Advancing on in life's career,
 The Maids to Chloe lent an ear,
 And what she knew, she taught 'em:
 Her sage advice bestowing round,
 Till ev'ry prudent virgin found
 The richest fruits of Autumn.
 Now Chloe's charms are faded quite,
 Yet honour cannot hold it right,
 Of her due praise to stint her:

THE BULL-FINCH.

29

For she who summer well employs,
Shall reap the autumn's solid joys,
Nor dread the frost of Winter.

Song by Mr. Bannister, in The Election.

WHILE happy in my native land,
I boast my country's charter;
I'll never basely lend my hand,
Her liberties to barter.

The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am persuaded,
Each free-born Briton's song should be,
"Or give me death or liberty."

Though small the pow'r fortune grants,
And few the gifts she sends us;
The lordly hireling often wants
That freedom which defends us.

By law secur'd from lawless strife,
Our house is our *castellum*,
Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre, shall we sell 'em?
No — ev'ry Briton's song should be,
"Or give me death or liberty."

GRAMACHREE MOLLY. *A favourite Irish Air.*

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd, one evening
in May,
The little birds, in blytheft notes, made vocal ev'ry
spray:
They sung their little tales of love, they sung them
o'er and o'er.

Ah! *gramachree, ma chollenogue, ma Molly Afbore!*

The daisy pied, and all the sweets which bounteous
nature yields,

The primrose pale, and violet blue, lay scatter'd o'er
the fields;

Such fragrance in the bosom lies, of her whom I adore.

Ah! *gramachree*, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel
Molly's hate;

How can she break the honest heart that wears her in
its core?

Ah! *gramachree*, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear: Ah! why did I
believe?

Yet who could think such tender words were meant
but to deceive?

Your love was all I ask'd on earth, nay, heav'n could
give no more.

Ah! *gramachree*, &c.

O! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow
hill,

Or low'd for me the num'rous herds that yon green
pasture fill;

With her I love, I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy
store.

Ah! *gramachree*, &c.

Two turtle doves, above my head, sat courting on a
bough,

I envy'd them their happiness, to see them bill and coo;
Such fondness once for me she show'd, but now, alas!

'tis o'er.

Ah! *gramachree*, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear; thy loss I e'er
shall mourn,

While life remains in Strephon's heart, 'twill beat for
thee alone;

Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee its choicest
blessings pour.

Ah! *gramachree*, &c.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

WHOE'ER with curious eye has rang'd
 Through Ovid's Tales, has seen,
 How Jove incens'd, to monkeys chang'd
 A tribe of worthless men:
 Repentant soon th' offending race,
 Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
 To give them back the human face,
 And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
 And granted half their pray'r;
 But t'other half he bid the wind
 Disperse in empty air.
 Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod,
 That shook the vaulted skies,
 With haughtier air the creatures strode,
 And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxurious now
 Around their temples spread;
 The tail that whilom hung below,
 Now dangled from the head.
 The head remains unchang'd within,
 Nor alter'd much the face,
 It still retains its native grin,
 And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd, and half the same,
 Jove bade them take their place,
 Restoring them their ancient claim,
 Among the human race.
 Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
 Nor would a name bestow;
 But woman lik'd the motley breed,
 And call'd the thing a Beau.

THE BULL-FINCH.

THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring,
 Invite the chearful birds to sing;
 And while they warble on each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay:
 Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the Birks of Endermay.
 Among, &c.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 As this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop and we decay,
 Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams,
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice,
 Let us like them then sing and play,
 About the Birks of Endermay.

Song by Mr. Arrowsmith.

YES, Delia, 'tis at length too plain,
 My boasted liberty how vain,
 Thy eyes triumphant prove:
 My freedom now I cease to boast,
 But think that freedom nobly lost,
 By serving thee and Love.

I talk'd,

THE BULL-FINCH.

I talk'd, I laugh'd, with ev'ry fair;
No jealous pang, no anxious care,
Did e'er my heart perplex;
Till I beheld, too lovely maid!
In thee, with ev'ry grace display'd,
The charms of all thy sex.

Song. Set by Dr. Boyce.

ON thy banks, gentle Stour, when I breath'd the
soft flute,
To Chloe's sweet accents attentive sat mute;
To her voice with what transport I swell'd the flow
strain,
Or return'd dying measures in echoes again;
Little Cupid beat time, and the Graces around
'Taught with even divisions to vary the sound.

From my Chloe remov'd, when I bid it complain,
Or warble smooth numbers to sooth love-sick pain,
How much alter'd it seems, as the rising notes flow,
Or the soft falling strains, how insipidly slow!
I will play then no more—for 'tis her voice alone
Must enrapture my soul to enliven its tone.

Song in True Blue.

DAUGHTER you're too young to marry,
'Tis too soon to be a wife:
Yet a little longer tarry,
Ere you know the cares of life.
Wedlock is a fickle station,
Sometimes sweetness, sometimes strife;
Oh! how great the alteration,
'Twixt the maiden and the wife!

Love and courtship are but stupid,
 Glory has superior charms;
 Mars should triumph over Cupid;
 When Bellona calls to arms:
 As for you, sir, do your duty,
 Oh! were I but young again,
 I'd not linger after beauty,
 But go play my part with Spain.

Song in The Winter's Tale.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we
 must shear;
 In your holiday suits with your lasses appear;
 The happiest of folks are the guileless and free;
 And who are so guileless, so happy, as we?
 We harbour no passions by luxury taught:
 We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught:
 What we think in our hearts you may read in our
 eyes,
 For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.
 By mode and caprice are the city dames led;
 But we as the children of nature are bred:
 By her hands alone we are painted and drest,
 For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the
 breast.
 The giant, ambition, we never can dread;
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
 Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door;
 They smile with the simple and feed with the poor.
 When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal:
 Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

Set by Mr. Welden. For four Voices.

LET ambition fire thy mind,
Thou wert born o'er man to reign,
Not to follow flocks design'd:
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
Thou on necks of kings shall tread;
Joys incircling joys shall meet,
Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let not toils of empire fright
Toils of empire pleasures are:
Thou shalt only know delight,
All the joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
For the blessings I bestow,
Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

Song in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

NOR on beds of fading flowers,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bow'rs,
Will true pleasure long reside:
On awful virtue's hill sublime
Enthroned sits the immortal fair;
Who wins her height must patient climb;
The steps are peril, toil, and care:
So, from the first, did Jove ordain
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

THE INCURIOUS.

GIVE me but a wife, I expect not to find
 Each virtue and grace in one female combin'd.
 No godddefs for me; 'tis a woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.
 Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to mould;
 Or she claims my respect, like a mother, if old:
 Thus either can please me, since woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.
 Like Venus she ogles, if squinting her eye;
 If blind, she the roving of mine cannot spy:
 Thus either is lovely; for woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.
 If rich be my bride, she brings tokens of love;
 If poor, then the farther from pride my remove:
 Thus either contents me; for woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.
 I ne'er shall want converse, if tongue she possesses;
 And if mute, still the rarity pleases no less:
 I'm suited to either; for woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.
 Then cease, ye profane, on the sex to descant;
 If you've wit to discern, of charms they've no want.
 Each fair can make happy, if woman we prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

Song in Thomas and Sally.

FROM ploughing the Ocean, and thrashing
 Mounseer,
 In Old England we're landed once more;
 Your hands, my brave comrades, halloo, boys, what
 cheer
 For a sailor that's just come on shore?

Those

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us no doubt,
And to cut us, and slash us—Morableu!

But hold there—avaft—they were plaguely out:
We have slic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence know,

Yon Invaders shall soon do you right;

The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow,

But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,

Your damn'd party and idle contest:

And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,

Who shall fight for his country best,

A seafaring spark if the maids can affect,

Bid the simpering Gypsies look to't:

Sound bottoms they'll find us, in every respect,

And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse.

Have more art to persuade, and the like;

But 'ware those false colours—for better for worse,

Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the King! may he prosp'rous reign,

Of no power, no faction, afraid;

May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,

At all points of the compass display'd!

No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm,

Steady, steady, and safe may she sail:

No ignorant pilots e'er sit at her helm,

Or her anchor of liberty fail!

Set by Dr. Arne.

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous passion,
Source of all sublime delight,
When with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unite.

What

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
 If compar'd with true content?
 That false joy which now bewitches,
 When too late we may repent.
 Lawless passions bring vexation,
 But a chaste and constant love,
 Is a glorious emulation
 Of the blisful state above.

Song in The Conscious Lovers. Set by Dr. Boyce.

DOES the languid soul complain,
 Virtuous Love shall chase the pain;
 Or if love would truth attend,
 Honour should be Virtue's friend;
 Honour should be Virtue's friend.
 Glory is not half so fair,
 As bright Virtue's rising star:
 Female truth with sense combin'd,
 Wins and claims the gen'rous mind;
 Wins and claims the gen'rous mind.

Song by Mr. Bowden, in The Maid of the Mill.

HARK! 'tis I, your own true lover;
 After walking three long miles,
 One kind look, at least, discover,
 Come and speak a word to Giles.
 You alone my heart I fix on,
 Ah, you little cunning Vixen!
 I can see your roguish smiles.
 Addlids! my mind is so possess'd,
 'Till we're sped I shan't have rest?
 Only say the thing's a bargain,
 Here, an you like it, ready to strike it,
 There's at once an end of arguing:
 I am her's, she is mine?
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

DELIA.

THE BULL-FINCH.

39

DELIA. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

SOFT pleasing pains, unknown before
 My beating bosom feels,
 When I behold the blissful bow'r
 Where dearest Delia dwells.
 That way I daily drive my flock;
 Ah! happy, happy vale!
 There look, and wish; and while I look
 My sighs increase the gale;
 My sighs increase the gale.

Sometimes at midnight I do stray
 Beneath inclement skies,
 And there my true devotion pay
 To Delia's sleep-seal'd eyes:
 So pious Pilgrims nightly roam,
 With tedious travel faint,
 To kiss alone the clay-cold tomb
 Of some lov'd fav'rite faint;
 Of some, &c.

O tell, ye shades, that hold my fair,
 And all my bliss contain,
 Ah! why should ye those blessings share
 For which I sigh in vain?
 But let me not at fate repine,
 And thus my grief impart;
 She's not your tenant; she is mine;
 Her mansion is my heart;
 Her mansion is my heart.

THE RAPTURE.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
 Celia! who can tell my bliss?
 Who the raptures I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kiss?

Ev'ry look with love inspires me;
 Ev'ry touch my bosom warms;
 Ev'ry melting transport fires me;
 Ev'ry joy is in thine arms.

Those dear eyes that sweetly languish,
 Make my heart with rapture beat:
 Pleasure almost turns to anguish,
 When the transport is so great.
 Look not so divinely on me;
 Celia! I shall die with bliss:
 Yet, Oh! turn those eyes upon me;
 Who'd not die a death like this?

Song in the Opera of Tom Jones.

SWEET mercy is the loveliest flower,
 That Heav'n e'er planted in the mind;
 The queen of virtue, whose soft power
 Can e'en to Godhead raise mankind.

Let Patriots, kings, and heroes boast
 A name that will in hist'ry live;
 Yet he resembles Heav'n the most,
 Whose godlike bosom can forgive.

KATE OF ABERDEEN. *Set by Mr. Battishill,*

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton in the winding stream,
 And kifs reflected light:
 To courts be gone, heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I May's wakeful Vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen,

The

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In Primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May:
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As *Kate of Aberdeen*.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love:
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd Green:
 Fond bird, 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis *Kate of Aberdeen*.

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where Elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay.
 Till May in morning robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen;
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 "Here's *Kate of Aberdeen*."

Song in Thomas and Sally.

MY former time how brisk and gay,
 So blithe was I as blythe could be;
 But now I'm sad, ah! well-a-day,
 For my true love is gone to sea.

The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
 Their wheedling arts are lost on me;
 For I to death shall love but one,
 And he, alas! is gone to sea.

As

As droop the flow'rs till light return,
 As mourns the dove its absent she;
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,
 Till my true love returns from sea.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

DEAR Chloe, whilst thus beyond measure,
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain;
 Your maxim, that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill-grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.
 The passion, from beauty first drawn,
 Your kindness will vastly improve;
 Soft smiles and gay looks are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sunshine of love:
 And though the bright beams of your eyes
 Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And darkness possesses all the skies,
 We ne'er can forget it was day.
 Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 You've often regarded with wonder;
 He's dropfical she is fore-eyed;
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder:
 Together they totter about.
 Or sit in the sun at the door,
 And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.
 No beauty or wit they possess,
 Their several failings to smother;
 Then what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other;

'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that love did bestow;
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of all blessings below,
 Those traces for ever will last,
 Which sickness nor time can remove;
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,
 A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these;
 The current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

Song, set by Dr. Arne, in the Oratorio of Alfred.

IF those who live in shepherd's bow'r,
 Press not the gay and stately bed;
 The new mown hay and breathing flow'r,
 A softer couch beneath them spread.
If those who sit at shepherd's board,
 Sooth not their taste with wanton art:
 They take what nature's gifts afford,
 And take it with a chearful heart.
If those who drain the shepherd's bowl,
 No high and sparkling wines can boast;
 With wholesome cups they chear the soul,
 And crown them with the village toast.
If those who join in shepherd's sport,
 Dancing on the daisy'd ground,
 Have not the splendour of a court,
 Yet love adorns the merry round.

A favourite

A favourite Hunting Song. Set by Mr. Hook.

COMF, rouse, brother sportsman, the hunters all cry,
 We've got a good scent and a fav'ring sky;
 The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,
 Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long:
 Bright Phœbus has shown us the glimpse of his face,
 Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chase;
 He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
 And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.
 Sweet Molly may tease you, perhaps, to lie down,
 And if you refuse her, perhaps, she may frown;
 But tell her that love must to hunting give place,
 For as well as her charms there are charms in the chase.
 Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,
 At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly;
 They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll,
 We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.
 There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the king,
 From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;
 To George peace and glory may heav'n still dispense,
 And foxhunters flourish a thousand years hence.

Song, set by Dr. Arne, in Alfred.

THE shepherd's plain life,
 Without guilt, without strife,
 Can only true blessings impart:
 As nature directs,
 That bliss he expects
 From health, and from quiet of heart,
 Vain grandeur and pow'r,
 Those joys of an hour,
 Tho' mortals are toiling to find;
 Can titles or show
 Contentment bestow?
 All happiness dwells in the mind.

Behold

Behold the gay rose,
 How lovely it grows,
 Secure in the depth of the vale;
 Yon oak, that on high
 Aspires to the sky,
 Both lightning and tempest assail.

DUETTO.

Then let us the snare
 Of ambition beware,
 That source of vexation and smart;
 And sport on the glade,
 Or repose in the shade,
 With health and with quiet of heart.

Song in the Opera of Eliza, set by Dr. Arne.

WHO'D know the sweets of liberty?
 'Tis to climb the mountain's brow;
 Thence to discern rough industry,
 At the harrow or the plough;
 'Tis where my sons their crops have sown,
 Calling the harvest all their own.
 'Tis where the heart to truth ally'd,
 Never felt unmanly fear;
 'Tis where the eye with milder pride,
 Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear,
 Such as Britannia yet shall see:
 These are the sweets of liberty.

Song in Apollo and Daphne.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
 And hie to my woodland walks away;
 I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon:
 While shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the sky,
 While Echo turns huntress, and doubles the cry.

THE

THE FEMALE PHAETON. *Words by Mr. Prior.*

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as a colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd:

Inflam'd with rage and sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd,
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
While wit and beauty reign'd:
While wit and beauty reign'd.
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
While wit and beauty reign'd.

Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?
What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a toast?
While I am scarce a toast?
That all mankind for her should die,
While I am scarce a toast?

Dear, dear Mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.
Fond love prevail'd, Mamma, gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire;
And set the world on fire;
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire.

A favourite

THE BULL-FINCH.

47

A favourite Hunting Song.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the horn calls away;
Come the grave, come the gay;
Wake to musick that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

AIR.

From the east breaks the morn,
See the sun-beams adorn
The wild heath, and the mountains so high;
The wild heath, and the mountains so high;
Shrilly opens the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the sound,
And the floods and the valleys reply;
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers, so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the hart and the boar;
By encount'ring, &c.

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chase,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar;
And taught, &c.

Hence, of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
Where the, &c.

Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field;
Still let ours, &c.

With the chase in full fight,
Gods! how great the delight!
How our mortal sensations refine
How our, &c.

Where

Where is care, where is fear?
 Like the winds in the rear,
 And the man's lost in something divine;
 And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys:
 Lo, each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole;
 That anon shall enliven the whole.
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chase over the bowl;
 And renew the chase over the bowl.

Song in the Entertainment of Arcadia.

Set by Mr. Battishill.

A Fond father's bliss is to number his race,
 And exult on the bloom that just buds on their
 face;
 With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
 And read in their smiles their lov'd mother again.
 Men of pleasure be mute; this is life's lovely view;
 When we look on our young ones, our youth we renew,
 Thus loving we live, and thus loving enjoy;
 No deceit here distracts, no debauches destroy;
 From the May morn of youth to winter's white age,
 Hand in hand with contentment we sing thro' life's
 stage:
 And when death bids us stop, we end easy our song,
 'Then give the gods thanks that we've liv'd well so
 long.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

YE fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
 To captivate the will;
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill;
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flatt'ry bears no part;
 An honest verse, that flows sincere
 And candid from the heart?
 Great in your pow'r; but, greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as you all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage:
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take:
 For who's to beauty blind?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind?
 Attend the counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain;
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast;
 Though beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

THE BACCHANAL.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,
 And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.
 Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
 For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd with the health of some favourite lass.

D

'Tis

THE BULL-FINCH.

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the heart;
 The miser himself (so supreme in her sway)
 Grows convert to love and resigns her his key.
 At the sound of her voice, sorrow lifts up her head,
 And poverty listens well pleas'd from her shed;
 While age, in an extasy, hobbling along,
 Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her song.
 Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
 The largest and deepest that stands on the board;
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
 'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

Song in the Opera of Eliza.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,
 And all the Roman virtue dead,
 Poor freedom lost her seat,
 Poor freedom lost her seat:
 The Gothic mantle spread a night,
 That damp'd fair Virtue's fading light;
 The Muses lost their mate,
 The Muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander? what new shore
 Had yet a laurel left in store?

To this blest isle they steer,
 To this blest isle they steer.

Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,
 Soon virtue's sacred form appear'd,
 And freedom soon was here,
 And freedom soon was here.

The lazy monk has lost his cell,
 Religion rings her hallow'd bell,
 She calls thee now by me,
 She calls thee now by me.

Hark,

THE BULL-FINCH.

51

Hark, hark, hark, her voice all plaintive sounds,
See, see, see, she receives a thousand wounds.
If shielded not by thee,
If shielded not by thee.

Song in The Miller of Mansfield.

HOW happy a state does a miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less!
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court:
What though he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bew powder'd the more like a beau:
A clown in this dress may be honest far
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star,
Than a courtier, &c.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal;
What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple, from other men's sacks,
In this a right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags,
Who borrow, &c.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this too he'd mimic the tools of the state,
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill:
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing:
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

Song in the English Opera of Artaxerxes.

WATER, parted from the sea,
 May increase the river's tide,
 To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or through the fertile valleys glide.
 Though, in search of lost repose,
 Through the land 'tis free to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Panting for its native home.

Song in Love in a Village.

HOW blest the maid whose bosom
 No head-strong passion knows!
 Her days in joy she passes,
 Her nights in sweet repose:
 Where-e'er her fancy leads her,
 No pain, no fear, invades her,
 But pleasure
 Without measure
 From ev'ry object flows.

Song. Set by Mr. Jackson.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me;
 My longing eyes may hope, at last,
 Their only wish to see:
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue?
 Will you in ev'ry look declare
 Your heart is still the same;
 And heal each idle, anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between,
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind,
 Shall false and groundless prove;
 If I am doom'd at length to find,
 That you've forgot to love:
 All I of Venus ask, is this,
 No more to let us join;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
 To die, and think you mine.

Song by Mr. Gay.

Recitative.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd:
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wishful look;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Air.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days,
 Why did'st thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why did'st thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
 And let my lover rest;
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast.

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Views tempest with despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear?
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain;
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes those rocks discover,
 That lurk-beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear:
 When o'er the white wave slooping,
 His floating corpse she spy'd;
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head—and dy'd.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

YE nymphs, whose softer souls approve
 The touching strain of heart-felt love,
 I'll tell you of the gentlest swain
 That ever grac'd the rural plain.
 Who but Lyfander has the pow'r
 To brighten every darksome hour?
 To call a smile from dimple sleek,
 Or make the blood forsake the cheek?

None

THE BULL-FINCH.

§5

None with my love cou'd e'er compare,
For manly beauty, graceful air;
For speech whose accents mild inspire
Gay delight and soft desire.

This matchless youth I now possess,
O love abate thy fond cares;
For I am lost to all relief
If joy can kill as well as grief.

Song in the Oratorio of Jephtha.

THE smiling dawn of happy days
Presents a prospect clear;
And pleasing hope's all bright'ning rays
Dispel each gloomy fear;
While ev'ry charm that peace displays
Makes spring time all the year.

DUETTO in Solomon. Set by Dr. Boyce.

TOGETHER let us range the fields
Impearled with the morning dew;
Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,
Or the apple's clustering bough;
There, in close embower'd shades,
Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
By tinkling rills on rosy beds,
We'll love the sultry hours away.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

AH! Strephon, what can mean the joy,
The eager joy I prove,
While you each tender art employ
To win my soul to love?

So well your passion you reveal,
 So top the lover's part,
 That I with blushes own, I feel
 A rebel in my heart.

Then take the heart that pines to go,
 But see it kindly us'd;
 For who such presents will bestow,
 If this should be abus'd?

A favourite ELEGY. Set by Mr. Jackson.

IN a vale clos'd with woodlands, where grottoes
 abound;
 Where rivulets murmur, and echoes resound;
 I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care,
 Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.
 As freedom inspir'd me, I rang'd and I sung,
 And Daphne's dear name never fell from my tongue;
 But if a smooth accent delighted my ear,
 I could wish, unawares, that my Daphne were near.
 With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
 To drive from my heart the dear nymph I ador'd;
 But the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
 The deeper impression she made on my mind.
 Ah! whilst I the beauties of nature pursue,
 I still must my Daphne's fair image review;
 'The Graces have chosen with Daphne to rove,
 And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

Song in the Oratorio of Saul. Set by Mr. Handel.

SIN not, O king, against the youth,
 Who ne'er offended you;
 Think to his loyalty and truth
 What great rewards are due;

Think

THE BULL-FINCH.

57

Think with what joy that godlike man,
 You saw that glorious day;
 Think, and with ruin, if you can,
 Such services repay.

From cities storm'd and battles won,
 What glory did accrue?
 By this, the hero best is known,
 He can himself subdue.

Song. Set by Mr. Bach.

IN this shady blest retreat,
 I've been wishing for my dear;
 Hark! I hear his welcome feet
 Tell the lovely charmer near.
 'Tis the sweet bewitching swain,
 True to Love's appointed hour;
 Joy and peace now smile again,
 Love I own thy mighty power.

Da Capo.

Favourite TRIO in Rosina.

WHEN the rosy morn appearing,
 Paints with gold the verdant lawn,
 Bees on banks of thyme disporting
 Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.
 Warbling birds, the day proclaiming,
 Carol sweet the lively strain;
 They forsake their leafy dwelling
 To secure the golden grain.
 See, content, the humble gleaner
 Take the scatter'd ears that fall;
 Nature, all her children viewing,
 Kindly bounteous cares for all.

Song by Mrs. Martyr, in Rosina.

WHEN William, at eve, meets me down at the stile,

How sweet is the nightingale's song!
Of the day I forget all the labour and toil,
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams, without blushing, I hear him complain,
And believe ev'ry word of his song;
You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,
Whilst the moon plays yon branches among.

Song by Mr. Davies, in Rosina.

SEE, ye swains, yon streaks of red
Call you from your slothful bed:
Late you till'd the fruitful soil;
See where harvest crowns your toil.

As we fall the golden corn,
Laughing Plenty fills her horn;
What would gilded pomp avail
Should the peasant's labour fail.

Ripen'd fields your cares repay,
Sons of labour haste away;
Bending, see the waving grain,
Crown the year, and cheer the swain.

*Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in Rosina, to a favourite old
Scots Tune.*

WHEN bidden to the wake or fair,
The joy of each free-hearted swain,
'Till Phœbe promis'd to be there,
I loiter'd last of all the plain.

THE BULL-FINCH.

59

If chance some fairing caught her eye,
The ribbon gay or silken glove,
With eager haste I ran to buy,
For what is gold compar'd to love.

My posie on her bosom plac'd,
Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale?
Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
And flutter'd in the wanton gale.
With scorn she hears me now complain,
Nor can my rustic presents move;
Her heart prefers a richer swain,
And gold, alas! has banish'd love.

Song by Mr. Bannister, in Rosina.

HER mouth, which a smile,
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew.

More ragrant her breath
Than the flower-scented heath
At the dawning of day,
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lily's perfume,
Or the blossoms of May.

Favourite Dialogue in Rosina.

WILLIAM.

I'VE kiss'd, and I've prattled to fifty fair maids,
And chang'd them as oft d'ye see;
But of all the fair maidens that dance on the green,
The maid of the mill for me.

D 6

PHOSBE.

PHOEBE.

There's fifty young men have told me fine tales,
And call'd me the fairest she;
But of all the gay wrestlers that sport on the green,
Young Harry's the lad for me.

WILLIAM.

Her eyes are as black as the sloe in the hedge,
Her face like the blossoms in May;
Her teeth are as white as the new-shorn flock,
Her breath like the new-made hay.

PHOEBE.

He's tall and he's straight as the poplar tree,
His cheeks are as fresh as a rose;
He looks like a 'squire of high degree,
When drest in his Sunday's clothes.

Song in the Comic Opera of The Siege of Curzola.

IN May, fifteen hundred and eighty and eight,
Cries Philip the English I'll humble;

I've taken it into my majesty's pate,
And their lion—Oh!—down he shall tumble.

They lords of the sea!—then his sceptre he shook,
I'll prove it an arrant bravado;

By Neptune, I'll sweep them all into a nook,
With invincible Spanish armado.

This fleet then sail'd out, and the winds they did blow,
Their guns made a terrible clatter;

Our noble Queen Bess, 'cause she wanted to know,
Quill'd her ruff—and cry'd—Pray, what's the matter?

They say, my good queen, replies Howard so stout,
The Spaniard has drawn his toledo,

Cock sure that he'll thump us, and kick us about,
With invincible Spanish armado.

The

THE BULL-FINCH.

61

The Lord Mayor of London, a very wise man,
 What to do in this case vastly wonder'd;
 Says the Queen, send in fifty good ships if you can;
 Says my Lord—Ma'am, I'll send in a hundred.
 Our fire-ships they struck their cannons all dumb,
 For the Dons run to Ave and Credo;
 Great Medina roars out—Sure the devil is come
 For th' invincible Spanish armada.
 On Effingham's squadron, though all on a breast,
 Like open-mouth'd curs they came bowling;
 His sugar-plumbs finding they could not digest,
 Away home they ran yelping and howling.
 Whene'er Britain's foe, shall, with envy agog,
 In our channel make such a bravado,
 Huzza, my brave boys, we're still able to slog
 An invincible Spanish armada.

A favourite Song.

IN airy dreams soft fancy flies,
 My absent love to see;
 And with the early dawn I rise,
 Dear youth, to think on thee.
 How swiftly flew the rosy hours,
 While love and hope were new;
 Sweet was the time as op'ning flow'rs,
 But, ah! as transient too.

The moments now move slowly on
 Until thy wish'd return;
 I count them oft, as all alone
 The pensive shades I mourn.
 Return, return, my love, and charm,
 From anxious care, my breast;
 Thy smiles shall ev'ry doubt disarm,
 And sooth my soul to rest,

THE

THE MANSION OF PEACE. *Sung by Mr. Harrifon.*

RECITATIVE.

SOFT zephyr, on thy balmy wing,
Thy gentlest breezes hither bring;
Her slumbers guard—some hand divine,
Ah! watch her with a care like mine.

AIR.

A rose from her bosom has stray'd,
I'll seek to replace it with art;
But, no!—'twill her slumbers invade,
I'll wear it, fond youth, next my heart.
Alas! silly rose, had'st thou known
'Twas Daphne that gave thee my place;
Thou ne'er from thy station had'st flown,
Her bosom's the mansion of peace.

Song by Mrs. Kennedy, in The Islanders.

POOOR Orra tink of Yanko dear,
Do he be gone for ever;
For he no dead, he still live here,
And he from here go never.
Like on a sand me mark him face,
The wave come roll him over;
De mark he go, but still de place
'Tis easy to discover.
I see fore now de tree, de flow'r,
He droops like Orra surely;
And den by'm bye dere come a show'r,
He hold him head up purely:
And so some time me tink me die,
My heart so sick, he grieve me;
But in a little time me cry
Good deal— and dat relieve me.

Song

Song by Mrs. Kennedy, in The Positive Man.

SWEET Poll of Plymouth was my dear ;
 When forc'd from her to go,
 Adown her cheeks rain'd many a tear,
 My heart was fraught with woe.
 Our anchor weigh'd, for sea we stood,
 The land we left behind ;
 Her tears then swell'd the briny flood,
 My sighs increas'd the wind.

We plough'd the deep, and now between
 Us lay the ocean wide ;
 For five long years I had not seen
 My sweet, my bonny bride :
 That time I sail'd the world around,
 All for my true love's sake,
 But press'd, as we were homeward bound,
 I thought my heart wou'd break.

The press-gang bold I ask'd in vain,
 To let me once on shore ;
 I long'd to see my Poll again,
 But saw my Poll no more :
 And have they torn my love away,
 And is he gone ? she cry'd ;
 My Polly, sweetest flower of May,
 She languish'd, droop'd, and dy'd.

Song by Mr. Bannister, in The Lord of the Manor.

Set by Mr. Jackson.

ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame,
 An angel's virtues lay,
 Too soon did heav'n assert the claim,
 And call'd its own away.

My

My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
 Must never more return,
 What now shall fill those widow'd arms,
 Ah me! my Anna's urn.

Song. Set by Dr. Arnold.

COME Hope, thou queen of endless smiles,
 Whose aid the woes of life beguiles,
 With thee I'll rove, with thee I'll rest,
 Amidst thy sweet enchantments blest.

I feel, I feel thy gladsome ray,
 Dawn on my soul, like rising day,
 My heart no more shall feel its care,
 For joyful hope inhabits there.

Song by Mr. Arrowsmith.

THE topfails shiver in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea,
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Is Mary moor'd with thee;
 For though thy sailer's bound afar,
 Still love shall be his leading star.
 Should landmen flatter when we've fail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales,
 No gallant sailer ever fail'd,
 If love breath'd constant gales;
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.
 Syrens in ev'ry port we meet,
 More fell than rocks or waves,
 But such as grace the British fleet,
 Are lovers and not slaves;
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Although we've left our hearts with you,

These

These are our cares but if you're kind
 We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The power of France and Spain;
 Now England's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full, sweet girls, adieu.

A favourite Glee, by Dr. Arne.

YOU ask me, dear Jack, for an emblem that rise,
 And clearly explains the true medium of life;
 I think I have hit it, as sure as a gun,
 For a bowl of good punch and the medium are one.
 When lemon and sugar so happily meet,
 The acids corrected by mixing the sweet;
 The water and spirit so luckily blend,
 That each from th' extreme does the other defend.
 Then fill up the bowl, hang sorrow and strife,
 A bumper, my boys, to the medium of life;
 Which keeps our frail state in a temper that's meet,
 Contented with blending the four with the sweet.

Song. Set by Mr. Jackson.

HOW long must hapless Colin mourn
 The cold regard of Delia's eye;
 The heart whose fault, alas! is love,
 Can Delia's softness doom to die;
 Sweet is thy name to Colin's ear,
 Thy beauties are divinely bright;
 In one short hour by Delia's side
 I pass whole ages of delight.
 Yet though I lov'd thee more than life,
 Not to displease a cruel maid,
 My tongue forbore its fondest tale,
 But murmur'd in the distant shade.

What

What happier shepherd wins thy smile,
 A joy for which I hourly pine,
 Some swain perhaps whose fertile vale,
 Whose fleecy flocks are more than mine.
 Few are the vales that Colin boasts,
 And few the flocks those vales that rove;
 I court not Delia's heart with wealth,
 A nobler bribe I offer—love.
 But should the virgin yield her hand,
 And thoughtless wed for wealth alone;
 The choice may make my bosom bleed,
 But surely cannot bless her own.

THE SAILOR'S ADVICE. *A favourite Ballad.*

DISTRESS me with those tears no more,
 One kiss, my love, and then adieu!
 The last boat destin'd for the shore,
 Waits, dearest girl, alone for you;
 Soon, soon before the light winds borne,
 Shall I be sever'd from thy sight,
 You left the lonely hours to mourn,
 And weep through many a stormy night.
 When far along the restless deep,
 In trim array the ship shall steer,
 Your form remembrance still shall keep,
 Your worth affection still revere;
 And while at distance as we roll,
 My love for you shall be increas'd,
 Like as the needle to the pole,
 Which farthest off still varies least.
 While round the bowl, the chearful crew
 Shall sing of triumphs on the main,
 My thoughts shall fondly turn to you,
 Of you alone shall be my strain;—

And

THE BULL-FINCH.

67

And when we've bow'd the leagu'ing foe,
 Revengeful for our country's wrong,
 Returning home my heart shall shew
 No fiction grac'd my artless song.

Song. Words by Lord Lyttelton.

A DIEU to the village delights,
 Which lately my fancy enjoy'd,
 No longer the country invites,
 To me all its pleasures are void;
 Adieu, thou sweet health-breathing hill,
 Thou canst not my comfort restore,
 For ever, adieu, thou dear vill,
 My Lucy, alas, is no more.
 'Twas she was the cure of my pain,
 My blessing, my honour, my pride,
 I never had cause to complain,
 Till that fatal day when she dy'd;
 Her eyes that so beautiful shone
 Are clos'd for ever in sleep,
 And mine, since my Lucy is gone,
 Have nothing to do but to weep.
 Could my tears the dear charmer restore,
 Like a fountain they never should cease,
 But Lucy, alas! is no more,
 And I am a stranger to peace;
 Let me copy with fervour devout,
 The virtues that glow'd in her heart,
 Then soon when life's sand is run out,
 We shall meet again never to part.

Song. The Words by D. Garrick, Esq.

FOR thee my fair a wreath has wove
 Where rival flowers in union meet;
 As oft she kiss'd this gift of love,
 Her breath gave sweetness to the sweet.

A bee

A bee within a damask rose
 Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip,
 But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
 And fixes on Louisa's lip.
 There tasting all the bloom of spring,
 Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,
 Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
 And with the honey flew away.

Song in The Lord of the Manor.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
 With various cares I strove,
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
 My all of life was love;
 By mutual toil our board was dress'd,
 The spring our drink bestow'd,
 But when her lip the brim had press'd,
 The cup with nectar flow'd.
 Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
 No other guest came nigh,
 In them was giv'n, tho' gold was spar'd,
 What gold could never buy.
 No value has a splendid lot,
 But as the means may prove,
 That from the castle to the cot,
 She all of life is love.

MARY'S DREAM. *A favourite Song.*

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
 Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from her eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree,
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy, far at sea;
 Then soft and low a voice was hear'd
 Say—"Mary weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be,
 And saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With pallid cheek and hollow eye:
 "O, Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 "It lies beneath a stormy sea;
 "Far, far from thee I sleep in death,
 "So Mary weep no more for me.
 "Three stormy nights and stormy days,
 "We tofs'd upon the raging main,
 "And long we strove our bark to save,
 "But all our striving was in vain;
 "E'en then when horror chill'd our blood,
 "My heart was fill'd with love for thee,
 "The storm is pass'd, and I at rest,
 "So Mary weep no more for me.
 "O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 "We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 "Where love is free from doubt or care,
 "And thou and I shall part no more."
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see,
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

Song, in Summer Amusement.

THE wandering sailor ploughs the main
 A competence in life to gain;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease;
 In hopes when toil and dangers o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard and tempests roll,
 And thunders shake from pole,

The dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
 In hopes when toils and dangers o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 The early scenes of life renew,
 Though each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast;
 " May we when toil and dangers o'er,
 " Cast anchor on our native shore.

A favourite Song in the Heiress.

FOR tenderness form'd in life's early day,
 A parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way,
 The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
 And ere words were my own I spoke with a sigh.
 The nightingale plunder'd, the mate-widow'd dove,
 The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,
 To youth as it ripen'd, gave sentiment new,
 The object still changing, the sympathy true.
 Soft embers of passion still rest in their glow,
 A warmth of more pain may this breast never know,
 Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
 Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the flame.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I Sigh and lament me in vain,
 These walls can but echo my moan,
 Alas, it increases my pain,
 When I think of the days that are gone;
 Through the grate of my prison I see
 The birds as they wanton in air,
 My heart, how it pants to be free,
 My looks, they are wild with despair.

Above.

THE BULL-FINCH.

71

Above, though oppress'd by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes;
 Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those:
 False woman, in ages to come,
 Thy malice detested shall be,
 And when we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay,
 With silence and solitude dwell,
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the evening bell;
 The owls from the battlements fly,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 O Mary, prepare thee to die—
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

THE ROSY BOWL.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
 Joy exhilarates my soul,
 To the Nine I raise my song,
 Ever fair, and ever young:
 When full cups my cares dispel,
 Sober counsel then farewell;
 Let the winds, that murmur, sweep
 All my sorrows in the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
 Leads me to delightful bow'rs,
 Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs:
 While I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine,
 Then I praise Life's rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When

When I drink the bowl profound,
 Richest fragrance flowing round,
 And some lovely nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the strain :
 When from goblets deep and wide
 I exhaust the gen'rous tide,
 All my soul unbends—I play,
 Gamesome, with the young and gay.

ADVICE TO SYLVIA.

CONSIDER, fair Sylvia, ere wedlock you choose,
 That nothing but death can the bondage unloose;
 As fancy directs you may now sport and play,
 And clasp a new lover with ev'ry new day;
 But then one alone all your beauty obtains,
 And who'd give her freedom to rattle in chains?
 And who'd give, &c.

Six months I have lov'd, 'tis too soon to believe
 In man, so precarious, and prone to deceive;
 First judge well my temper, my humour, and parts,
 For joining of hands often separates hearts;
 And would you so soon be the joke of the plains?
 'Tis madmen alone can be happy in chains,
 'Tis madmen, &c.

All Colin is worth, shall, sweet Sylvia, be thine,
 My lambkins, my cottage, my kids, and my kine,
 But if you reject a proposal so kind,
 In troth we must wait till we're both of a mind,
 And when I perceive no objection remains,
 I'll marry, and joyfully rattle my chains.
 I'll marry, &c.

THE BULL-FINCH.

71

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mr. Darley, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Hook.

WHILE high the foaming surges rise,
And pointed rocks appear,
Loud thunder rattles in the skies,
Yet sailors must not fear;
In storm, in wind—their duty mind,
Aloft, below,
They cheerful go,
To reef or steer as tis design'd;
No fears or dangers fill the mind,
The signal for the line is made,
The haughty foe's in fight;
The bloody flag aloft display'd,
And fierce the needful fight:
Each minds his gun,
No dangers shun,
Aloft, below,
They cheerful go.

Tho' shunders roll, yet still we find,
No fears alarm the sailor's mind,
The storm is hush'd the battle's o'er;
The sky is clear'd again.
We rofs the can to those on shore,
While we are on the main.
To Poll and Sue,
Sincere and true;
The grog goes round,
With pleasure crown'd.
In war or peace alike you'll find,
That Honour fills a sailor's mind.

E

BONNY

BONNY CHARLEY.

*Sung by Miss Leary, at Vauxhall.**Set by Mr. Hook.*

O Dearly do I love to rove
 Among the fields of barley ;
 'Twas there that Charley told his love,
 The blithe, the winsome Charley.
 Then he so fu'd, and he so woo'd,
 And marriage was the parley ;
 What could I do, but buckle to,
 With bonny, bonny Charley ?

O my bonny, bonny boy,
 My bonny, bonny Charley ;
 O my bonny, bonny boy,
 My bonny, bonny Charley,

II.

I ken the lasses rue the day,
 I fought the fields of barley ;
 And strive to win from me away
 The heart of winsome Charley ;
 But, ah ! how vain, they canna gain
 His love by all their parley ;
 And now they see, he woos but me,
 My bonny, bonny Charley.

O my bonny, &c.

III.

O ilka blessing on the laird
 That owns the fields of barley ;
 And ken I him alone regard
 For he is winsome Charley.

The

THE BULL-FINCH.

75

The gentle youth, with purest truth,
So wooes me late and early;
I can't withstand to give my hand
To bonny, bonny Charley.

O my Lenny, &c.

Canzonet, set by S. Storace.

Words by Miss Hannah More.

HOW sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore,
Where ebbing waters musically roll;
And solitude, sweet solitude, and silent Eve restore.
The philosophic temper of the soul.

The sighing gale, whose murmurs lure to rest
The busy tumults of declining day,
To sympathetic quiet sooths the breast
And every wild emotion dies away.

Canzonet set by S. Storace.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er nature's soft repose;
No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
Nor rustling tempest blows.

Now every passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still;
The varying schemes of life no more
Distract the lab'ring will.

In silence hush'd, to reason's voice,
Attends each mental power;
Come, dear Emelia, and enjoy
Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Sung by Mrs. Billington, in the Prophet.

Set by Mr. Shield.

WHAT are the boasted joys of love?
By danger won, in fear possess'd,
There scarce is leisure in the breast
Its wish'd-for state to prove.

How short the hours of bliss we know,
By toil fore-run, by terror prest;
The heart was never truly blest
That did not tremble too.

*Additional Song introduced in Inkle and
accompanied by the Harp, and sung by Mrs.*

AH! will no change of time
Produce a change of love,
Or will no length of time
Inconstant make you prove.

In my all faithful breast
Can love e'er find decay?
Ah! no,—with you so blest
I own love's sovereign sway.

But should you ever prove untrue,
To love and life, alas! adieu.

DAPHNE.

Sung at Vauxhall.

FAIN would I sing my Daphne's face,
Where beauty is display'd,
And tell of every charm and grace
That deck the lovely maid.

To paint her bosom, wond'rous fair!
 A lily first I chose;
 And next to match her cheek—with care
 I fought a fav'rite rose.

But as I gaz'd, fresh charms I spy'd,
 More sweet at every view;
 The lily in her bosom dy'd,
 The rose much fainter grew.
 Though to describe her heavenly form
 In vain I try'd my art,
 I found her portrait nicely drawn,
 And 'graven on my heart.

Sung at Vauxhall.

MY love for Henry to conceal
 I every art endeavour;
 Yet still my looks speak what I feel
 For none I think so clever;
 His sparkling eye, and dimpled cheek,
 Love's softest language ever speak,
 And him I'll love for ever.

Among the swains upon the green,
 There's none can trip so featly;
 His noble air, his graceful mien,
 In all he looks so neatly;
 His sparkling eye, and dimpled cheek,
 Love's softest language ever speak,
 And him I'll love for ever.

My mother chides and blames my love,
 And cries, girl, you will never
 My precepts to the world approve,
 Your hearts you must dis sever;

E 3

I answer

I answer I her precepts mind,
 She to her love was ever kind,
 And mine I'll love for ever.

Sung by Miss Leary, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr. Hooke.

AS cross the field the other morn
 I tripp'd so blithe and gay,
 The squire, with his dog and gun,
 By chance came by that way :
 Whither so fast, sweet maid, he cry'd,
 And caught me round the wait ;
 Pray, stop awhile—sweet Sir, said I,
 I can't, for I'm in haste.

You must not go as yet, cry'd he,
 For I have much to say ;
 Come set you down, and let us chat,
 Upon the new-mown hay :
 I've lov'd you long, and oft have wish'd,
 Those ruby lips to taste ;
 I'll have a kiss—well then said I,
 Be quick, for I'm in haste.

Just as I spoke, I saw young Hodge
 Come through a neighbouring gate,
 He caught my hand, and cry'd dear girl,
 I fear I've made you wait.
 But here's the ring—come let's to church,
 The joys of love to taste ;
 I left the squire, and laughing cry'd,
 You see, Sir—I'm in haste.

THE BULL-FINCH.

79

Sung by Miss Mylne, at Vauxhall.

THE Rose with sweet fragrance delights,
And sweet is the eglantine breeze,
But in Colin all sweetness unites,
For Colin for ever could please.
Yet now in each wood and each grove
I mourn that my joys are no more,
The Shepherd is false, yet I love,
He is fickle yet still I adore.

Song. Written by Mr. O'Keefe.

FLOW, thou regal purple stream,
Tinted by the solar beam;
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes:
My brain, ascend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay;
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
'A month he reign'd, and that was May!'

THE INCONSTANT.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN first I sought your heart to move,
And urg'd my warm address;
You swore by all the powers above
I ne'er should gain success.
But long that vow was not your care,
You did to love incline,
Then is it mighty strange, my fair,
That I too should break mine?

E 4

A favourite

THE BULL-FINCH.

A FAVOURITE IRISH BALLAD.

*Sung by Mr. Dighton at Sadlers Wells in the new
entertainment of Tippoo Saib.*

Set by Mr. Reeve.

The words by Mr. Lonsdale.

SEARCH all the world over thro' all times and
ages,
And if you read hist'ry aright,
You'll find that great men from the kings to their
pages,
Had as lief go to drink as to fight.

Then be easy, dear creatures, have done with com-
plaining,
Your trouble is all but a flam,
To be sure there's no sport like the toils of campaign-
ing,
When cheer'd by the drop of a dram.
Sing doo tol lol loo, rol lol loo rol lol
Loo rol lol, doo rol lol, loo rol lol loo.

II.

'They say the grand Turk swallows oceans in private,
And faith I believe in that fame;
He has drain'd his whole kingdom so wonderful dry,
that
'The capital's all in a flame.

Then be easy, &c.

III.

Then there's the great empress ye call rusty fufky,
A prince of a queen to be sure,
Don't we know the old Devil gets wonderful bosky,
And all through a thirst after fame.

*Then be easy, &c.
'There's*

THE BULL-FINCH.

81

IV.

There's another great emperor called king of Germany,

Faith, and he's none of the least,

He hob nobs with his friends to keep peace and harmony,

Drinks with his sword in his fist.

Then be easy dear creatures, &c.

BUAC' AILL LION DEUC'.

A favourite Irish Song sung by Mr. Dighton in Tippoo Saib.

ARRAH Tippoo, your highness give over your fun,

By my soul you have got the wrong sow by the tail;

I'm neither widow nor maid but a soldier by trade,

And my name, if you like it, is Dennis O Neal.

(ad libitum)

And a ranting, chaunting, drinking, fighting, capering,
piping, conjuring, blundering, sky-larking,
dram-tipping.

(a tempo)

——— Devil of a fellow is Dennis O Neal,

Arrah Buac' aill lion deuc' for Dennis O Neal.

II.

'Twas fitt at Kilgarvon, a stacking of corn,

That Dennis in dudgeon had words with his flail,

So he turn'd him about, set his face to the south;

And an East-India soldier was Dennis O Neal,

And a thumping, jumping, shooting, slicing, pep-

pering, lethering; thundering, plundering, pistoll-

ing, mankilling, Devil of a fellow was Dennis O Neal,

Arrah Buac' aill lion deuc' for Dennis O Neal.

III.

Since the time he came over can Dennis declare,
 In fighting or drinking he never turn'd tail,
 But the best of your blacks he has made show their
 backs,

And as fast as he could follow'd Dennis O Neal;
 Over hedge and heath and ditch and dam,
 At Mangalore, Gangalore, Travenscore, Cudjapore,
 What's the name?

Burn the name — its all the fame,
 There in the thickest—was Dennis O Neal.
 Arrah Buac' aill lion deuc' for Dennis O Neal.

IV.

Tippoo take it from Dennis, he speaks to your face,
 'I isn't in your black looks to make him turn tail;
 Put a sword in his hand and he'll dye like a man,
 But you won't make a Judy of Dennis O Neal.
 With your jumping, jungling, grinning mouthing
 Clout-headed, thick-headed, brazen nos'd, copper fac'd
 Ill looking thief—who made you a chief?
 I wish for your sake I had an oak flake,
 For the devil of a fellow is Dennis O Neal;
 Arrah Buac' aill lion deuc' for Dennis O Neal.

Sung by Mrs. Dighton in 'Tippoo Saib.

Set by Mr. Reeve.

BEHOLD! around the sons of war,
 Eager to mount the gilded car,
 But, hapless, I no joys can prove,
 While dangers wait the man I love,

THE BULL-FINCH.



II.

Ye powers! that yet my heart sustain,
Oh let my prayers compassion move,
And give me from yon hostile plain,
Oh give me back the man I love.

A favourite Duet, sung in Tippoo Saib by Mrs. Dighton and Miss Burnett.

OH, mighty chief! the trembling captive spare,
Let no rude blast love's tender blossom tear,
To the hero's gallant deeds
May thy soul incline,
So shall happiness be ours,
And the glory thine.

*Sung by Mr. Munden in Oscar and Malvina in the
Character of a Pedlar.*

I Am a jolly Pedlar
Come here to sell my ware;
Yet tho' in all things a medlar
I meddle most with the fair;
When I show my ribbons to misses
The copper and silver I gain;
Yet better I am pleas'd with the blisses
That I cannot now explain.

Fools say that this life is but sorrow,
And seem disinclin'd to be gay;
But why should we think of tomorrow
When we may be happy to-day.
I rove round the world for my pleasure,
Resolved, to take nothing amiss;
And think my existence a treasure
When blest with the cup and the kiss.

They surely are thick-headed asses,
 Who think that youth's gone in a crack;
 Yet will not enjoy as it passes
 The season that never comes back.
 Let time jog on slower or quicker,
 Or whether we're silly or wise;
 We shall not be the worse for good liquor,
 Or the smiles of a girl with black eyes.

*Sung by Mrs. Martyr and Mrs. Mountain in Oscar
 and Malvina.*

O Ever in my bosom live
 Thou source of endless pleasure,
 Since nothing else on earth can give
 So dear so rich a treasure.
 True Love, perhaps, may bring alarms,
 Or be but loss of reason;
 Yet still it adds to summer's charms,
 And cheers the wintry season.

The lustre of the great and gay
 Is transitory fashion,
 Whilst pure and lasting is the ray
 Of unaffected passion.
 When danger threatens the peasant's cot,
 And cruel cares assail it,
 Affection's smiles shall sooth his lot,
 Or bid him not bewail it.

Then let us each on each rely,
 A mutual transport borrow,
 The slavish forms of life defy,
 And artificial sorrow.

THE BULL-FINCH.

85

Content we'll sport, and laugh and sing,
Grow livelier and jocofer;
While time that fleets on envious wing
Shall bind our hearts the clofer.

Sung by Mr. Kelly in the Haunted Tower.

FROM hope's fond dream tho' reason wake,
In vain she points with warning hand;
I dread advice I cannot take,
Love's powerful spells my steps command.
The bird, thus fascination binds,
When darting from the serpent's eyes,
The fatal charm too late he finds,
He struggles, and admiring dies.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch in the Haunted Tower.

THO' pity I cannot deny,
Ah! what will that avail you?
Alas! I dare not hope supply;
For hope too sure wou'd fail you.
Think when the flatt'rer shall deceive,
In vain you will repent you;
Yet should you hope without my leave,
'Tis true I can't prevent you.

My hand directed to bestow,
In England here I'm landed;
And daughters always act, you know,
Just as they are commanded.
Then let not flatt'ring hope deceive,
Or else you will repent you;
Yet shou'd you hope without my leave,
'Tis true I can't prevent you.

Sung

Sung by Mrs. Bland in the Haunted Tower.

AIR. *Cicely.*

NATURE to woman still so kind,
Among her best boons bestowing;
What every female sure must find,
A wond'rous desire to be knowing.

Man, the proud and envious elf,
So jealous of our discerning;
Descries in us, what he prides in himself,
The wish, for whatever's worth learning.

Sung by Signora Storace, in No Song no Supper.

WITH lowly suit and plaintive ditty,
I call the tender mind to pity;
My friends are gone, my heart is beating,
And chilling poverty's my Lot:
From passing strangers, aid entreating,
I wander thus alone, forgot;
Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,
And heaven reward you with its blessing.

Here's tales of love—and maids forsaken,
Of battels fought, and captives taken;
The jovial Tar, so boldly sailing,
Or cast upon some desert shore;
The hapless bride his loss bewailing,
And fearing ne'er to see him more.
Relieve my woes, my wants distressing,
And heaven reward you with its blessing.

Sung

THE BULL-FINCH.

27

Sung by Mrs. Bland, in No Song no Supper.

GO George, I can't endure you ;
You wrong me, I assure you ;
I wonder why I love you still,
Are women for no use meant,
But merely men's amusement,
To tease, and torture as they will.
No—if you lov'd me true
You'd other means pursue ;
No, that you don't tis plain,
I tell you so again ;
No, no, no, no,
You ne'er could use me so.

II.

What see you pray about me,
Thus still to scold and flout me ;
Such treatment sure was never heard ;
I ne'er must speak—good gracious ;
I'm sure tis quite vexatious,
I never now must speak a word,
No—if you lov'd me true, &c.

Sung by Signora Storace in the Haunted Tower.

WHITHER my love! ah! whither art thou
gone!
Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn.
Say—by thy heart, can falsehood e'er be known?
Ah! no, no, I judge it by my own.
The heart he gave with so much care,
Which treasur'd in my breast I wear ;
Still for its master beats alone,
I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

Sung

Sung

*Sung by Signora Storace and Mr. Bannister, jun. in
the Haunted Tower,*

DUET. *Adela.*

WILL great lords and ladies,
Drest up on gay days,
Come to visit you and I?

Edward.

All smiling, bowing,
Great friendship vowing,
While we hold our heads so high?

Adela.

But should the fine gentry smoke us,
Lud! how they'll joke us;
How they'll laugh at silly me.

Edward.

Pshaw, we shall be ever
Reckon'd vastly clever,
While our pocket's full, d'ye see.

Adela.

Then every day,

Edward.

New joy shall bring;

Adela.

And ever gay,

Edward.

We'll dance and sing.

Both.

Fall lall de rall,
How merry shall we be.

Adela

Adela.

Of great fortune vaunting,
Low people taunting,
Dignity we must support.

Edward.

'Mong high barons bouncing,
Fine ladies flouncing,
We may chance to go to court.

Adela.

Well, fegs, I care not,
Court, tho' we share not,
If at home we happy be.

Edward.

Soon I may be bold
To hope that I shall hold
A little baron on my knee.

Adela.

Then every day

Edward.

New joy shall bring,

Adela.

And ever gay

Edward.

We'll dance and sing.

Both.

Fall lall de rall,
How merry we shall be.

*Sung**Adela*

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.

MY native land I bade adieu,
 And calmly Friendship's joys resign'd;
 But ah! how keen my sorrows grew,
 When my love I left behind.
 Yet should her troth feel no decay,
 Should absence prove my charmer kind,
 Then shall I not lament the day,
 When my love I left behind.

Sung by Mr. Dignum in No Song no Supper.

HOW happily my life I led
 Without a day of sorrow;
 To plow and sow, to reap and mow,
 No care beyond the morrow.
 In heat or cold, in wet or dry,
 I never grumbled, no not I;
 My wife, tis true, loves words a few,
 What then—I let her prate:
 For sometimes smooth, and sometimes rough,
 I found myself still rich enough,
 In the joys of an humble state.

II.

But when with law I craz'd my brain,
 I lost both peace and pleasure;
 Long says to hear, to search and swear,
 And plague beyond all measure;
 One grievance brought another on,
 My debts encrease, my flock is gone,
 My wife, she says, and means 'twill raise,
 What then—tis idle prate,
 For sometimes smooth, and sometimes rough,
 I found myself still rich enough,
 In the joys of an humble state.

Sung

THE BULL-FINCH.

91

Sung by Mr. Kelly.

THO' time has from your lordship's face
Made free to steal each youthful grace,
Yet why should you despair?
Old buits oft please the connoisseurs,
So folks of taste, perhaps like yours,
And that removes your care.

'Tis true that silly girls believe
In joys that youth alone can give,
But why should you despair?
'Tis folly governs youth, you know,
And so far young you soon may grow,
So that removes your care.

Whate'er your faults, in person, mind,
(However gross) you chance to find,
Yet why should you despair?
Of flattery you must buy advice,
You're rich enough to pay the price,
So that removes your care.

Sung by Miss Romanzini.

WHAT blest hours, untainted by sorrow,
Does the maiden prove,
Who knows not love,
So merrily she sings thro' the day;
"Dull sorrow shall threaten in vain,
"The delight of her heart to restrain,
While from Cupid free,
Blest in Liberty,
"Not a sigh she blends with the strain."
As she gaily carols along,
Let me join sweet freedom's song,

Sung

Oh!

Oh! may my heart
 Ever bear a part,
 In the envied jocund lay,
 While merrily the happy maid,
 So blithely sings thro' the day.

Sung by Signora Storace in No Song no Supper.

ACROSS the Downs this morning,
 As betimes I chanced to go,
 A shepherd led his flock abroad
 All white as driven snow:
 But one was most the shepherd's care,
 A lamb so sleek, so plump, so fair,
 Its wondrous beauties in a word
 To let you fairly know,
 Was such as Nelly from the fire
 Took off not long ago.

II.

This lamb so blithe as midsummer
 His frolick gambols play'd,
 And now of all the flock a-head
 The pretty wanton fray'd;
 A wolf, that watch'd with greedy eyes,
 Rush'd forth and seiz'd the tender prize;
 The shepherd saw and raised a stone
 So round so large, I vow,
 'Twas like the cake that Nelly laid
 Upon the shelf just now.

III.

This monstrous stone the shepherd flung,
 And well his aim he took;
 Yet scarce the savage creature deign'd
 Around to cast a look;

But

THE BULL-FINCH.

91

But fled as swift, with footsteps light
As he who brought the wine to night ;
I try'd to stop the thief, but he
Turn'd round in rage—good lack ;
So mad the lawyer scarce can be
That's hid in yonder sack.

Sung by Mr. Kelly.

SPIRIT of my fainted fire,
With success my soul inspire,
Deeds of glory done by thee
In mem'ry's mirror now I see.
Let the great examples raise
Valour's purest, brightest blaze,
Till the prowess of my arm
The eye of fickle conquest charm,
And Fame shall, when the battle's won,
Declare that I am all thy son.
Spirit of my fainted fire,
With success my soul inspire.
The inspiration now I feel,
The ardent glow of patriot zeal,
Brighter prospects now arise,
The voice of conquest rends the skies.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan, in the Spoil'd Child.

SINCE then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,
To quit each object of my infant care ;
Torn from an honour'd parent's tender love,
And driv'n the keenest, keenest storms of fate to
bear ;
Ah! but forgive me, pitied let me part.
Your frowns too sure, would break my sinking heart.
Where'er

Where'er I go, whate'er my lonely state,
 Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here!
 And when, perhaps, you're musing o'er my fate,
 You still may greet me with a tender tear:
 Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
 Your frowns too sure would break my sinking heart.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan in the Spoiled Child.

I Am a brisk and sprightly lad
 But just come home from sea, fir;
 Of all the lives I ever led
 A sailor's life for me fir,
 Yeo, Yeo, Yeo, Yeo.
 Whilst the Boatswain pipes all hands
 With Yeo, Yeo, Yeo; Yeo, Yeo, fir.

II.

What girl but loves the merry tar,
 We o'er the ocean roam, fir;
 In every clime we find a port
 In every port a home, fir.

Yeo, Yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh
 Each hastens to his gun, fir,
 We make the boasted Frenchmen fly,
 And bang the haughty Don, fir.

Yeo, Yeo, &c.

Our foes subdu'd, once more on shore
 We spend our cash with glee, fir;
 And when all's gone we drown all care,
 And out again to sea, fir.

Yeo, Yeo, &c.

*Sung by Mr. Incledon in the New Opera of the
Woodman.*

Set by Mr. Shield.

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot,
All the charms of my Emily knew;
How oft has its course been forgot,
While it paus'd her dear image to view.
Believe me, the fond silver Tide
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize;
For silently swelling with pride
It reflected her back to the skies.

Sung by Mr. Quick in the Opera of the Woodman.

WHAT mortal e'er saw such a creature,
How prettily turn'd every feature,
A mouth chaste and simple,
A chin deck'd with dimple,
A cheek that discloses
Full blown damask roses;
With a lip like a ruby, that's brought from afar,
And an eye that out-twinkles the bright morning
star.

Sung by Mrs. Webb, in the Opera of the Woodman.

YOUNG Women should shun tittle tattle,
Like sun-dials never should prattle,
Just tell what they are ask'd—and be still;
But girls are so idle,
Their tongues they won't bridle,
But gallop it goes like the clack of a mill.

II.

We gentry, you never hear rattle,
Like furies engaged in a battle,

Of talking we soon have our fill;
 But girls are so idle,
 Their tongues they won't bridle,
 So gallop it goes like the clack of a mill.

Sung by Mrs. Billington in the Woodman.

SWEET inmate, sensibility,
 How pure thy transports flow!
 When even grief, that springs from thee,
 Is luxury in woe.

Without thee where's the sigh of love,
 Or blush by grace refin'd?
 Where friendship's sacred tear to prove
 The triumph of the mind?

Sung by Mrs. Bland, in the Siege of Belgrade.

ALL will hail the joyous day,
 When love his triumph shall display;
 The rustic pipe assists the song,
 The dance shall mingle old and young:
 The sprightly bells, with welcome sound,
 Shall spread the happy news around;
 And give a hint to maidens, coy,
 That youth they should not mis-employ.

Yuseph shall, with sullen pride,
 Envy joys to wealth denied:
 And, as we trip with merry glee,
 Shall wish himself as poor as we.
 The sprightly bells, with welcome sound,
 Shall spread the happy news around;
 And give a hint to maidens, coy,
 That youth they should not mis-employ.

Song in Artaxerxes.

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove:
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine by thy soft breast;
 Nor, with rancour never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove:
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend;
 I, alas! at once have lost
 Father, brother, lover, friend!

Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove:
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Song in Midas.

H E's as tight a lad to see to,
 As e'er stepp'd in leather shoe;
 And what's better, he loves me too,
 And to him I'll prove true-blue.

Though my sifter casts an hawk's eye,
 I defy what she can do;
 He o'erlook'd the little doxy,
 I'm the girl he means to woo.

F

Hither

Hither I stole out to meet him;
 He'll no doubt my steps pursue,
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him,
 If he's false—I'll fit him too.

THE DUST CART. *A favourite Cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' streets his trade did cry,
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by:
 In dust-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,
 With the rich cinders round her lovely waist:
 Tom, with uplifted hands, th' occasion blest'd,
 And thus, in soothing strains, the maid address'd.

AIR.

O, Sylvia, while you drive your cart,
 To pick up dust, you steal our hearts;
 You take up dust, and steal our hearts;
 That mine is gone, alas! is true,
 And dwells among the dust with you;
 And dwells among the dust with you;
 Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain;
 Give me my heart, you stole, again;
 Give me my heart, out of your cart;
 Give me my heart, you stole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
 Exulting roll'd her sparkling eyes about:
 She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as floc,
 And look'd disdain on little folks below:
 'To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on,
 And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, Stop John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
 Be by a paltry crowd oppress'd?

THE BULL-FINCH.

29

Ambition now my soul does fire;
The youths shall languish and admire;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

THE WONDERFUL OLD MAN.

THERE was an old man, and though it's not
common,

Yet, if he said true, he was born of a woman;
And though its incredible, yet I've been told
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old!

Whene'er he was hungry, he'd long for some meat,
And, if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat;
When thirsty he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
And his liquor, most commonly, ran down his throat.

He seldom or ever could see without light,
And yet, I've been told, he could hear in the night;
He has oft been awake in the day-time, 'tis said,
And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,
And he stirr'd both his arms and his legs when he
walk'd;

And his gait was so odd, had you seen him you'd
burst,

For one leg or t'other would always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
For if 'twas not wash'd, it was seldom quite clean;
He shew'd most his teeth when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth stood across, 'twixt his nose and his
chin.

Among other strange things that beset this good yeoman,

He was married, poor soul, and his wife was a woman;
And unless by that liar, Miss Fame, we're beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At last he fell sick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks say, he was not very well;
But what was more strange, in so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees, he could get no physician.

What pity! he died; yet 'tis said that his death
Was occasion'd at last by a stoppage of breath;
But peace to his bones that in ashes now moulder!
Had he liv'd a day longer, he'd been a day older.

Song in The Custom of the Manor.

WHEN the rose is in bud, and blue violets blow,
And the birds sing us love songs from every bough,

When cowslips, and daisies, and daffodils spread,
Adorning, perfume the flowery mead,

Our cleanly milk-pail
Is fill'd with brown ale;

Our table, our table's the grass;

There we sit and we sing,

And we dance in a ring,

And every lad has his lass;

There we sit and we sing, and we dance in a ring,
And every lad, every lad has his lass.

When without the plough the fat oxen do low,

The lads and the lasses a sheep-shearing go;

Our shepherd shears his jolly, jolly fleece,

How much richer than that which they say was in
Greece!



THE BULL-FINCH.

101

'Tis our cloth, and our food,
And our politic blood;
'Tis the feat which our nobles sit on:
'Tis a mine above ground,
Where our treasure's all found;
'Tis the gold, and the silver of Britain;
'Tis a mine above ground, where our treasure's all
found,
'Tis the gold, and the silver of Britain.

Song. Set by Mr. Bates.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be
seen,

And the meadows their beauties have lost;
And all nature disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost;
When the peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow;
And the innocent flock run for shelter to fold,
With their fleeces all cover'd with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
And send forth their breath like a steam;
When the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
Flakes of ice which she finds on her cream;
When the blythe country lass, as fresh as a rose,
As she carelessly trips, often slides;
And the rustick laughs loud, if in falling she shows
Those charms which her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses, for company join'd,
As round the hall embers they sat,
Talk of witches and fairies, that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts till they're all of a sweat;

When the birds to the barn-door come hov'ring for
food,

Or silently sit on the spray;

And the poor timid hare then in vain seeks the wood,
For faithless her footsteps betray.

Heaven grant in that season, it may be my lot,

With the girl that I love and admire,

When the icicles hang to the eave of my cot,

I may thither in safety retire;

There in neatness and quiet, and free from surprise,

We may live in each other secure,

Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,

But those which each other can cure.

SONG.

HASTE, haste, Amelia, gentle fair,
To soft Elysian gales;

From smoke to smiling skies repair,

And sun-illumin'd vales:

No sighs, no murmur, haunt the grove,

But blessings crown the plains;

Here calm contentment, heav'n-born maid,

And peace, the cherub, reigns.

Oh, come! for thee the roses bloom,

The deep carnation grows;

For thee sweet violets breathe perfume,

The white-rob'd lily blows;

For thee their streams the Naiads roll;

The daisied hills are gay,

Where (emblems of Amelia's soul)

The spotless lambkins play.

From vale to vale the zephyrs rove,

To rob th' unfolding flow'rs;

And music melts in ev'ry grove,

To charm thy rural hours:

The warbling lark, high-pois'd in air,
Exerting all his pride,
Will strive to please Amelia fair,
Who pleases all beside.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own land,
Whose sires were so brave, so victorious, and
free,

Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me;
Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good
cheer,

The profits and pleasures of stout British beer;
Your wine-tipping, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.
Let us sing, &c.

The French, with their vineyards, are meagre and
pale,

They drink of the squeezing of half-ripen'd fruit;
But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.
Let us sing, &c.

Should the French dare invade us thus arm'd with our
poles,

We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern jaws
ring;

For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are souls,
Who will shed their last drop for their country and
king.

Let us sing, &c.

THE BULL-FINCH.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,
 The yellow-hair'd Laddie would oftentimes go.
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn-trees
 grow;

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves evening and morn:
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvens and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus said: 'Tho' young Molly be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
 But Susy is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
 Her breath, like the breeze, gives perfumes to the
 spring.

There's Jenny, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon is inconstant, and never speaks truth:
 But Susy is faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddesses that sprung from the sea.
 My lady's fine daughter, with all her great dower,
 Is awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
 But Susy, who knows neither riches nor scorn,
 Is mild as the blushes that paint the new morn:
 Ah! friends, how delighted, how blest should I be,
 Would my Susy but smile, and her parents agree;
 What more could I wish for?—My Susy's the whole,
 The joy of my eyes, and the pride of my soul.

A favourite Two Part Song.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn!
 When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,
 Erecting his ears, nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain!
 But still we pursue and now come in view of the glo-
 rious game.

O, see

THE BULL-FINCH.

105

O, see how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear he redoubles his speed:
But, oh! 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the cries:
For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants, till with well-scented hounds surround-
ed he dies.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

SYLVIA, wilt thou waste thy prime,
Stranger to the joys of love?
Thou hast youth, and that's the time
Every minute to improve:
Round thee wilt thou never hear
Little wanton girls and boys
Sweetly sounding in thy ear,
Sweetly sounding in thy ear,
Infant's prate, and mother's joys?
Only view that little dove,
Softly cooing to his mate;
As a further proof of love,
See her for his kisses wait:
Hark! that charming nightingale,
As he flies from spray to spray,
Sweetly tunes an am'rous tale,
Sweetly tunes an am'rous tale,
I love, I love, he strives to say.
Could I to thy soul reveal
But the least, the thousandth part,
Of those pleasures lovers feel
In a mutual change of heart;
Then, repenting, wouldst thou say,
Virgin-fears, from hence remove!
All the time is thrown away,
All the time is thrown away,
That we do not spend in love.

THE BULL-FINCH.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

Set by Dr. Arne. In Thomas and Sally.

He. **L**ET fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pangs they never felt;
I speak without disguise or art,
And with my hand bestow my heart.

She. Let ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold, and give their thoughts the lie;
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover blest.

He. For this the sailor, on the mast,
Endures the cold and cutting blast;
All dripping wet, wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

She. For this the virgin pines, and sighs,
With throbbing heart, and streaming eyes,
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

Both. Ye British youths, be brave, you'll find
The British virgins will be kind;
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.

Song. Set by Dr. Boyce.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;
Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
Wisdom at the bottom lies:
Fill 'em higher still, and higher,
Shallow draughts perplex the brain;
Sipping quenches all our fire,
Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
 Enter jollity and joy;
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ:
 Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage;
 And when Death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

Song. The Words from Shakespeare.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That hills and vallies, dales and fields,
 And all the craggy mountain yields:
 There we will sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
 Near shallow rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers with a girdle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
 A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Come, live with me, and be my love.
 Fur-lined slipper for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;
 A belt of straw with ivy buds,
 And coral clasps and silver studs:
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight each May morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love,

THE BULLFINCH.

Song in Comus.

NOW Phœbus sinketh in the west,
 Welcome song, and welcome jest;
 Midnight shouts and revelry,
 Tipfy dance and jollity;
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine;
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And advice with scrup'lous head;
 Strict age, and sour severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie;
 With their grave saws in slumber lie.

Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And flow'rs were fair to see;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye;
 Elithe Jockey's looks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
 "Gang down the burn, my gentle love,
 "And soon I'll follow thee."
 Now Jockey did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn side;
 And Mary was a bonny lass,
 Just meet to be a bride:
 Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
 Her eyes were azure blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.
 What pass'd, I guess was harmless play,
 And nothing, sure, unmeet!
 For ganging home, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a walk so sweet!

His

His cheek to her's he fondly laid;
 She cry'd, "Sweet love, be true;
 "And when a wife, as now a maid,
 "To death I'll follow you."

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

NO more the festive train I'll join!
 Adieu! ye rural sports, adieu!
 For what, alas! have griefs like mine
 With pastimes or delights to do?
 Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove,
 But I am all despair and love.

Ah well-a-day! how chang'd am I!
 When late I seiz'd the rural reed,
 So soft my strains, the herds hard by
 Stood gazing, and forgot to feed;
 But now my strains no longer move,
 They're discord all, despair, and love.

Behold around my straggling sheep,
 The fairest once upon the Lea;
 No swain to guide, no dog to keep,
 Unhorn they stray, nor mark'd by me:
 The shepherds mourn to see them rove;
 They ask the cause, I answer, love.

Neglected love first taught my eyes
 With tears of anguish to o'erflow;
 'Tis that which fill'd my breast with sighs,
 And tun'd my pipe to notes of woe;
 Love has occasion'd all my smart,
 Dispers'd my flocks, and broke my heart.

Song

Song in Love in a Village.

THE honest heart whose thoughts are clear
 From fraud, disguise, and guile,
 Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
 Nor court the harlot's smile.
 The greatness that would make us grave,
 Is but an empty thing;
 What more than mirth would mortals have?
 The chearful man's a king!

Song in Mother Shipton.

TO heal the smart a bee had made
 Upon my Chloe's face,
 Honey upon her cheek she laid,
 And bid me kiss the place.
 Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart;
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart,

Song in Cymon.

YET awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,
 Fold me in thy downy arms,
 Let not care awake to grieve me,
 Lull it with thy potent charms.
 I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,
 Quitting young the parent's nest,
 Find each bird a bird of prey;
 Sorrow knows not where to rest,

THE BULL-FINCH.

111

ODE FOR LORD-MAYOR'S DAY.

RECITATIVE.

BRITONS, attend; I sing in merry lay,
The feats atchiev'd upon a Lord-Mayor's Day:
What surfeits caught, what feeding when they dine;
What sober citizens get drunk by nine;
What fights are seen; what rattling, fufs, and noise,
Of coaches, carts, men, women, girls, and boys,
Who streets, bulks, windows, tops of houses throng,
To view his lordship pass in state along.

AIR.

(Oh! London is a fine Town, &c.)

Oh! lord-mayor's show, so brave and gay, does
honour to the city;
And old and young, and rich and poor, must own
'tis vastly pretty,
To see the gilded coach and six, and man in armour
ride,
In pomp and splendour, from Guildhall, unto the
water-side.
And when in barges closely pent, such plenty of good
cheer,
What pity 'tis so fine a sight should come but once a
year!

O lord-mayor's show, so brave, &c.

RECITATIVE.

The bustle o'er, the cavalcade gone by,
The mob dispers'd, "To Dinner's" all the cry,
With hasten'd steps, as keenest hunger calls,
The starv'd mechanicks seek their different halls;
At the full-groaning board each takes his seat,
With brandish'd knife and fork prepar'd to eat.

AIR,

THE BULL-FINCH.

AIR.

(Ghosts of every Occupation.)

Cits of ev'ry Occupation,
 Ev'ry age and ev'ry station,
 Parsons, justices of quorum,
 All with napkins tuck'd before 'em
 Prefs to have their plates fill'd first,
 With the victuals here such work is
 Snatching turtles, geese, and turkies,
 Hares with puddings in their bellies,
 Cheesecakes, custards, tarts, and jellies:
 Bawling, swearing,
 Cutting, tearing,
 Sweating, puffing,
 Licking, stuffing,
 Just as if they all would burst.

RECITATIVE.

Their prowess now in eating having prov'd,
 The dishes empty'd and the cloth remov'd;
 Again the table smiles with wine and ale,
 And toasts and bumpers every where prevail;
 Some talk, some laugh, some smoke, some snoring lie,
 And some with jovial songs old care defy.

AIR.

(Come hither, my Country Squire, &c.)

Come fill the glass to the brink;
 Brisk wine soon away sorrow drives:
 Like cowards ne'er shrink, but valiantly drink
 Confusion to bailiffs and wives.

CHORUS.

Such foaking, such smoaking, and joking,
 Such guzzling here you see;
 The buck and furr'd gown together sit down,
 And all are good company.

AIR.

THE BULL-FINCH.

113

AIR.

To enjoy life while we may,
I'll prove from the scripture, is right;
Old Lot us'd, they say, to fuddle all day,
And lie with his doxy at night,

CHORUS.

Such foaking, such smoaking, and joking, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But soon the luscious grape too potent grows;
Mirth and good-humour turn to words and blows;
Now rogue and cuckold through the hall resound,
And wigs and canes, and cravats strew the ground;
'Till bright Aurora rears her rosy head,
And bids the noisy crew reel home to bed.

AIR.

(There was a jovial Beggar, &c.)

Let heroes, both by land and sea,
Their deeds in battle boast;
They only fame acquire now,
Who eat and drink the most.
Then a guttling we will go, will go, will go;
Then a guttling we will go.

In story we are told of one
An ox slew with his fist;
Then at a meal he ate him up,
Gods! what a glorious twist!
Then a guttling, &c.

If then good eating's so renown'd,
Be this each Briton's prayer,
"God blest the court of aldermen,
"The sheriffs and lord-mayor,
"When a guttling they do go, do go, do go;
"When a guttling they do go."

THE

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

A Cantata, taken from a celebrated Print of the ingenious Mr. Hogarth.

RECITATIVE.

TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, Madam Granfire's cook,
As home he steer'd his carcase that way took;
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd sir-loin,
On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine:
Good Father Dominick by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestow'd:
And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
He lick'd his chops, and thus the knight address'd,

AIR.

(A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.)

O rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
If I were doom'd to have thee,
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
And swimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd,
Should from my fury save thee.
Renown'd sir-loin, oft times decreed
The theme of English ballad;
On thee e'en kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
Then how much doth thy taste exceed
Soup-meagre, frogs, and sallad!

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier pale and lean,
Who such a sight before had never seen,
Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet gaping stood,
And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.

THE BULL-FINCH.

115

His morning's mews forsook the friendly bowl,
And in small streams along the pavement stole:
He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief:

AIR.

(Foot's Minuet.)

Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,
Dat look so tempting red and vite?
Begar, it is the roast beef from Londre;
Oh grant to me von liddle bite.
But to my guts if you give no heeding,
And cruel fate dis boon denies;
In kind compassion unto my pleading,
Return and let me feast my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
Whose brazen front his country did betray;
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honest means to gain his daily bread:
Soon as the well known prospect he descri'd,
In blub'ring accents dolefully he cry'd:

AIR.

(Ellen a Roon.)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
So taking thy sight is,
My joy, that so light is,
To view thee by pailfuls run out at my eyes.
While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
Ah hard-hearted Loui!
Why did I come to you?
The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from
starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;

But

But when old England's bulwark he espy'd,
His dear-lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside:
With lifted hand he bless'd his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowden-knows.)

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,
Who was so blythe of late,
'To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great!

O the beef! the bonny beef,
When roasted nice and brown;
I wish I had a slice of thee,
How sweet it would gang down!

Ah Charley! hadst thou not been seen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me;
I would the De'el had pick'd mine e'en,
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
O the beef! &c.

RECITATIVE.

But see! my muse to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty, socially unite;
Where smiling freedom guards great George's throne,
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.
'Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains shall ring,
In rustick fable give me leave to sing.

AIR.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grasing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.
O the roast beef of old England,
And O the old English roast beef.

Then

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, "Son, to attempt it you're surely to blame."

O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst;
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
'Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons be valiant, the moral is clear;
The ox is old England, the frog is Monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the fir-loin smoaking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.

O the roast beef of old England,
And O the old English roast beef.

Song. Set by Mr. Festing.

THE morning fresh, the sun in the east,
New gilds the smiling day;
The morning fresh, the sun in east,
New gilds the smiling day;
The lark forsakes his dewy nest,
The fields around are gaily dress'd:
Arise, my love, and play, and play;
Arise, my love, and play.

Come forth, my fair, come forth, bright maid,
And bless thy shepherd's sight;

Come forth, &c.

Lend ev'ry folded flow'r thy aid,
Unveil the rose's blushing shade,
And give them sweet delight;
And give, &c.

Thy

118 THE BULL-FINCH.

Thy presence makes all nature smile,
 Those smiles your charms improve;
 Thy presence, &c.
 Thy strains the list'ning birds beguile,
 And, as invite, reward their toil,
 And tune their notes to love;
 And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,
 The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine;
 Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,
 The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine;
 Ere other eyes ye beauties see,
 Then on my brows adorn'd shall be;
 Thy happy fate be mine, be mine;
 Thy happy fate be mine, be mine.

A NEW SONG.

THEY that would contentment find,
 Must possess a chearful mind;
 Be their fortune what it may,
 'Tis their int'rest to obey.
 'Tis a folly to des-air,
 Tho' oppress'd with grief and care;
 What our fate one day denies,
 Oftentimes the next supplies.

Mortals ne'er must hope to gain
 A life secure from care and pain:
 'Tis not proper here below,
 That Heav'n should such gifts bestow.
 Life with storms and calms abounds,
 Which by turns each take their rounds
 When the one rude tempests rise,
 Swift to quell them t'other flies.

THE BULL-FINCH.

179

Since the storm is now blown o'er,
Of what's past let's think no more:
But embrace the happy hour,
While we have it in our pow'r.
Youth is like the rising sun,
When its course is once begun,
Swift he wings his joyful flight,
Till o'ertaken by the night.

A NEW SONG.

YE parents, who breathe the cool ev'ning of life,
Who seek for your children a husband or wife,
Let reason, not riches, prevail o'er your mind,
To mutual affection be never unkind.
Remember the time when yourselves too were young,
When nought but of Cupid in raptures you sung.
Grey hairs may have taught you, indeed, to be wise;
What can't be enjoy'd, you no longer can prize.
Youth, beauty, and love, now appear to be vain;
Like you, when grown old, they'll believe too the
same.
Remember the time when you otherwise thought;
Love vanquish'd that reason, which wise parents taught.

Song. The Words by Mr. Boyce.

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,
And bids the hunter rise;
The op'ning hound returns the sound,
And echo fills the skies.
See, ruddy health, more dear than wealth,
On yon blue mountain's brow!
The neighing steed invokes our speed
And Reynard trembles now.

In ancient days, as story says,
 The woods our fathers fought;
 The rustic race adorn'd the chase,
 And hunted as they fought.
 Come let's away, make no delay,
 Enjoy the forest's charms;
 Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,
 And rest in Chloe's arms.

THE HAPPY VIRGIN.

HOW happy a state does the virgin possess,
 Whose innocent bosom no troubles distress!
 She's ever brisk, airy, good-humour'd, and gay,
 No cares to molest her by night or by day;
 No husband controuls her, or crosses her will,
 But o'er all her actions she mistress is still;
 In freedom and pleasure she passes her life:
 If so happy a virgin who would be a wife?

No bantlings to tease her, or break her night's rest,
 With peace and content all her moments are blest,
 She sleeps 'till 'tis time in the morning to rise,
 And ev'ry new day some new pleasure supplies;
 Surrounded abroad by a crowd of smart beaux
 Who are proud to attend her wherever she goes;
 About her they swarm like bees to their hives;
 If so happy when virgins, who then would be wives?

Let the wife boast of conjugal bliss if she please,
 Bought at the expence of her freedom and ease;
 Confin'd by her cares, still at home she must stay,
 Whilst abroad we can range to park, ball, and play.
 Thro' a maze of soft pleasure our actions we steer,
 And when we return, we've no husbands to fear,
 To tease us, and vex us, and tire out our lives;
 If so happy when virgins, who then would be wives?

THE BULL-FINCH.

221

THE TEMPEST OF WAR.

LET the tempest of war
Be heard from afar,
With trumpets' and cannons' alarms:
Let the brave, if they will,
By their valour or skill,
Seek honour and conquest in arms.
To live safe, and retire,
Is what I desire,
Of my flocks and my Chloe possess;
For in them I obtain
True peace without pain,
And the lasting enjoyment of rest.
In some cottage or cell,
Like a shepherd to dwell,
From all interruption at ease;
In a peaceable life,
To be blest with a wife,
Who will study her husband to please.

Song in The Jubilee. Set by Dr. Arne.

THOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal, thy Shakespeare
would dream;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is, which pillow'd his head.
The love-stricken maiden, the sighing young swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh out their pain;
The sweet bud of beauty, no blight here shall dread,
For hallow'd the turf is, which pillow'd his head.
Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their
truth,
Here smiling old age feels the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread.
For hallow'd the turf is, which pillow'd his head.

G

Flow

Flow on silver Avon, in song ever flow;
 Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow;
 Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,
 And the turf ever hallow'd, that pillow'd his head.

SONG.

SICK of the town, fair Delia flew
 To Contemplation's rural seat;
 Adieu, the cry'd, vain world, adieu,
 Fools only study to be great;
 The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
 The moss-grown roof, the matted floor;
 All these she had—'twas mighty well;
 But yet she wanted something more.
 Back to the busy world again
 She soon return'd, in hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary pain,
 Quiet of heart and peace of mind:
 Gay scenes of grandeur every hour,
 By turns her fickle fancy fill;
 The world seem'd all within her power;
 But yet she wanted something still.
 Cities and groves by turns were try'd;
 'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale;
 Delia at length became a bride,
 A bride to Damon of the vale:
 Behold at once the gloom was clear'd;
 Damon was kind;—and from that hour
 Each place a Paradise appear'd,
 And Delia wanted nothing more.

Song in The Maid of the Mill.

WITH the man that I love was I destin'd to
 dwell
 On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;
 Retreats

Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
 More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.
 Let the vain and the venal in wedlock aspire
 To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;
 I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are plac'd,
 Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

Song by Mr. Bowden, in Comus.

BY the gaily-circling glass
 We can see our minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask we're told
 How the waning night grows old;
 How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play:
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you;
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Song in Midas.

SILENO.

SINCE you mean to hire for service,
 Come with me you jolly dog;
 You can help to bring home harvest,
 'Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.
 Farra diddle dol, – Farra diddle dol,
 Tol ti di tol di ti di tol dol dol.

With three crowns your standing wages,
 You shall daintily be fed,
 Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
 Butter milk, and oaten bread.
 Farra diddle, &c.

Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,
 When we get you once at home;
 And when daily labour's over,
 We'll all dance to your hum-strum.
 Farra diddle, &c.

APOLLO.

Done—Strike hands, I take your offer,
 Farther on I may fare worse;
 Zooks! I can no longer suffer
 Hungry guts, and empty purse.
 Farra diddle dol, &c.

Song in The Conscious Lovers.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?
 If bitter, Oh tell me whence comes my content!
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.
 I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known:
 But, oh! how I'm blest'd when so kind she does prove
 By some willing mistake to discover her love;
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name!
 How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are its charms!
 How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
 For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

THE BULL-FINCH.

125

Song by Madam Mara, in Artaxerxes.

THE soldier, tir'd of war's alarms,
Forfears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield;
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.

Song in Cymon.

WHEN I was young, though now am old,
The men were kind and true;
But now they're grown so false and bold,
What can a woman do?
Say what can a woman do?
For men are truly,
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two!
When I was fair—though now so so,
No hearts were giv'n to rove,
Our pulses beat not fast, nor slow,
But all was faith and love;
Now what can a woman do?
For men are truly,
So unruly,
I tremble at seventy-two!

Song in As you like it. Set by Dr. Arne.

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind;
Thou art not so unkind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,

G 3

Thy

Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh;
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,
 As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp;
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 Though thou the waters warp;
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 As friends remember'd not,
 As friends remember'd not.

DIALOGUE in The Press-Gang.

NANCY.

AND can'st thou leave thy Nancy,
 And quit thy native shore?
 It comes into my fancy,
 I ne'er shall see thee more.

TRUE-BLUE.

Yes I must leave my Nancy,
 To humble haughty Spain,
 Let fear ne'er fill thy fancy,
 For we shall meet again.

NANCY.

Amidst the foaming billows,
 When thund'ring cannons roar,
 You'll think on these green willows,
 And wish yourself on shore.

TRUE-BLUE.

I fear not land or water,
 I fear not sword or fire,
 For sweet revenge, and slaughter,
 Are all that I desire.

NANCY.

THE BULL-FINCH.

127

NANCY.

May guardian gods protect thee,
From water, fire, or steel,
And may no fears affect thee,
Like those which now I feel.

TRUE-BLUE.

I leave to heaven's protection,
My life, my only dear;
You have my soul's affection,
So still conclude me here.

Song in the Masque of Alfred.

A Youth adorn'd with ev'ry art,
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine possell,
In secret mine possell:
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straightest grows,
His face and shape express;
His face and shape express.
In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale,
That wakes the flow'ry year,
That wakes, &c.
What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy nature form'd to please,
Whom love had made sincere?
Whom love, &c.
At morn he left me—fought and fell;
The fatal ev'ning heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed,
And saw the tears I shed;
Tears that must ever, ever fall;
For, ah! no sighs the past recal;
No cries awake the dead,
No cries awake the dead.

G 4

CHORUS

1772

CHORUS OF VIRGINS, *in Elfrida. Set by Dr Arne.*

HAIL to thy living light,
 Ambrosial morn! all hail thy roseate ray,
 That bids gay nature all her charms display,
 In varied beauty bright.

Away, ye goblins all!
 Wont the traveller to daunt,
 Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your haunt,
 Beside some lonely wall!

Away, ye elves, away,
 Shrink at the ambrosial morning's living ray.

SONG.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if thou die.
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love so true to me,
 Without thee I can never live,
 My Peggy, if thou die.

If fate should tear thee from my breast,
 How lonely should I stray!
 In dreary dreams the night would waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'er shall so much beauty find,
 Nor sweet perfection see,
 I'll then renounce all womankind,
 My Peggy, if thou die.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such blessings share,
 And ev'ry faithful flame approve,
 With pity view my fair:

Restore

THE BULL-FINCH.

129

Restore my Peggy's matchless charms,
Those charms so dear to me;
Or if you take her from these arms,
With Peggy let me die.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

TO curb the will with vain pretence
Philosophy her force employs,
And tells us, in despite of sense,
That life affords no real joys:
Such idle whims my heart abjures;
Envy me not, immortal Jove,
If I prefer my bliss to your's,
Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

Since you have giv'n desires to men,
Deny us not enjoyment free:
Must I be happy only then,
When I, alas! shall cease to be?
Such idle whims my heart abjures;
Envy me not, immortal Jove,
If I prefer my bliss to your's,
Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

SONG.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won;
Believe my vows to you sincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone.
You say I'm false, and apt to change
At ev'ry face that's new:
Of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

G 5

My

My heart was once a lump of ice,
 Till warm'd by your bright eye,
 And then it kindled in a trice,
 A flame that ne'er can die.
 Then take and try me, you shall find
 That I've a heart that's true;
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

Song in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

BY dimpled brook and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,
 Their merry, merry wakes and pastimes keep;
 What has night to do with sleep?
 Night has better sweets to prove,
 Venus awakes and wakens love;
 Come, let us our rights begin,
 'Tis only day-light that makes fin.

Song by Mr. Shenstone.

WHEN forc'd from dear Hebe to go,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 And I thought, but it might not be so,
 She was sorry to see me depart.
 She cast such a languishing view,
 My path I could scarcely discern;
 And so sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought she had bade me return.
 Methinks she might like to retire
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear,
 For whatever I heard her admire,
 I hasted and planted it there.

THE BULL-FINCH.

131

Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,
 I'm sure still to love her the more.
 And now, ere I haste to the plain,
 Come shepherds, and tell of her ways;
 I could lay down my life for the swain
 Who would sing me a song in her praise.
 While he sings may the maids of the town
 Come flocking, and listen the while;
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown,
 Though I cannot allow her to smile.
 To see, when my charmer goes by,
 Some hermit peep out of his cell,
 How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,
 How fondly he wishes her well:
 On him she may smile if she please,
 It will warm the cool bosom of age;
 Yet cease, gentle Hebe, O cease,
 Such softness will ruin the sage.
 I've stole from no flow'rets that grow,
 To deck the dear charms I approve;
 For what can a blossom bestow,
 So sweet, so delightful as love?
 I sing in a rustical way,
 A shepherd and one of the throng;
 Yet Hebe approves of my lay:
 Go, poets, and envy my song.

CHORUS, in *The Maid of the Mill*.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
 O how blest the miller's life!
 Cheerful working through the day,
 Still he laughs and sings away.

G 6

Nought

Her

Nought can vex him,
 Nought perplex him,
 While there's grist to make him gay.

DUET.

Let the great enjoy the blessings
 By indulgent fortune sent :
 What can wealth, can grandeur offer
 More than plenty and content ?

CHORUS.

Free from sorrow, &c.

THE HAPPY BACHELOR.

IF that man is happy, whose life is most free,
 How blisful a state must a bachelor's be!
 From one friend to t'other, with pleasure, he roams,
 For a bachelor's welcome wherever he comes.
 If he's blest'd with enough, and content with his station,
 The whole world he may claim for his own recreation;
 He's in no place a stranger from London to Rome,
 For wherever he comes is a bachelor's home.
 If a husband can boast greater pleasures than these,
 They're obtain'd at th' expence of his freedom and ease;
 Whilst with liberty, pleasure, and merriment crown'd,
 A bachelor's minutes pass jovially round.
 'Tho' his house ben't so nice, he is sure to be neat,
 And the ladies are always well pleas'd with his treat;
 By the smack of their lips, at a parting, declare
 How delicious a feast they think bachelor's fare.
 Oh rather, far rather, good fortune, for me
 The peaceable stall of a cobbler decree,
 Undisturb'd by the din of a termagant wife,
 Than crown me a king and a cuckold for life,

To my wishes, instead of a mistress commend,
The solid delights of a bottle and friend;
Go, marry, if henpeck'd and wretched you'd be,
But if blest, you'd continue still as single as we.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass
That e'er gave shepherd glee;
Not May-day, in its morning-dress,
Is half so fair as she;
Let poets paint the Paphian queen,
And fancy'd forms adore,
Ye bards, had ye my Sally seen,
You'd think on those no more.
No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,
Where bees their honey sip,
Did ye but know the sweets that dwell
On Sally's love-taught lip:
But, ah! take heed, ye tuneful swains,
The ripe temptation shun;
Or else, like me, you'll wear her chains,
Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,
And, lark-like, hail'd the dawn;
More sportive than the kid I kept,
I wanton'd o'er the lawn:
To ev'ry maid love- tales I told,
And did my truth aver;
Yet, ere the parting kiss was cold,
I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I seek,
Where love-lorn shepherds stray;
There to the winds my grief I speak,
And sigh my soul away:

Nought

Nought but despair my fancy paints,
 No dawn of hope I see;
 For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,
 And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
 So late my only care,
 Have lost their tender fleecy dams,
 And stray'd I know not where:
 Alas! my ewes, in vain ye bleat,
 My lambkins lost, adieu!
 No more we on the plains shall meet,
 For lost's your shepherd too.

Song. Set by Mr. Joseph Baildon.

O Betsey! wilt thou gang with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown?
 Nae longer drest in silken sheen,
 Nae longer deck'd wi' jewels rare;
 Say, can'st thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Betsey! when thou'rt far awa,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, can'st thou face the flaky snaw,
 Nor shrink beneath the northern wind?
 Say, can that fast and gentlest mien,
 Severest hardships learn to bear?
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

O Betsey! canst thou love sa true,
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to go?
 Or when mishap the swain should rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe

Or when invading pains befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death;
 And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

THE man who in his breast contains
 A heart which no base art arraigns,
 Enchanting pleasure's ground may tread,
 Where love and youthful fancy lead;
 May toy and laugh, may dance and sing,
 While jocund life is in her spring.

When cynics rail, and pedants frown,
 Their rigid maxims I disown;
 I smile to see their angry brow,
 And hate the gloomy selfish crew;
 In their despite I'll laugh and sing,
 While jocund life is in her spring.

Be mine the social joys of life,
 And let good-nature vanquish strife,
 So innocence with me reside,
 And honour reign each action's guide;
 I'll toy and laugh, and dance and sing,
 While jocund life is in her spring.

Then Phillis, come, and share those joys
 Which no intemp'rate use destroys;

While

While you remain as kind as fair,
 My heart defies each anxious care,
 With thee I'll toy, and laugh and sing,
 While jocund life is in her spring.

Song. Set by Dr. Boyce.

TELL me, lovely shepherd, where
 Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care;
 Direct me to thy sweet retreat
 That guards thee from the mid-day heat;
 Left by thy flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a guide, and lose my way:
 Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
 Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

Song in L'Allegro il Penseroso.

LET me wander not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms on hillocks green;
 Where the plowman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
 And the milkmaid singeth blythe,
 And the mower whets his scythe;
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Or let the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks found,
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the checquer'd shade.

Song by Mr. Bowden, in Love in a Village.

LET gay ones and great
 Make the most of their fate;
 From pleasure to pleasure they run:
 Well, who cares a jot?
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

THE BULL-FINCH.

237

For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light;
The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.

Song in Comus.

THE wanton god, who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts;
But the nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine!
Rosy wine, rosy wine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine!

Farewell lovers when they're cloy'd,
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd;
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company;
Sure they're free, sure they're free,
To rid me of dull company.

They have charms, whilst mine can please;
I love them much, but more my ease:
No jealous fears me e'er molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest;
Break my rest, break my rest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain?
All I ask of mortal man,
Is to love me while he can;
While he can, while he can,
Is to love me while he can.

DELIA:

DELIA: *A Pastoral.*

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
 Her glossy plumage laves;
 And sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whisp'ring waves:
 The silver tide that wand'ring flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be;
 But not so sweet, blythe Cupid knows,
 As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit-tree sung;
 And still the pendent nest she view'd,
 That held her feather'd young:
 Tho' dear to her maternal heart,
 The genial brood must be;
 They're not so dear the thousandth part,
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,
 Were natives of the dale;
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before the hue grew pale:
 My vital blood would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee;
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair;
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
 They're like her bosom fair:
 May they, of our connubial love,
 A happy omen be;
 Then such fond bliss as turtles prove,
 Shall Delia share with me.

THE COUNTRY WEDDING.

WELL met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young swain,

To a lovely young shepherdes crossing the plain;
 Why so much in haste (now the month it was May)
 Shall I venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way;
 Then straight to this question the nymph did reply,
 With a smile on her look, and a leer on her eye,
 I came from the village, and homeward I go;
 And now, gentle shepherd, pray why would you know?

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss,
 If I tell you the reason of asking you this;
 I would see you safe home (the swain was in love)
 Of such a companion if you would approve.
 Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil I own,
 But see no great danger in going alone;
 Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free
 For one as another, for you as for me.

No danger in going alone, it is true,
 But yet a companion is pleasanter too;
 And if you could like (now the swain he took heart)
 Such a sweetheart as me, we never would part:
 Oh! that's a long word, said the shepherdes then;
 I've often heard say, there's no minding you men;
 You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true;
 Then leave a young maiden, the first thing you do.

Oh! judge not so harshly, the shepherd reply'd;
 To prove what I say, I will make you my bride:
 To-morrow the parson (well said, little swain)
 Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain:
 Then what the nymph answer'd, to this is not said;
 The very next morn to be sure they were wed;
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down;
 Now when shall we see such a wedding in town?

Song

Song in The Elopement.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye
neighbours,

The lovers their blifs can no longer delay;
Forget all your sorrows, your cares, and your labours,
And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day:

Ye vot'ries all, attend to my call,

Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy.

CHORUS. Come, see rural felicity,

Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Let envy, let pride, let hate, and ambition,

Still crowd to, and beat at, the breast of the great;

To such wretched passions we give no admission,

But leave them alone to the wise-ones of state;

We boast of no wealth, but contentment and health,

In mirth and in friendship our moments employ,

CHORUS. Come, see rural felicity,

Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,

With reason we drink of the full-flowing bowl,

Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,

For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.

DUEETO. Then come at our bidding to this happy
wedding.

No care shall intrude here our blifs to annoy.

CHORUS. Come, see rural felicity,

Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Song in Acis and Galatea.

LOVE sounds th' alarm,
And fear is a flying;

When beauty's the prize,

What mortal fears dying;

THE BULL-FINCH.

141

In defence of my treasure
I'll bleed at each vein;
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain.

Song in The Double Disappointment.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long
Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng,
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my song.
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Balinamone Ora, a kifs of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you! I take no repose;
I sleep all the day and forget half my woes:
So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience, I fear I shall die in my grave,
Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave,
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave.
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and I'll
stride!

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.
Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your little white fist for me.

THE BULL-FINCH.

THE ANACREONTIC SONG.

TO Anacreon in Heav'n, where he sat in full glee,
 A few sons of Harmony sent a petition,
 That he their inspirer and patron would be,
 When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian:

“ Voice, fiddle, and flute,

“ No longer be mute,

“ I'll lend you my name, and inspire you to boot;

“ And besides I'll instruct you with mirth to entwine,

“ The myrtle of Venus, with Bacchus's vine.”

And besides, &c.

This news through Olympus immediately flew,

When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs,

“ If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,

“ The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.

Hark! already they cry

“ In transports of joy,

“ Away to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly;

“ And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine

“ The myrtle of Venus, with Bacchus's vine.

“ The yellow-hair'd God, and his nine fusty maids,

“ From Helicon's banks will incontinent flee;

“ Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,

“ And the biforked hill a mere desert will be.

“ My thunder, no fear on't,

“ Shall soon do its errand.

“ And dam'me, I'll swinge the ringleaders, I warrant;

“ I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine

“ The myrtle of Venus, with Bacchus's vine.”

Apollo rose up, and said, “ Pr'ythe ne'er quarrel,

“ Good king of the gods, with your vot'ries below;

“ Your thunder is useless:” Then showing his laurel,

Cried, “ *Sic evatibile fulmen*, you know;

“ Then over each head

“ My laurels I'll spread,

“ Some sons from your crackers no mischief shall dread;

“ Whilst

"Whilst snug in their club-room they jovially twine
 "The myrtle of Venus, with Bacchus's vine."

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz,

And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join:

"The full tide of harmony still shall be his;

"But the song and the catch, and the laugh shall be
 mine.

"Then Jove, be not jealous

"Of these honest fellows."

Cried Jove, "We relent, since the truth you now
 "tell us,

"And swear by old Styx, that they long shall entwine

"The myrtle of Venus, with Bacchus's vine."

Ye sons of Anacreon, then join hand in hand,

Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love;

'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd;

You've the sanction of gods, and the fiat of Jove.

While thus we agree,

Our toast let it be,

May our club flourish happy, united, and free:

And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine

The myrtle of Venus, with Bacchus's vine.

Song in As you Like it.

WHEN daisies py'd, and violets blue,

And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,

And lady-smocks all silver white,

Do paint the meadows with delight;

The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,

Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he:

Cuckow! cuckow! oh! word of fear,

Unpleasing to a marry'd ear;

Unpleasing to a marry'd ear,

When

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks;
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer finocks;
 The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
 The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he;
 Cuckow! cuckow! oh! word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear;
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

Sung in Cornus.

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where, woven with the poplar bough,
 The mantling vine will shelter you;
 The mantling vine will shelter you:
 Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes;
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round.
 Round the languid herds, and sheep,
 Stretch'd o'er funny hillocks, sleep;
 While on the hyacinth and rose
 The fair doth all alone repose;
 The fair doth all alone repose;
 All alone; yet in her arms,
 Your breast may beat to love's alarms,
 Till, blest, and blessing you shall own,
 The joys of love are joys alone;
 The joys of love are joys alone.

SOCIAL POWERS. *A favourite Song.*

COME now, all ye social pow'rs,
Shed your influence o'er us,
Crown with joy the present hours,
Enliven those before us,
Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
And cast dull care behind us.

Friendship, with thy pow'r divine,
Brighten all our features;
What but friendship, love, and wine,
Can make us happy creatures?
Bring the flask, &c.

Love, thy godhead, I adore,
Source of gen'rous passion;
But will ne'er bow down before
Those idols, wealth and fashion.
Bring the flask, &c.

Why the plague should we be fad,
While on earth we moulder?
Whether we're merry, grave, or fad,
We ev'ry day day grow older.
Bring the flask, &c.

Then since time will steal away,
Spite of all our sorrow,
Brighten ev'ry joy to-day,
And never mind to-morrow.
Bring the flask, &c.

DUET. *Set by Mr. Handel.*

WHAT's sweeter than the new-blown rose,
Or breezes from the new-mown clove?
What's sweeter than an April morn,
Or May-day's silver fragrant thorn?
What than Arabia's spicy grove?
Oh! sweeter far the breath of love.

Song in Harlequin's Invasion.

COME, chear up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year:
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
For who are so free as we sons of the waves?

CHORUS.

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight, and we'll conquer again and again.
We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;
They never see us, but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore;
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes!
They'll frighten our women, and children, and beaux;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them
sweat,
In spite of the devil, and Brussels Gazette:
Then chear up, my lads, with one voice let us sing
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.
Heart of oak, &c.

Song in Lethe.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
 Whom folly misguides and infirmities vex;
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care;
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish'd for in vain,
 And young ones the rovers they cannot regain;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd;
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care;
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
 Or drench her fond tool to forget her gallants;
 The troubled in mind may go chearful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day:
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care;
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

A favourite Scotch Song.

'TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
 In the rosy time of the year,
 Sweet lav'rocks sung, and the grass was down,
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear;
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
 Kiss'd sweet Jenny, making hay;
 The lassy blush'd, and frowning, cry'd, No, no, it
 will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, wo'nnot, wo'nnot, mu'nnot buckle
 too.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
 Though long he had follow'd the lass;
 Contented she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
 And merrily turn'd up the grass:
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
 Won her heart right merrily;
 Yet still she blush'd, and frowning, cry'd, No, no,
 it will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, wo'nnot, wo'nnot, mu'nnot buckle
 too.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,
 Though his flocks and his herds were not few,
 She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true:
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
 Won her heart right merrily;
 At church, she no more frowning, cry'd, No, no, it
 will not do,
 I cannot, cannot, wo'nnot, wo'nnot, mu'nnot buckle
 too.

Song. By Mr. Pope.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground:

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day.

Sound

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
 Together mix'd, sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most doth please,
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

COLIN AND PHOEBE.

WHERE the jessamin sweetens the bow'r,
 And cowslips adorn the gay green,
 The roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the scene;
 The roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the scene:
 In a cottage, retir'd there live
 Young Colin and Phœbe the fair;
 The blessings each other receive,
 In mutual enjoyments they share;
 The blessings each other receive,
 In mutual enjoyments they share:
 And the lads and the lasses that dwell on the plain,
 Sing in praise of fair Phœbe, and Colin her swain.
 The sweets of contentment supply
 The splendour and grandeur of pride;
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,
 While blest with his beautiful bride;
 No wants, &c.
 He wishes no greater delight
 Than to tend on his lambkins by day,
 And return to his Phœbe at night,
 His innocent toil to repay;
 And return, &c.
 And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as Colin, who lives in the dale.

If delighted her lover appears,
 The fair-one partakes of his bliss;
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,
 And heals all his pains with a kiss!
 If dejected, &c.
 She despises the artful deceit,
 That is practis'd in city and court;
 Thinks happiness no where complete,
 But where shepherds and nymphs do resort:
 Thinks happiness, &c.
 And the lads tell the lasses they die in despair,
 Unless they're as kind as Phœbe the fair.
 Ye youths who're accusom'd to rove,
 And each innocent fair-one betray,
 No longer be faithless in love,
 The dictates of honour obey.
 Ye nymphs, who with beauty are blest,
 With virtue improve every grace;
 The charms of the mind, when possess'd,
 Will dignify those of the face:
 And ye lads and ye lasses, whom Hymen has join'd,
 Like Colin, be constant, like Phœbe be kind.

Song. Written and set by Lord Middlesex.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay;
 Content inspir'd each rural lay:
 The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
 All look'd as joy could never fail
 Among the sweets of Arno's Vale.
 But since the good Palemon dy'd,
 The chief of shepherds and their pride,
 Now Arno's sons must all give place
 To northern men, an iron race.

The

The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
 The Muses droop, the Goths prevail;
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's Vale!

Song in The Shepherd's Lottery.

TO dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long
 Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for in song;
 He went one May-morning to meet in the grove,
 By her own appointment, this dear goddess of love:
 Meantime in his mind all her charms he ran o'er,
 And doated on each—Can a lover do more?

He waited, and waited, then changing his strain,
 'Twas fury and rage, and despair and disdain!
 The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,
 And the whole course of nature was alter'd down-
 right:

'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,
 But never to change—Can a lover do more?

Cleora, it happ'd, was by accident there;
 No rose-bud so tempting, no lily so fair:
 He press'd her white hand, next her lips he essay'd;
 Nor would she deny him, so civil a maid:
 Her kindly compliance his peace did restore,
 And dear Amaryllis—was thought of no more.

THE UNION OF LOVE AND WINE.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air;
 For life without these, &c.
 Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul;
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them;
 I care not how much they my measures decline,
 Let 'em have their own humour, and I will hate mine.
 Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
 'Tis the spring-tide of life and the fuel of love;
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from
 the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half di-
 vine,
 First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with wine:
 Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.
 But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love:
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my las,,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glas.

*Song by Mr. Williames, in the Comedy of The School
 for Scandal.*

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
 Here's to the widow of fifty;
 Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the las,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glas.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
 Likewise to her that has none, Sir;
 Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
 And to her that has only but one, Sir.
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's

THE BULLFINCH.

153

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be thin,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.
Let the toast pass, &c.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

POUR, pour me out the parting-glass,
Again to thee, my pretty lass,
Ben thus must bid adieu;
And when I am far out at sea,
You'll think on him, who thinks on thee;
What says my bonny Sue?

Hark! hark! the boatswain calls away,
Nor not a moment can I stay,
But t'other kifs, and then;
Now welcome is the cannon's roar,
And if I should not see thee more,
Think, think of honest Ben.

If in the Bay of Biscay, O!
Or in the Gulf of Mexico,
My fortune I can make,
No longer then from thee I'll roam,
At Gosport will I fix my home;
Thee to my hammock take.

Our jolly tars will try amain
To beat the fleets of France and Spain,

H 5

And

And England's fame increase;
 If rich galleons fall in our way,
 The Dons shall strike, and fall our prey;
 We'll make them cry for peace.
 Sound wind and limb I take to sea,
 True heart and love I'll bring to thee,
 We ne'er shall part again;
 No captain's wife shall finer go,
 From head to stern, from top to toe;
 Then think of honest Ben.

HAPPY HOURS.

HAPPY hours, all hours excelling,
 When retir'd from crowds and noise;
 Happy is that silent dwelling,
 Fill'd with self-possessing joys:
 Happy's that contented creature,
 Who with fewest things is pleas'd,
 And consults the voice of nature,
 When of roving fancy eas'd.
 Ev'ry passion wisely moving,
 Just as reason turns the scale;
 Ev'ry state of life improving,
 That no anxious thoughts prevail:
 Happy man, who thus possesses
 Life with some companion dear;
 Joy imparted still increases,
 Grief when told soon disappear.

Song. The Words by Mr. Prior.

AS Chloe came into the room t'other day,
 I peevish began, Where so long could you stay?
 In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
 You promis'd at two, but—look, child! 'tis four:
A lady's

A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels;
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals;
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air;
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me, said she, let a body but speak;
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fallen into my neck;
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree;
 Look here! for you never believe me, pray see,
 On the left side my breast what a mark it has made!
 So saying her bosom she careless display'd:
 That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

 LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Moggy so fair,
 The lass she was lovely, the swain debonnaire;
 They hugg'd, and they cuddl'd, and talk'd with their
 eyes,
 And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

A fortnight was spent ere dear Moggy came too
 (For maidens a decency keep when they woo);
 At length she consented, and made him a vow,
 And Jockey he gave, for his jointure, his cow.

They pannell'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,
 Still kissing and fondling until they came there:
 They call'd on the parson, and by him were wed;
 And Moggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.

They stay'd there a week, as the neighbours all say,
 And none were so happy and gamefome as they;
 Then home they return'd, but return'd most unkind;
 For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind.

Surpris'd at this treatment, she cry'd Gaffer Jock,
 Pray what is the reason that Moggy you mock?
 Quoth he, Goose, come on! why now you're my
 bride;
 And when folk are wed, they set fooling aside.
 He took home his Moggy good conduct to learn,
 Who brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the old
 barn;
 They laid in a flock for the cares that ensue,
 And now live as man and wife usually do.

An ODE to ECHO. Set by Dr. Hayes.

AIR.

DAUGHTER sweet of voice and air,
 Gentle Echo, haste thee here;
 From the vale, where all around
 Rocks to rocks return the sound;
 From the swelling surge that roars
 'Gainst the tempest-beaten shores;
 From the silent moss-grown cell,
 Haunt of warbling Philomel;
 Where, unseen of man, you lie,
 Queen of woodland harmony.

RECITATIVE.

Listen, nymph divine, and learn
 Strains to make Narcissus burn;
 Hark! the heav'nly song begins;
 Air be still; breathe soft ye winds;
 Peace, ye noisy feather'd choir,
 While Dione strikes the lyre.

AIR.

See, each eye, each ravish'd ear,
 Fix'd to gaze, and charm'd to hear;
 All round enchantment reigns,
 Such the magick of her strains;

Strains

Strains which, if thou can'st but learn,
Soon will make Narcissus burn.

RECITATIVE.

Echo, should they fail to move
His obdurate heart to love;
Borrow, for she well can spare,
Borrow her enchanting air.

AIR.

Learn her ease and elegance
Of motion, in the airy dance;
Learn the grace with which she strays
Through the light fantastic maze:
Add a thousand charms untold,
Should Narcissus still be cold;
Charms, the least of which would move
His obdurate heart to love.

A Pastoral, to the Memory of William Shenstone, Esq.

The Words by Mr. Cunningham.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid;
Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain,
In sooth he was gentle and kind!
He mark'd, in his elegant strain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.
On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never once ris'd their cell.
Ye lambkins, who play'd at his feet,
Go bleat and your master bemoan;
His musick was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own,

No

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year.
 No birds in our hedges shall sing
 (Our hedges so vocal before)
 Since he who should welcome the spring,
 Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng;
 They listen'd—they envy'd his lays,
 But which of them equall'd his song?
 Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain,
 So give me my Corydon's flute,
 And thus—let me break it in twain.

Song. Written by William Whitehead, Esq.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me;
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me:
 'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no graces revel;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates,
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
 Have rather been uncivil,
 Have rather been uncivil.
 'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common;
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman:

Her

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm;
 'Tis both, perhaps, or neither;
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm,
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm
 Of Celia all together,
 Of Celia all together.

SONG.

ON pleasure's smooth wing how old time steals
 away,

And love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray!
 My days, O ye swains! were a round of delight,
 From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night:
 No care found a place in my cottage or breast;
 But health and content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could ensnare,
 With voice, or with feature, with dress, or with air:
 So kindly young Cupid had pointed his dart,
 That I gather'd the sweets, but I missed the smart:
 I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee;
 But still all my song was, " I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield:
 If I stray'd through the garden, or travers'd the field,
 Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight;
 If the nightingale sung I could listen all night;
 With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the stream,
 And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
 Alas, what a change! and how wretched am I!
 Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade;
 Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade;
 No musick I find in soft Philomel's strain,
 And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in vain.

They

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see;
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me:
 Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasion's soft art,
 Or aid me by reason, to ransom my heart;
 To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
 Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

COWDEN-KNOWS. *Sung at Vauxhall.*

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves,
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves:
 But my lov'd song is then the broom,
 So fair on Cowden-Knows;
 For sure so sweet, so fair a broom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart;
 No shepherd that e'er dwelt on Tweed,
 Could play with half such art:
 He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side;
 O how I blest the sound!
 Yet more delightful is the broom,
 So fair on Cowden-Knows,
 For sure so fresh, so bright a broom,
 Elsewhere there never grows:
 Not Tiviot Braes so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare;
 Not Yarrow banks, in flow'ry May,
 Nor bush aboon Traquair.
 More pleasing far are Cowden-Knows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At eve among the broom;

THE BULL-FINCH.

161

Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
Where Tweed and Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd Cowden-Knows!

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

THE lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blithe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn;
To age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his hand.
Through all my spirits ran
An extasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fann'd,
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasures at my will;

I'd

I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The las of Patie's mill,
 Should share the same with me.

THE ORIGIN OF ENGLISH LIBERTY.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
 Merry Momus, among them, was sat as a guest,
 (Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing:)
 On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove;
 He fung, repartee'd, and some smart stories told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove:
 "Sire! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
 "Grows grievously tir'd of late;
 "He says that mankind are much worse than before,
 "So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."
 Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,
 Gave his daughter, Attraction, the charge of the world,
 And she hung it up high in his hall.
 Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe
 round,
 To see what each climate was worth;
 Like a diamond, the whole with an atmosphere bound,
 And she variously planted the earth:
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd;
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;
 What suited each clime, on each clime she bestow'd,
 And freedom she found flourish'd here.
 Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root;
 The blossoms of liberty 'gan then to smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit.

Thus

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
O preserve it as free as 'twas given!
“ We will, while we've breath, nay, we'll grasp it in
“ death,
“ Then return it untainted to heaven.”

AULD ROBIN GREY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky
at hame,

And a' the warld to sleep are gane,
The waes of my heart fa's in show'rs fra my ee,
When my gude man lies found by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me well, and he fought me for his
bride,

But saving a crown he had nathing beside;
To mak this crown a pund, my Jamie gade to sea,
And the crown and the pund were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stoun
awa,

My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And Auld Robin Grey came a courting me.

My father could na work, and my mither could na
spin,

I toil'd day and night, but their bread I could na win;
Auld Robin maintain'd them baith, and wi tears in
his ee,

Said Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me.

My heart it faid nay, I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck;
The ship it was a wreck, why did na Jamie die?
And why do I live to say waes me?

Auld

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither did na speak,
 She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
 So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was at the
 sea,

And auld Robin Grey is gude man to me.

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting sa mournfully at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's waste. for I cou'd na think it he,
 Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.
 O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
 We took but ae kifs, and tore ourselves away:
 I wish I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
 And why do I live to say waes me!

I gang like a ghaist, and care na to spin;
 I dare na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin;
 But I'll do my best, a gude wife to be,
 For Auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.

MAD TOM.

FORTH from my dark and dismal cell,
 Or from the dark abyss of hell,
 Mad Tom is come, to view the world again,
 To see if he can cure his distemper'd brain.
 Fears and cares oppress my soul!
 Hark! how the angry furies howl:
 Pluto laughs, and Proserpine is glad,
 To see poor angry Tom of Bedlam bad.

Thro' the world I wander night and day,
 To find my straggling senses;
 In angry mood I met old Time,
 With his pentateuch of senses.
 When me he spies, away he flies,
 For time will stay for no man;
 In vain with cries I rend the skies,
 For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortless I lie;
Help! help! or else I die.
Hark! I hear Apollo's team,
The carman 'gins to whistle,
Chaste Dian bends her bow,
And the boar begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackle,
And knock off my troublesome shackle;
Bid Charles make ready his wain,
To bring me my senses again.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark;
Mars met Venus in the dark;
Limping Vulcan heat an iron bar,
And furiously made at the god of war:
Mars, with his weapon laid about;
Limping Vulcan had got the gout;
His broad horns did so hang in his light,
That he could not see to aim his blows aright.

Mercury, the nimble post of heaven,
Stood still to see the quarrel;
Barrel-bellied Bacchus, giant like,
Bestrid a strong beer barrel;
To me he drank whole butts,
Until he burst his guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.
Poor Tom is very dry;
A little drink for charity.

Hark! I hear Actæon's hounds,
The huntsman's whoop and hallo;
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the chace do follow.

The man in the moon drinks claret,
Eats powder'd beef, turnep, and carrot;
But a cup of Malaga sack
Will fire the bush at his back.

Song.

Song. For two Voices.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand;
Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the fruit demand?

Let me enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd let me trifle life away
And sing of love ere I grow old.

Song in the Camp.

MY Nancy leaves the rural train,
A camp's distress to prove;
All other ills she can sustain,
But living from her love:
Yet, dearest, though your soldier's there,
Will not your spirit fail,
To mark the hardships you must share,
Dear Nancy of the dale!

Dear Nancy, &c.

Or should you, love, each danger scorn,
Ah! how shall I secure
Your health—'midst toils which you were born
To sooth—but not endure:
A thousand perils I must view,
A thousand ills assail;
Ner must I tremble e'en for you,
Dear Nancy of the dale.

Dear Nancy, &c.

Song

THE BULL-FINCH.

167

Song in the Capricious Lovers.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.
Thus roving man new objects sway,
By various charms delighted;
While she who pleases mott to-day,
To-morrow shall be slighted.

A NAVAL SONG.

THURSDAY in the morn, the nineteenth of May,
Recorded be for ever the famous ninety-two!
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,
The lofty sails of France advancing now:
All hands aloft, aloft—let English valour shine;
Let fly a culverin, a signal for the line;
Let ev'ry man supply his gun:
Follow me,
And you'll see
That the battle will soon be won.
Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire;
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;
And mighty Fate stood looking on;
Whilst a flood,
All of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Rising Sun.
Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore:
Their regulated band stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers, now no more:

At

At six o'clock, the red, the smiling victor led,
To give a second blow—the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign:

Now they cry,

Run or die;

British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See, they fly amaz'd thro' rocks and sands;

One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;

The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate:
For evermore adieu, thou dazzling Rising Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:

Enough, thou mighty god of war!

Now we sing,

Bless the King!

Let's drink to every British tar.

TALLY HO.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
Who delight in the joys of the field;
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the contest will yield.

His lordship, his worship, his honour, his grace,
A hunting continually go;

All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace:
Hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;

Tho husband gets up at the sound of the horn,
And rides to the commons full speed:

The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game;
The poet, too, often lays low,

Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While,

While, fearless, o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep,
Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
How oft do they decency's bounds over-leap,
And the fences of virtue break down.
Thus, public or private, for pension, for place,
For amusement, for passion, for shew,
All ranks and degrees are engaged in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

THE MODERATE MAN'S WISH.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for more than these?
A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat.

A little parlour-stove, to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold;
Where you may sit, and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God blest the king.

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw;
A few choice friends of your own taste,
A wife agreeable and chaste.

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find;
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage and temp'rate meals,
Few tailors and no doctors bills:
Content to take, as heav'n shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

THE STORM.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer;
 Lift, ye landsmen, all to me;
 Messmates, hear a brother sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea:
 From bounding billows, first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
 By top-sail sheets and haul-yards stand;
 Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
 Down your stay-fails, hand boys, hand.
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 The lee top-sail sheets let go;
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces;
 Up your top-fails nimbly clew.

Now, all you on down beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
 Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms:
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our minds enthrall;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
 Hark, again, the boatswain calls!

The top-sail-yards point to the wind, boys;
 See all clear to reef each course;
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse:
 Fore and aft the sprit fail-yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear;
 Hands up, each preventer-brace set,
 Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peals on peals contending clash;
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash;
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Different deaths at once surround us,
Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?
The fore-mast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee 'twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath, the chest tree's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck:
Quick the land-yards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts be stout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak increases;
Four feet water's in the hold!
While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn:
Alas! from hence there's no retreating!
Alas! to them there's no return!
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain pumps are choak'd below:
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.
On the lee beam is the land, boys!
Let the guns o'er board be thrown;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys;
See, our mizen-mast is gone!
The leak we've found, it can't pour fast;
We've lighten'd her a foot, or more;
Up, and rig a jury fore-mast;
She rights, she rights, boys; we'ar off shore.
Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune fav'd our lives:
Come—the cann, boys—let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives.

Fill it up—about ship wheel it;
 Close to the lips a brimmer join;
 Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
 None—our danger's drown'd in wine.

THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS.

Sung by Mr. Dignum, at the New Beef Steak Club.

TH^{O'} Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,
 And folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
 Such worship, alas! hath no charms for the soul,
 When softer devotions the senses invite.
 To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
 His potions oblivious a balm may bestow;
 But to fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
 The death of reflection's the birth of all woe!
 What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
 With riot would bid the sweet vision begone?
 For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.
 The tender excess that enamours the heart
 To few is imparted; to millions deny'd:
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
 And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd.
 Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom:
 And well can I speak of its joys and its strife:
 The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
 But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.
 Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul:
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.
 Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor e'er, jolly god! from thy banquet remove;
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
 That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by love.

Song

Song in the Waterman.

THEN farewell my trim-built wherry,
Oars and coat and badge farewell,
Never more at Chelsea ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

Then farewell, &c.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I go,
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then farewell, &c.

Then mayhap when homewards steering,
With the news my messmates come,
Even you, my story hearing,
With a sigh may cry poor Tom!

Then farewell, &c.

Song by Mrs. Kennedy.

THE dusky night ride down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join the jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.

And a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay;
My dear it rains, it hails, it snows
You cannot hunt to-day.

Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch;
Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,
And some are thrown in the ditch.

Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

At last from strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight;
 Then, weary, homeward we return,
 And drink away the night.

And a drinking we will go, &c.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
 That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more,
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
 Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;
 But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
 And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar—
 Tho' music's in both, yet they are both apt to jar;
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
 Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command;
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
 For hearts, like young birds, may be tam'd to your
 will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind;
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
 mind.

'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
 And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

Song in The Desert.

THO' prudence may press me,
 And duty distress me,
 Against inclination, ah! what can they do?
 No longer a rover,
 His follies are over,
 My heart, my fond heart, says, my Henry is true.

The bee thus as changing,
 From sweet to sweet ranging,
 A rose should he light on ne'er wishes to stray;
 With raptures possessing,
 In one ev'ry blessing,
 'Till torn from her bosom he flies far away.

Song in Love in a Village.

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
 Untutor'd by fashion or art,
 Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
 Whose words are th' excess of the heart:
 If aught of substantial delight
 On this side the stars can be found;
 'Tis sure when that couple unite,
 And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

Song by Mr. Bannister, in The Quaker.

WHILE the lads of the village shall merrily, ah
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along;
 And I say unto thee, that verily, ah!
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.

While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the swain, who last year won the dow'r,
 With his mate shall the sports have begun:
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from each
 bow'r,
 And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.

While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless what mortal can
 blame?—

'Tis my maxim that youth should be free;
 And to prove that my words and my deeds are the
 same,

'Believe me thou'lt presently see.

While the lads, &c.

Song in Cōmus.

FROM tyrant laws and customs free,
 We follow sweet variety;
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Time for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
 Transports of the jovial soul;
 No dull stinting hours we own,
 Pleasure counts our time alone.

THE SEA FIGHT. *Sung by Mr. Bannister.*

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak,
 Let not a word on board be spoke,
 Victory soon will crown the joke;
 Be silent and be ready.
 Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,
 Let us be sure the balls will tell,
 The cannons roar shall sound their knell;
 Be steady, boys, be steady.

Not

Not yet, nor yet—reserve your fire
I do desire:—Fire!

Now the elements do rattle,
The gods amaz'd behold the battle,
A broadside, my boys!

See the blood, in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd side;
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly;
Conquer, boys—or bravely die:
Hurl destruction on your foes,
She sinks—huzza!
To the bottom down she goes.

Song in The Merchant of Venice.

TO keep my gentle Jesse,
What labour would seem hard?
Each toilsome task how easy!
Her love the sweet reward.

The bee thus, uncomplaining,
Esteems no toil severe;
The sweet reward obtaining,
Of honey all the year.

Song by Mr. Johnstone, in The Poor Soldier.

DEAR sir, this brown jug, that now foams with
mild ale
(In which I will drink to sweet Kate of the vale)
Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r woven arbour, as gay as you please,

with a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
 A potter found out, in a covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug:
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale;
 So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the Vale.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at heav'n's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain:
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
 For Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
 Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak,
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their, &c.
 Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe, and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 Thy cities shall, &c.
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles, thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Shall to, &c.
 Bless'd isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties
 crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
 For Britons never shall be slaves.

A PASTORAL. *The Words by Mr. Cunningham.*

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and
 bare,
 As wearied and wilder'd I roam,
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
 And leads me o'er lawns to her home.
And leads me, &c.

Yellow sheafs from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
 Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;
 Her casements sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
 And deck'd the sod seat at her door.
And deck'd the, &c.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
 Whilst thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
 Love slyly stole into my breast.

Love slyly, &c.

I told my soft wishes—she sweetly replied,
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
 I have rich ones rejected, and great ones denied;
 Yet take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Yet take me, &c.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek;
 So simple though sweet were her charms;
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

And lock'd the, &c.

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep;
 And if on the banks by the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Her image, &c.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distills,
 And marks out new themes for my muse.

And marks out, &c.

To pomp, or proud titles, she ne'er could aspire;
 The damsel's of humble descent;
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire;
 The shepherds have nam'd her Content.

The shepherds, &c.

Song in The Camp.

WHEN war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me,
 My poor heart with grief did sigh;
 Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrows on me,
 I 'woke ere yet the morn was nigh:

THE BULL-FINCH.

181

No other could delight him;
Ah! why did I e'er slight him,
Coldly answ'ring his fond tale,
Which drove him far,
Amid the rage of war,
And left silly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer, though a maid forsaken,
Thus will mourn like yonder dove,
For ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
I will seek my absent love;
The hostile country over
I'll fly to seek my lover,
Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear:
No distant shore,
Nor cannons roar,
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

THE JOVIAL SAILORS.

HOW little do the landmen know
Of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount and winds do blow!
But we have hearts of steel;
No danger can affright us,
No enemy shall flout;
We'll make the monseurs right us,
So tofs the cann about.

Stick stout to orders, messmates;
We'll plunder, burn, and sink;
Then, France, have at your first-rates,
For Britons never shrink:
We rummage all we fancy;
We'll bring them in by scores;
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
Shall roll in Louis-d'ors.

While

While here at Deal we're lying,
 With our noble Commodore,
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys;
 And then to sea for more.
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys;
 In war we'll never fly:
 Here's a health to George our King, boys,
 And the royal family.

Song in The Duenna.

O The days when I was young,
 When I laugh'd in fortune's spite,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night!
 Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.

O the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
 Why, I vow, I ne'er could see;
 Let the water drinkers tell—
 There it always lay for me:
 For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falshood's mask;
 But still honest truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask.

O the days, &c.

True, at length, my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey;

Yet,

Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

O the days, &c.

Song by Mrs. Kennedy.

WHEN Werter fair Charlotte beheld,
 As she danc'd with the nymphs on the green,
 He thought ev'ry maid she excell'd,
 And he prais'd the soft grace of her mien;
 But all her accomplishments known,
 Gentle Werter began to adore;
 He sighs for a heart not her own,
 And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.

Though vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,
 As a friend gentle Werter was dear,
 Her smiles oft his sorrows assuag'd,
 While pity has dropt a soft tear;
 Urg'd by love he grew bold, and she cry'd,
 Werter leave me, and see me no more,
 He sigh'd—he obey'd—and he dy'd,
 Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

Ye nymphs, let not Cupid deceive,
 Under pity's soft garb hide his dart,
 Werter's sorrows are laid in the grave,
 While pity still wrings Charlotte's heart;
 And oft o'er his grave has she cry'd,
 While with flow'rets she deck'd it all o'er,
 He saw me—he lov'd—and he dy'd,
 Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
 Let this be my fate in a fair country town,
 May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate!
 May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone by a gentle decay!

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
 With the ocean at distance on which I may look;
 With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more
 Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before:
 With a dish of roast mutton, not venison nor teal,
 And clean, though coarse linen, at every meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, with stout humming liquor,
 And a remnant of Latin to puzzle the vicar;

With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,
 To drink the King's health as oft as we dine.

May I govern, &c.

With courage undaunted may I face my last day;
 And when I am dead may the better sort say,
 In the morning when sober, in the evening when
 mellow,

He's gone, and ha'n't left behind him his fellow—
 For he govern'd his passions with an absolute sway,
 And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

THE BULL-FINCH.

185

Song in Artaxerxes.

IN infancy our hopes and fears
 Were to each other known;
 And friendship, in our riper years,
 Has twin'd our hearts in one.
 Oh, clear him, then, from this offence,
 Thy love, thy duty prove;
 Restore him, with that innocence
 Which first inspir'd my love.

Song in The Carnival of Venice.

IN my pleasant native plains,
 Wing'd with bliss each moment flew;
 Nature there inspir'd the strains,
 Simple as the joys I knew;
 Jocund morn and evening gay
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.
 Fields and flocks, and fragrant flow'rs,
 All that health and joy impart,
 Call'd for artless music's pow'rs,
 Faithful echoes to the heart!
 Happy hours, for ever gay,
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.
 But the breath of genial spring
 Wak'd the warblers of the grove;
 Who, sweet birds, that heard you sing,
 Would not join the song of love?
 Your sweet notes and chauntings gay
 Claim'd the merry roundelay.

Song. Set by Mr. Battisnill.

WHAT shepherd or nymph of the grove
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,
 Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
 Since Phœbe no longer is here?

My

My flocks, if at random they stray,
What wonder, if she's from the plains!
Her hand they were wont to obey:
She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.
Can I ever forget how we stray'd
To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
Or the river that runs by the mill!
There, sweet, by my side as she lay,
And heard the fond stories I told,
How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
Or the bleating of lambs from the fold!
How oft would I spy out a charm,
Which before had been hid from my view!
And, while arm was infolded in arm,
My lips to her lips how they grew!
How long the sweet contest would last!
Till the hours of retirement and rest;
What pleasures and pain each had past,
Who longest had lov'd, and who best.
No changes of place, or of time,
I felt when my fair one was near;
Alike was each weather and clime,
Each season that checquer'd the year;
In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
Did we melt on the bosom of May,
Each morn brought contentment and ease,
If we rose up to work or to play.
She was all my fond wishes could ask;
She had all the kind gods could impart;
She was nature's most beautiful task;
The despair and the envy of art:
There all that is worthy to prize,
In all that was lovely was drest;
For the graces were thron'd in her eyes,
And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

THE BULL-FINCH.

187

Song in The Duenna.

HAD I a heart for falsehood fram'd
 I ne'er could injure you;
 For though your tongue no promise claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true.
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong;
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.
 And when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

Sung at Vauxhall.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair?
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day,
 Or the flow'ry meads in May;
 Yet if she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move
 Me to perish for her love;
 Or, her worthy merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own?
 Be she with such goodness blest,
 As may merit name the best;
 Yet if she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be.

Be

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
 I will never more despair;
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die ere she shall grieve;
 If she scorns me when I woo;
 I will scorn, and let her go;
 So if she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA. *A Cantata.*

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
 shade,
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
 A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose;
 Thither, retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
 Cymon a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove;
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went for want of thought.
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd, he star'd!—her lovely form survey'd;
 And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue:

AIR.

The stream, that glides in murmurs by,
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Completes the rural scene;
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd.
 Too lovely Iphigene!

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

She wakes and starts—poor Cymon trembling stands,
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands:
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear,
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half-rais'd, with gentle accent she replies,
 Oh, Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not rise;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain;
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus, with extacy, pursu'd his song:

AIR.

Thy jetty locks that careless break
 In wanton ringlets down thy neck;
 Thy love-inspiring mien;
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape, inchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense;
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and straight,
 And thinks he might improve his aukward gait;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend:
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead,
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

AIR.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate the human soul;
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state
 Had made our lives of too long date;
 But blest with beauty, and with love,
 We taste what angels do above.

SONG

SONG.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempest tear
 The mainmast by the board,
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love well stor'd,
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring waves, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore to be once more
 Safe moor'd with thee.
 Aloft, while mountains high we go,
 The whistling winds that scud along,
 And the surge roaring from below,
 Shall my signal be to think on thee,
 And this shall be my song:
 Blow high, blow low, &c.
 And on that night when all the crew,
 In memory of their former lives,
 O'er flowing canns of flip renew,
 And drink t' their sweethearts and their wives,
 I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee,
 And as the ship rolls on the sea,
 The burthen of my song shall be,
 Blow high, blow low, let tempest tear
 The mainmast by the board,
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love well stor'd,
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore to be once more
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Song in The Duenna.

HOW oft, Louisa, hast thou said
 (Nor wilt thou that fond boast disown)
 Thou would'st not lose Anthonio's love
 To reign the partner of a throne.

And

THE BULL-FINCH.

191

And by those lips that spoke so kind,
 And by that hand I prest to mine,
 To gain a subject nation's love,
 I swear I would not part with thine!
 Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
 Who own that kingdoms could not buy?
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
 And, serving thee, a monarch I.
 Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

THE MEN OF KENT.

WHEN Harold was invaded,
 And, falling, lost his crown,
 And Norman William waded,
 Through gore to pull him down:
 When counties round, with fear profound,
 To mend their sad condition,
 And lands to save, base homage gave,
 Bold Kent made no submission.
 Then sing in praise of Men of Kent,
 So loyal, brave, and free:
 'Mong'st Britain's race, if one surpass,
 A man of Kent is he.
 The hardy stout freeholders,
 That knew the tyrant near,
 In girdles and on shoulders
 A grove of oaks did bear:
 Whom when he saw in battle draw,
 And thought how he might need 'em,
 He turn'd his arms, allow'd their terms,
 Replete with noble freedom.

Then sing in praise, &c.

And .

And when, by barons wrangling,
 Hot faction did increase,
 And vile intestine jangling
 Had banish'd England's peace,
 The Men of Kent to battle went,
 They fear'd no wild confusion,
 But, join'd with York, soon did the work,
 And made a blest conclusion.

Then sing in praise, &c.

At hunting, and the race too,
 They sprightly vigour shew;
 And, at a female chace too,
 None like a Kentish beau.
 All blest with health; and, as for wealth,
 By fortune's kind embraces,
 A yeoman grey shall oft' outweigh
 A knight in other places.

Then sing in praise, &c.

The gen'rous, brave, and hearty,
 All o'er the shire we find;
 And for the low-church party,
 They're of the brightest kind.
 For king and laws they prop the cause
 Which high church has confounded;
 They love with height the mod'rate right,
 But hate the crop-ear'd roundhead.

Then sing in praise, &c.

The promis'd land of blessing,
 For our forefathers meant,
 Is now in right possessing,
 For Canaan sure was Kent:
 The dome at Knowle, by fame enroll'd,
 The church at Canterbury,
 The hops, the beer, the cherries, here,
 May fill a famous story.

Then sing in praise, &c.

Song

THE BULL-FINCH.

193

Sung by Signora Storace in the siege of Belgrade.

BLITHE as the hours of May
Were those I now deplore,
When first I own'd love's gentle sway,
They will return no more.

Every fond hope is lost,
No comfort can they bring,
Winter's untimely frost
Destroy'd the infant spring.

Blithe as the hours of May, &c.

Sung by Mr. Suett in the siege of Belgrade.

SOME time ago I married a wife,
And she, poor soul, was the plague of my life;
I thought when I lost her my troubles were done,
But, alas! I find they're just begun.

Tho' she's gone,
Still 'tis all one,
My troubles, alas! are just begun.

A magistrate I next became,
To be impartial was my aim,
No distinction I made 'tween great or small,
Plaintiffs, defendants, I cheated them all.

Great and small,
I fleec'd them all;
Turks and christians I cheated them all.

In praise of honesty I've heard,
As policy 'tis much preferr'd;
Then if 'tis best in life's repast,
The daintiest dish I'll taste at last.

Honest at last,
Tir'd of the past;
Perhaps as a change I may try it at last.

K

NAUTICAL

By Mr. Dibdin.

I Be one of those sailors who think 'tis no lie,
That for every wherefore of life there's a why;
That by fortune arrang'd, whether calm or a squall,
Our births, good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all;
That the stay and the braces of life will be found
To be some of them rotten and some of them sound;
That the good we should cherish, the bad never
seek,

For death will too soon bring each anchor apeak.

When astride on the yard the toplists are let go,
And I com'd like a shot plump amongst them below;
Why I cotch'd at a halliard and jump'd upon deck,
And so broke my fall to save breaking my neck;
Just like your philosophers for all their jaw,
Who less than a rope would gladly catch a straw.

Thus the good, &c.

Why now that there cruise that we made off the
banks,

Where I pepper'd the foe and got shot for my thanks;
What then, she soon struck and tho' crippled on shore,
And laid up to refit, I had shiners gulliore;
At length live and looking, I tried the false main,
And to get more prize-money got shot at again.

Thus the good, &c.

Then just as it comes take the bad with the good,
One man's spoon's made of silver, another's of wood,
What's poison for one man's another man's balm,
Some are safe in a storm and some lost in a calm,
Some are rolling in riches, some's not worth a soufe,
To-day we eat beef, and to-morrow lob's scoufe.

Thus the good, &c.

A I R.

THE BULL-FINCH.

195

AIR.—By Mr. Munden,

WHEN I return with courage bold,
Lord! how the volks will stare!
And all my pockets lin'd with gold,
For blue-ey'd Bet so fair.
I'll doff my frock for jacket blue,
And trowsers all so white;
And Bet shall own my love is true,
When 'tis for her I fight.

No more the girls shall jeer me so,
And call me foolish lout;
When tight as any I shall grow,
And with a heart as stout.

I'll doff my frock, &c.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

By Mr. Dibdin.

TO Bachelors hall we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chace that makes up our
delight;
We have spirits like fire and of health such a stock,
That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock;
Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a
grace,
That Diana had dub'd some new gods of the chace.

CHORUS.

Hark away! hark away! all nature looks gay,
And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
A better fleet gelding, ne'er hunter did back.

K 2

Torn

AIR.

Tom Trip rode a bay, full of mettle and bone;
 And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan;
 But the horse of all horses that rival'd the day,
 Was the 'squire's Neck-or-nothing, and that was a
 grey.

CHORUS.

Hark away! hark away! while our sprits are gay,
 Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.
 Then for hounds, there was Nimble, so well that
 climbs rocks;
 And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox:
 Little Plunge, like a mole, who will ferrit and
 search,
 And beetle brow'd Hawk's-eye, so dead at the lurch;
 Young Slylooks, that scents the strong breeze from
 the south,
 And musical Echowell with his deep mouth.

Hark away! &c.

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,
 'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud,
 And for hounds our opinions with thousands we'll
 back,
 That all England throughout can't produce such a
 pack:
 Thus having described you, dogs, horses, and crew,
 Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

Hark away! &c.

Sly Reynard brought home, while the hounds sound
 a call,
 And now you are welcome to Bachelor's Hall;
 The savory sirloin grateful smokes on the board,
 And Bacchus pours wine from his plentiful hoard;
 Come onthen, do honour to this jovial place,
 And enjoy the sweet pleasure that springs from the
 chace.

Hark away! &c.

SOUND

THE BULL-FINCH.

197

SOUND ARGUMENT.

By Mr. Dibdin.

WE Bipebs, made up of frail clay,
Alas! are the children of sorrow;
And though brisk and merry to-day,
We all may be wretched to-morrow:
For sunshine's succeeded by rain;
Then fearful of life's stormy weather,
Lest pleasure should bring only pain
Let's all be unhappy together.
I grant, the best blessing we know
Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure;
And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure.
Thus friendship's a slimy affair;
Thus riches and health are a bubble;
Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.
If a mortal would point out that life,
That on earth could be nearest to heaven,
Let him, thanking his stars, chuse a wife
To whom truth and honour are given:
But honour and truth are so rare,
And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
That with all my respect to the fair,
I'd advise him to sigh and live single.
It appears from these premises plain,
That wisdom is nothing but folly;
That pleasure's a term that means pain,
And that joy is your true melancholy:
That all those who laugh ought to cry;
That 'tis fine fun and frisk to be grieving;
And that since we must all of us die,
We shou'd taste no enjoyment while living.

AIR.—In the cave of Trophonius.

WITH idle tales you fill my head,
 But, since with me you cannot wed,
 'Tis sure a wicked plan;
 Atho me you may go bill and coo,
 But maidens you've no right to woo,
 Since you're a married man.

Give o'er your teasing, 'tis in vain,
 From me your suit will nothing gain,
 But end as it began;
 I'd fix, were I to love inclin'd,
 Upon a fingle swain my mind,
 Not on a married man.

A NEW SONG.

By Mr. Dibdin.

THIS life is like a troubled sea,
 Where, helm a-weather or a-lea,
 The Ship will neither stay nor wear,
 But drives off ev'ry rock in fear.

All seaman'ship in vain we try,
 We cannot keep her steadily;
 But just as fortune's wind may blow,
 The vessel's tossed to and fro.

Yet come but Love on board,
 Our hearts with pleasure's stor'd,
 No storm can overwhelm,
 Still blows in vain the hurricane, while he is at the
 helm.

POOR TOM : OR, THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

By Mr. Dibdin.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him too.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted;
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blith and jolly—
Ah! many a time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
Tom's life hath vainly doff'd;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

POOR JACK,

By Mr. Dibdin.



GO patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A tight water boat, and good sea room give me,
 And it's not to a little I'll strike;
 Tho' the tempest top gallant-mast smack smooth
 should smite,
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the decks, stow the yards, and bouse ev'ry
 thing tight,
 And under reef'd foresail we'll scud.
 Avast! nor don't think me a milkop so soft,
 To be taken with trifles aback;
 They say, there's a Providence sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day,
 'Bout souls, heaven, mercy, and such,
 And my timbers, what lingo! he'd coil and belay,
 Why, 'twas just all as one as high dutch:
 For he said, that a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that came down below,
 And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me,
 There's a Providence takes us in tow:
 For says he, d'ye mind me? let storms e'er so oft
 Take the top-lifts of sailors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub sits perch'd up aloft
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for d'ye see she would cry,
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 What argues sniv'ling, and piping your eye!
 Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!

Don't

Don't you see the world's wide, and there's room for
us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers on shore;
And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
You never will hear of me more:
What then, all's a hazard, come, don't be so soft,
Perhaps, I may laughing come back,
That sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me? a sailor should be ev'ry inch,
All as one as a piece of the ship,
With her brave the world, without off'ring to flinch,
The moment the anchor's a-trip:
As to me, in all weathers, all tides, times, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs:
My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's.
E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,
With grief to be taken aback,
That same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

I NOTHING IS BUT DRUNK.

By Mr. Dibdin.

In the Entertainment of Sans Souci.

BOB Backstay was a soaking blade,
As e'er broke biscuit bread, fir,
As groggy he in hammock lay,
Was muster'd once for dead, fir.
As main-mast stiff, his sheets were furl'd,
And round-top peepers sunk;
D'ye see, cries Bob, when scutt'l'd out,
I nothing is but drunk.

K 5

“ AN

“ All hands on deck, both fore and aft,”
 The gale it was increas’ing;
 Quoth Bob, of grog, another draught;
 The pumps were never ceasing.
 The chaplain stagg’d him, and reprov’d,
 ‘Cause he from duty shrunk;
 To Providence, quoth Bob, I’ll trust,
 I nothing is but drunk.

THE ROSY BOWL.

By Captain Morris.

(Tune the Greenwich Pensioner.)

LET misers with their treasure,
 Their fordid views behold,
 Call wretchedness a pleasure,
 When with their sterling gold;
 While I, with bumpers flowing,
 To animate the soul,
 With peace and plenty glowing,
 Can drain the rosy bowl.

Let fages daily murmur,
 My precepts I’ll maintain,
 My constancy’s the firmer,
 Their sophistry’s in vain;
 Good claret brings sensations,
 That can’t the mind control,
 With all their quaint quotations,
 I’ll drain the rosy bowl.

Through life undaunted steering,
 And quite devoid of care,
 No dangers ever fearing,
 ‘Tis only fools despair;

I revel

I revel with discretion,
 As fleeting moments roll;
 And free from all oppression,
 I drain the rosy bowl.

JACK THE GUINEA PIG.

WHEN the anchor's weigh'd, and the ship's
 unmoor'd,
 And landsmen lag behind, fir,
 The sailer joyful skips on board,
 And swearing prays for a wind, fir;
 Towing here, he-hoing there,
 Steadily, readily, merrily, cherily,
 Still from care and thinking free,
 Is a sailer's life at sea.

When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,
 The landsmen all grow sick, fir;
 The sailer lolls with his mind at ease,
 And the song and the cann go quick, fir;
 Laughing here, quaffing there,
Steadily, readily, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,
 And sings to landmen dreary,
 The sailer fearless goes to sleep,
 Or takes his watch most cheary;
 Boozing here, snoozing there,
Steadily, readily, &c.

When the sky grows black, and the wind blows hard,
 And landsmen skulk below, fir,
 Jack mounts up to the top-sail yard,
 And turns his quid as he goes, fir;
 Hawling here, bawling there,
Steadily, readily, &c.

THE BULL-FINCH.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,
 And landsmen cry all's gone, fir
 The sailer hangs 'twixt sea and sky,
 And jokes with Davy Jones, fir;
 Dashing here, clashing there,

Steadily, readily, &c.

When the ship, d'ye see, becomes a wreck,
 And landsmen hoist the boat, fir,
 The sailer scorns to quit the deck,
 While a single plank's afloat, fir;
 Swearing here, tearing there,

Steadily, readily, &c.

THE WATERY GRAVE,

By Mr. Dibdin.

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,
 That tears from a stone might provoke,
 'Tis concerning a tar you must know,
 As honest as e'er biscuit broke;
 His name was Ben Block, of all men
 The most true, the most kind, the most brave,
 But hard treated by fortune, for Ben
 In his prime found a watery grave.

His place no one ever knew more,
 His heart was all kindness and love,
 Tho' on duty an eagle he'd soar,
 His nature had most of the dove;
 He lov'd a fair maiden nam'd Kate,
 His father to interest a slave,
 Sent him far from his love, where hard fate
 Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

THE BULL-FINCH.

203

A curse on all slanderous tongues,
A false friend his mild nature abus'd,
And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
To poison Ben's pleasure accus'd ;
That she never had truly been kind,
That false were the tokens she gave,
That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find
In the ocean a watery grave.

To be sure, from this cankerous elf,
The venom accomplish'd it's end,
Ben, all truth and honour himself,
Suspected no fraud in his friend ;
On the yard, while suspended in air,
A loose to his sorrows he gave,
'Take thy wish (he cry'd) false cruel fair,'
And plung'd in a watery grave.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

By Mr. Dibdin.

OF all sensations pity brings,
To proudly swell the ample heart,
From which the willing sorrow springs,
In others grief that bears a part ;
Of all sad sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief,
A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief ;
Of these would you the feeling know,
Most gen'rous, noble, greatly brave,
That ever taught a heart to glow,
'Tis the tear that bedews the soldier's grave.

For

For hard and painful is his lot,
 Let dangers come he braves them all;
 Valiant perhaps to be forgot,
 Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall.

Yet wrapt in conscious worth secure,
 The world, that now forgets his toil,
 He views from a retreat obscure,
 And quits it with a willing smile.

Then trav'ller one kind drop bestow,
 'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave;
 Nought ever taught the heart to glow
 Like the tear that bedews the soldier's grave.

SLY OLD HODGE.

By Mr. Dibdin.

CURTIS was old Hodge's wife,
 For virtue none was ever such,
 She led so pure, so chaste a life,
 Hodge said 'twas virtue over much;
 For says sly old Hodge, says he,
 Great talkers do the least, you see.

Curtis said, if men were rude,
 She'd scratch their eyes out, tear their hair,
 Cry'd Hodge, I b'lieve thou'rt wond'rous good,
 However, let us nothing swear.

For says, &c.

One night she dreamt a drunken fool,
 Be rude with her in spite would fain;
 She makes no more, but with joint stool,
 Falls on her husband might and main.

Still says, &c.

By

By that time she had broke his nose,
 Hodge made a shift to wake his wife;
 Dear Hodge, (says she,) judge by those blows,
 I prize my vartue as my life.

Still says, &c.

I dreamt a rude man on me fell,
 However, I his project marr'd;
 Dear wife, cry'd Hodge, 'tis mighty well,
 But next time don't hit quite so hard.

For says, &c.

At break of day Hodge cros'd a stile,
 Near to a field of new-mown hay,
 And saw, and curst his stars the while,
 Curtis and Numps at am'rous play.
 Wasn't I right, says Hodge, says he,
 Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.

S O N G. *By Captain Morris.*

(Tune—Sound Argument.)

YE Mortals! or sons of dull care,
 For why wou'd you ever be thinking;
 To Bacchus I'd have ye repair—
 For this is the season for drinking:
 I hate all your pining and sorrow,
 To wretchedness never incline;
 For why should we care for to-morrow,
 If we get the juice of the vine.

Then a bumper fill up from the bowl,
 Here's a toast to true friendship and pleasure;
 'Tis that which enlivens the soul—
 And esteem'd by mankind as a treasure:

Lct

Let Cynics my precepts explode,
 And call it intemperate folly ;
 To contentment I'm sure 'tis the road,
 And an exit – to dull melancholy.

To troubles, vexation, and strife,
 I've long bid a final adieu ;
 And as I am acting through life,
 Depend on't I'll play my part true ;
 Then a bumper I'll tofs of for certain,
 If cloudy or sunshine the weather ;
 But before rigid fate drops the curtain,
 Pray let us be happy together.

SONG. *By Mr. Dibdin,*

LIFE's like a sea in constant motion,
 Sometimes high and sometimes low,
 Where every one must brave the ocean,
 Whatsoever winds may blow ;
 If un-annoy'd by squall or shower,
 Driven by the gentle gales,
 Lose not then the favouring hour,
 Whilst success attends the sails.

If the way-ward winds should bluster,
 Never let's give way to fear,
 All our patience let us muster,
 And learn from reason how to steer ;
 Let judgment keep us ever steady,
 'Tis a ballast seldom fails,
 When dangers rise be ever ready,
 To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not so much your own opinion,
 Whilst your vessel's under way ;
 Let good discretion bear dominion,
 That compass never leads astray ;

When

THE BULL-FINCH.

209

When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
And Boreas on the surface fails,
Let good discretion guide the rudder,
When Providence attends the sails.

And when you are safe from danger,
Riding in some favourite bay,
Hope be the anchor you confide in,
Care awhile in slumber lay ;
Then when each cann's with liquor flowing,
And good fellowship prevails,
Let each true heart with rapture stowing,
Drink success unto the sails.

WILLY OF THE DALE.

Sung by Miss Milne, at Vauxhall.

WHEN spring dispensing sweets around,
In gayest liv'ry deck the ground ;
Just when the fragrant breath of morn,
Had shook the dew drops from the thorn ;
To yonder mead my flock I led,
And gaily caroll'd as they fed ;
Of all the swains that trip the green,
Or pipe in yonder vale,
None look so neat, or pipe so sweet,
As Willy of the dale.

As Willy of the dale ;

As Willy of the dale,

None look so neat, or pipe so sweet, &c.

My heart came flutt'ring to my tongue,
As thus my Willy's praise I sung ;
But never, sure, was simple maid,
By her own folly thus betray'd,
For turning round I saw the swain,
Stand sily list'ning to the strain.

My

THE BULL-FINCH.

My cheek he tapt, my hand he prest,
 And told so sweet a tale;
 Devoid of art, I gave my heart,
 To Willy of the dale;
 To Willy of the dale, &c.

Next morn he search'd the fields and bow'rs,
 To cull for me the sweetest flow'rs;
 Then cry'd, these flowers, my charming fair,
 The emblems of thy beauties are;
 Let Hymen join us then, dear maid,
 Before those transient beauties fade.

In such a gentle voice he woo'd,
 How could he but prevail?
 I vow'd through life, to be the wife,
 Of Willy of the dale;
 Of the Willy of the dale, &c.

THE BRUSH.

Sung by Mr. Collins at the Lyceum.

WHILE warbling Italians decoy the gay throng,
 With their lullaby sounds, without sense for
 a plea;
 And charm British ears with an outlandish song,
 Combined with the magic of tweedle dum dee;
 And the dear dilletante, in taste never scanty,
 On foreigners lavish their favours so flush,
 Let a native to-night your good humour excite,
 And the canker of care sweep away with a Brush.

II.

And while handling the brush, like an artist for bread,
 Let me cut my poor loaf without stooping to flatter;
 As no sordid tints on my canvas are spread,
 And alike I disdain to bedaub or bespatter;

Yet

Yet deformity's tribe, if we fairly describe
Proportion and grace, we've no cause to blush;
And the sons of true merit, no grudge can inherit,
To see rank imposture expos'd by the brush.

III.

The vot'ries of Thespis whose senses are thrall'd
By Melpomene's woes or the joys of Thalia.
Who by start, strut, and stare, are amaz'd or appall'd,
And look up to the stage as the Lactea via;
Though eager to stray in that sweet milky way,
Their panting impatience may end in a blush,
If their eyes are not clear to see how things appear,
In their true native light by the help of the brush.

IV.

Katterfelto you know, puff'd away with big sounds,
About wonderful wonders for folks to review,
And Astley and Hughes with their merry-go-rounds
Have shewn us what children o'cock a horse can do:
Doctor Graham likewise took the town by surprize,
When he shamefully put men and maids to the blush;
But let prostitute slaves entertain fools and knaves,
And decency still be the pride of the brush.

V.

We know by what taste is despotic in sway,
And that news-paper guides lead the minds of the
million,
Yet if I keep my seat 'tis no matter what way,
Let them take the saddle and I'll mount the pillion;
For but vainly we strive when the devil will drive,
'Needs must' is the motto our murmurs to hush;
Yet I hope the cleft-hoof will for once keep aloof,
And no ill-natur'd devil run down my poor brush.

VI. You

VI.

You have heard of the story of poor little sweep,
 Who one day was found laid out dead on the straw,
 Without honest means how from starving to keep,
 His brush being lost and his living also;
 Now put me in his place and the very same case,
 Must be mine, if my labours the critic shou'd crush;
 Then for charity spare, lest his fate I should share,
 For like poor little sweep I've no bread but my brush.

A favourite Song for two voices.

FROM night till morn I take my glass,
 In hopes to forget my Chloe;
 But though I take the pleasing draught
 She's ne'er the less before me.
 Ah! no, no, no, wine cannot cure
 The pain I endure for my Chloe.

II.

To wine I flew to ease the pain
 Her beauty's charms erected;
 But wine more strongly bound the chain,
 And love would not be cheated,
 Ah? no, no, no, wine cannot cure
 The pain I endure for my Chloe.

THE HOBBIES OF THE TIMES.

QUEEN Bess cou'd twang the Bow string,
 And hunt, a pack of hounds, fir;
 While her courtier's play'd at quarter staff,
 And danc'd the Cheshire Rounds, fir.

And

THE BULL-FINCH.

213

And when her foes, with mighty blows,
Prepar'd to beat and strip her too;
She led both France and Spain a dance,
And made them pay the piper too.
So merry, merry, were the dancing days of good
queen Befs,
And merry, merry, be the days of glee we now
possess.

II.

Then her buxom dames of honour, when
Arising from their beds, fir;
Great clumsy piles of fat beef-stakes
Kept running in their heads, fir;
Till they'd breakfasted like plowmen,
And then 'tis true, by Jingo!
They wash'd down such their dainty meal
With draughts of humming stingo.
So merry, merry, were the dancing days of good
queen Befs,
And merry, merry, be the days of glee we now
possess.

III.

But our ladies stint their stomachs now,
For fear of leading apes, fir;
As eating might encrease their size,
And chance to spoil their shapes, fir;
Though to stint their stomachs outwardly,
They shudder at the very thought,
As pullets priz'd at markets are
By the largeness of the merry Thought,
So merry, merry, be the days of glee we now
possess,
And merry, merry, be the memory of good queen
Befs.

IV.

IV.

Then a full high crown'd hat
 With about an inch of brim, fir,
 Like a thumping large church bucket,
 Is the universal whim, fir;
 And so revers'd the GO is now,
 From what was once the gig, fir;
 That his lordship wears his hair,
 And my lady wears a wig, fir.

So merry, merry, be the days of glee we now possess,
 And merry, merry, be the memory of good queen Bess.

V.

But our beaux can never cut a dash,
 Unless their locks they lop, fir,
 Like a dangling string of rats' tails,
 And so become a crop, fir;
 While like horses in the glanders,
 When bandag'd after rowelling,
 They wind about their scraggy necks
 A dozen yards of towelling.

So merry, merry, be the days of glee we now possess,
 And merry, merry, be the memory of good queen Bess.

VI.

Then such language to adopt,
 As wou'd pose a classic noddle, fir,
 Length of fork is all the tippy,
 Length of waist is all a twaddle, fir;
 For with breeches to their armpits,
 So very queer and quaddy, fir,
 They are all legs and thighs and hips,
 And heads without a body, fir.

So merry, merry, be the days of glee we now possess,
 And merry, merry, be the memory of good queen
 Bess.

Then

VII.

Then to help the body politic,
 And steer the helm of state, fir,
 We've whig heads, and tory heads,
 With politics replete, fir;
 But by shifting of their ground,
 Tho' their heads are mighty long, fir,
 They now and then (we know) forget,
 To what body they belong, fir.
 Somerry, merry, be the days of glee we now possess,
 And merry, merry, be the memory of good queen Bess.

VIII.

Yet may fashions from the French
 To this nation never spread, fir,
 As the restless bodies there have been
 So long without a head, fir;
 But while headed by a Brunswick,
 Whose laurels are our own, fir,
 May our heads, hands, and hearts,
 Be the pillars of his throne, fir.
 And prove a prince his people's love does now possess,
 More than in the golden days of good queen Bess.

BILL BOBSTAY.

As sung by Mr. Dibdin, in Sans Souci, at his private Theatricals, or Nature in Nubibus.

TIGHT lads have I sail'd with none e'er so
 lightly,
 As honest Bill Bobstay, so kind and so true,
 He'd sing of a mermaid, and foot it so lightly,
 The forecastle's pride, the delight of the crew;

But

But poor as a beggar and often in tatters

He went, though his fortune was kind without end;
For money, cry'd Bill, and them there sort of matters,
What's the good on't d'ye see but to succour a
friend.

There's Nipcheese the purser, by grinding and
squeezing,

First plund'ring, then leaving the ship like a rat;
The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,

And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog vane in his hat.
My bark, though hard storms, on life's ocean should
rock her,

Though she rolls in misfortune, and pitch end for
end,

No never shall Bill keep a shot in a locker,

When by handing it out he can succour a friend.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry spite of
the crosses,

And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore,
That "Sailors at sea earn their money like horses
"To squander it idly like asses ashore."

Such Lubbers, their jaw would coil up, could they
measure

By their feeling, the gen'rous delight without end,
That gives birth in us tars to the truest of pleasure
The handing our rhino to succour a friend.

Why what's all this nonsense they talk of and pother,
All about rights of man, what a plague are they
at,

If they mean that each man to his messmate's a
brother,

Why the lubberly swabs ev'ry fool can tell that.
The rights of us Britons we know's to be loyal,

In our country's defence our last moments to spend,
To fight up to our ears, to respect the blood royal,
To be true to our wives—and to succour a friend.

Song

THE BULL-FINCH.

217

Song in The Capricious Lovers.

THOUGH my features, I'm told,
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wisdom I hate and detest;
Not a wrinkle is there
Which is furrow'd by care,
And my heart is as light as the best.
When I look on my boys,
They renew my past joys;
Myself in my children I see;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.
In the days I was young,
Oh! I caper'd and sung,
The lasses came flocking apace;
But, now turn'd of threescore,
I can do so no more,
Why then let my boy take my place.
O, our pleasures we crack,
For we still love the smack,
And chuckle o'er what we have been;
Yet why should we repine,
You've had your's, I've had mine,
And now let our children begin.

Set by Dr. Pepusch. Words by Mr. Hughes.

RECITATIVE.

SEE! from the silent grove Alexis flies,
And seeks with ev'ry pleasing art
To ease the pain which lovely eyes
Created in his heart:
To shining theatres he now repairs,
To learn Camilla's moving airs,
Where thus to musick's pow'r the swain address'd his
pray'rs:

L

AIR.

AIR.

Charming sounds that sweetly languish;
Musick, oh, compose my anguish!

Ev'ry passion yields to thee,

Ev'ry passion yields to thee:

Phœbus, quickly then relieve me,

Cupid shall no more deceive me;

I'll to sprightlier joys be free;

I'll to sprightlier joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the foolish swain,

He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,

How weak t' assuage an am'rous pain,

His own harmonious voice had prov'd,

And all his healing herbs how vain:

Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,

Preluding to his voice, and sings;

AIR.

Sounds, though charming, can't relieve thee;

Do not, shepherd, then deceive thee;

Musick is the voice of love;

Musick is the voice of love:

If the tender maid believe thee,

Soft relenting, kind consenting,

Will alone thy pain remove;

Will alone thy pain remove.

THE INVITATION.

COME, ye party-jangling swains,
Leave your flocks, and quit the plains;
Friends to country, or to court,
Nothing here shall spoil your sport.

CHORUS.

Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Sprightly

THE BULL-FINCH.

119

Sprightly widows, come away;
Laughing dames and virgins gay;
Little gaudy flutt'ring misses,
(Smiling hopes of future blisses.)

Ever welcome, &c.

All that rip'ning fun can bring,
Beauteous summer, beauteous spring,
In one varying scene we show,
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.

Ever welcome, &c.

Comus jesting, musick charming,
Wine inspiring, beauty warming,
Rage and party-malice dies,
Peace returns, and discord flies.

Ever welcome to our feast,
Welcome ev'ry friendly guest.

Song in Comus. Set by Dr. Arne.

HOW gentle was my Damon's air!
Like sunny beams his golden hair:
His voice was like the nightingale's;
More sweet his breath than flow'ry vales:
How hard such beauties to resign!
And yet that cruel task is mine;
How hard such beauties to resign!
And yet that cruel task is mine.

AIR.

On ev'ry hill, on ev'ry grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love
I mourn, and Damon is my theme:
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

*The hills, &c.
From*

From hill from dale, each charm is fled:

Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more;
Each flow'r in pity droops its head;

All nature does my loss deplore:
All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

All, all, &c.

Song by Mrs. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

WHEN once love's subtle poison gains
A passage to the female breast;
Rushing, like lightning, thro' the veins,
Each wish, and ev'ry thought's possess'd.
To heal the pangs our minds endure,
Reason in vain its skill applies;
Nought can afford the heart a cure,
But what is pleasing to the eyes.

Set by Mr. Howard.

AT setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee:
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.
To all our haunts thou didst repair,
By green-wood shaw, or fountain;
Or where the summer's day I'd share
With you upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
With thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
My heart, which cannot wander.

Set

Set by Dr. Howard.

WHY heaves my fond bosom? ah! what can it mean?

Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?

Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is near;

Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace

The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face;

Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;

With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy mind;

With thy face, &c.

Untainted with folly, unfully'd by pride,

There native good-humour and virtue reside:

Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply

With compassion for him who without thee must die;

With compassion for him who without thee must die.

Song. Set by Dr. Howard.

The Words by Paul Whitehead, Esq.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Bacchus, jolly God, invites

To revel in his ev'ning rites,

In vain his altar I surround,

Though with Burgundian incense crown'd:

No charms has wine without the lass;

'Tis love gives relish to the glass.

AIR.

While all around, with jocund glee,

In brimmers toast their fav'rite she,

L 3

Though

Though ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
 My heart still whispers Chloe's name:
 And thus with me, by am'rous stealth,
 Still ev'ry glass is Chloe's health.

Song in Love in a Village.

HOW much superior beauty awes,
 The coldest bosoms find;
 But with resistless force it draws,
 To sense and virtue join'd.
 The casket, where to outward show
 The artist's hand is seen,
 Is doubly valu'd when we know
 It holds a gem within.

A favourite Cantata. Set by Mr. Stanley.

AIR.

WHO'LL buy a heart, Myrtilla cries,
 And throws around her wanton eyes;
 An easy shape, a graceful air,
 A face like lovely Hebe's, fair;
 A pair of eyes that wound at sight,
 And foil the di'monds piercing light?

RECITATIVE.

Come hither, ye that long to prove
 The soul-enchanting joys of love;
 Come, quickly come, for he
 Buys that bids the most for me.

AIR.

But let no sordid wretch presume,
 With even Cræsus' wealth, to come,
 Nor vainly hope, for gems, or gold,
 Such charms as these can e'er be sold;
 So vile a change I scorn to make,
 For love's the only coin I take.

HOPE:

HOPE: *A Pastoral.* Set by Dr. Arne.

MY banks are all furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmurs invite me to sleep;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep:
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my mountains bestow;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets blow.

I've found out a gift for my fair;
 I've found where the wood-pigeons breed;
 But, let me that plunder forbear,
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed:
 He ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
 And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

But where does my Phillida stray,
 And where are her grotts and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves, and the vallies as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 The face of the vallies as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare;
 But their love is not equal to mine.

Set by Dr. Boyce. The Words by Mr. Moore.

HOW blest has my time been! what days have I
 known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain;
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray;
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
 How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me;
 And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet temper oft-times am I seen
 In revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with compliance and smiles;
 And meets, &c.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year thro':
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth;
 And gives, &c.

Ye shepherds, so gay, who make love to insnare,
 And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home;
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

SONG.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design
 To scape from her charms, and to drown 'em
 in wine;

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
 'The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid,
 Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
 weigh'd;

Then gravely pronounc'd in return to my pray'r,
 That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
 I came for your counsel, to find out a fault:

THE BULL-FINCH.

225

If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
To find fault with Hebe would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
While, like lightning, she darts thro' each throbbing
vein?

My senses, surpris'd, in her favour took arms,
And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

CROSS PURPOSES.

TOM loves Mary passing well,
And Mary she loves Harry;
But Harry sighs for bonny Bell,
And finds his love miscarry;
For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
Whilst Mary slights his passion:
So strangely freakish are the turns
Of human inclination.

Mol gave Hal a wreath of flow'rs,
Which he in am'rous folly,
Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours
It came again to Molly:
Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo,
No turtles can be truer;
Each loves the object they pursue,
But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary, Thomas grieves,
Proud Hal despises Mary:
And all the flouts which Bell receives
From Tom, she vents on Harry:
If one of all the four has frown'd
You ne'er saw people grummer;
If one has smil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good-humour.

L 5

Then,

Then, lovers hence this lesson learn,
 Throughout the British nation;
 How much is ev'ry one's concern
 To smile at reformation.
 And still thro' life this rule pursue,
 Whatever objects strike you,
 Be kind to them who fancy you,
 That those you love may like you.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear?
 Why silent drops that crystal tear?
 What jealous fears disturb thy breast,
 Where love and peace delight to rest?
 What though thy Jocky has been seen
 With Molly sporting on the green,
 'Twas but an artful trick to prove
 The matchless force of Jenny's love.
 'Tis true the nosegay I had drest,
 To grace the witty Daphne's breast;
 But 'twas at her desire to try
 If Damon cast a jealous eye:
 These flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,
 Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn:
 But in thy fragrant bosom lies
 A sweet perfume that never dies.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

HOW blythe was I each morn to see,
 My swain come o'er the hill!
 He leap'd the brook, and flew to me;
 I met him with good will:
 I neither wanted ewe nor lamb
 When his flocks near me lay;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me all the day,

THE BULL-FINCH.

227

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where lost was my repose;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes,
He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody:
While thus we spent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Though e'er so rich and gay.

Oh! the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Could I but faithful be?
He stole my heart; could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
Hard fate! that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where lost was my repose;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

Song in Love in a Village.

HOW happy were my days till now!
I ne'er did sorrow feel;
With joy I rose to milk my cow,
Or take my spinning-wheel.
My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I sung,
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

L 6

O, the

O, the fool! the silly, silly fool,
 Who trusts what man may be!
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

Song in Love in a Village.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice;
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he's made my choice.
 Let parents rule, cry Nature's laws,
 And children still obey:
 And is there then no saving clause
 Against tyrannick sway?

Song in The Masque of Alfred.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
 To chear me your harmony bring;
 Unless, since my shepherd is gone,
 You cease, like poor Phillis, to sing:
 Each flower declines its sweet head,
 Nor odours around me will throw;
 While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
 Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each rural amusement I try
 In vain to restore my past ease;
 What charm'd when my Strephon was by,
 Has now lost the power to please:
 Ye seasons, that brighten the grove,
 Not long for your absence we mourn;
 But Strephon neglects me and love,
 He roves, and will never return.

THE BULL-FINCH.

229

As gay as the spring is my dear,
 And sweet as all flowers combin'd;
 His smiles like the summer can chear,
 Ah! why then like the winter unkind?
 Unkind he is not, I can prove,
 But tender to others can be;
 To Cælia and Chloe makes love,
 And only is cruel to me.

THE ROVER.

IN all the sex some charms I find,
 I love to try all womankind,
 The fair, the smart, the witty;
 The fair, the smart, the witty.
 In Cupid's fetters, most severe,
 I languish'd out a long, long year,
 The slave of wanton Kitty;
 The slave of wanton Kitty.
 At length I broke the galling chain,
 And swore that love was endless pain,
 One constant scene of folly;
 One constant, &c.
 I vow'd no more to wear the yoke;
 But soon I felt a second stroke,
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly;
 And sigh'd, &c.
 With tresses next of flaxen hue,
 Young Jenny did my soul subdue,
 Who lives in yonder valley;
 Who lives, &c.
 Then Cupid threw another snare,
 And caught me in the curling hair
 Of little tempting Sally,
 Of little, &c.

THE BULL-FINCH.

Adorn'd with charms, though blythe and young,
 My roving heart with bondage sprung,
 This heart of yielding mettle;
 This heart of yielding mettle:
 And now it wanders here and there,
 By turns the prize of brown and fair,
 But never more will settle;
 But never more will settle.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
 And banishes despair;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him, ye gods, your care.
 Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
 My tender grief remove;
 Oh! send some chearing ray of light,
 And guide me to my love.
 Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
 The pensive Cælia mourn'd,
 While courteous Echo lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.
 When, sudden, Damon's well-known face
 Each rising fear disarms;
 He eager springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms.

Song. Set by Dr. Howard.

THE new-flown birds the shepherds sing,
 And welcome in the May;
 Come, Pastorella, now the spring
 Makes ev'ry landscape gay:

Wide.

THE BULL-FINCH.

231

Wide-spreading trees their leafy shade
 O'er half the plain extend,
 Or, in reflecting fountains play'd,
 Their quiv'ring branches bend.
 Or, in reflecting fountains play'd,
 Their quiv'ring branches bend.
 Come, taste the season in its prime,
 And bless the rising year;
 Oh! how my soul grows sick of time,
 Till thou, my love, appear!
 Then shall I pass the gladsome day,
 Warm in thy beauty's shine,
 When thy dear flock shall feed and play,
 And intermix with mine;
 And intermix, &c.

For thee of doves a milk-white pair
 In silken bands I hold;
 For thee a firstling lambkin fair
 I keep within the fold;
 If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
 Or tender lambkins please,
 My spotless heart without deceit,
 Be offer'd up with these;
 Be offer'd up with these.

Song in Thomas and Sally. Set by Dr. Arne.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was like
 me;
 So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee?
 I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
 A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.
 To all that came near I had something to say:
 'Twas, This, fir—and That, fir—but scarce ever Nay;
 And Sundays dress'd out in my silks and my lace,
 I warrant I stood by the best in the place,

At

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man!
Well, rest him—We all are as good as we can;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
And jealous—though truly I gave him no cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me—but let me alone;
Egad! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own:
Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is untow'rd,
Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago;
This Time's a fore foe; there's no shunning his dart;
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance;
I still love a tune, though unable to dance:
And, books of devotion, laid by on my shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.

Song. Set by Mr. Holcombe.

YOU tell me I'm handsome (I know not how true)

And easy and chatty, and good-humour'd too:
That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in tune:
All this has been told me by twenty before;
But he that would win me must flatter me more;
But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring,
My voice, like the nightingale's, know but a spring;
For charms such as these then your praises give o'er,
To love me for life you must still love me more:
To love me, &c.

Then

Then talk not to me of a shape, or an air;
 For Chloe the wanton can rival me there:
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
 And brightens good-humour as sunshine the day:
 For if that you love me, your flame may be true,
 And I in my turn may be taught to love too;
 And I in my turn may be taught to love too.

Song in The Chaplet.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
 While thus we sit round on the grass:
 The lover, who talks of his suff'rings and smart,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
 And wishes to add to the mass,
 Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass;
 Deserves, &c.

The beau, who so smart with his well-powder'd hair,
 An angel beholds in his glass,
 And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass;
 Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
 Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass;
 And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
 Claps the horns of an ox on the ass;
 Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
 With forehead well fronted with brass,
 Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;
 There you, my good friend, are an ass;
 There you, &c.

The

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this class;
 The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
 But death proves the doctor an afs;
 But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 By turns take our bottle and las;
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs;
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Song in Love in a Village.

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless lover's part;
 Seise, oh! seise, some kind occasion
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall;
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.
 Cupid, god of, &c.

What is grandeur? Foe to rest,
 Childish mummary at best.
 Happy I in humble state!
 Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
 Cupid, god of, &c.

Song. Set by Dr. Howard,

THE blytheft bird that sings in May,
 Was ne'er more blythe, was ne'er more gay
 Than I, ah, well-a-day!
 Than I, ah, well-a-way!

Ere Colin yet had learn'd to sigh,
Or I to guess the reason why,
 Oh, love! ah, well-a-day!
 Oh, love! ah, well-a-day!

We kiss'd, we toy'd, we neither knew
From whence these fond endearments grew,
 Till he, ah, well-a-day!
 Till he, &c.

By time and other swains made wife,
Began to talk of hearts and eyes,
 And love, ah, well-a-day!
 And love, &c.

Kind nature now took Colin's part;
My eyes inform'd against my heart:
 My heart, ah, well-a-day!
 My heart, &c.

Straight glow'd with thrilling sympathy,
And echo'd back each gentle sigh,
 Each sigh, ah, well-a-day!
 Each sigh, &c.

Can love, alas! by words be won?
He ask'd a proof, a tender one,
 While I, ah, well-a-day!
 While I, ah, well-a-day!
In silence blush'd a fond reply:
Can she who truly loves deny?
 Ah, no! ah, well-a-day!
 Ah, no! ah, well-a-day!

Song. Set by Dr. Green. The Words by Mr. Gay.

GO, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace,
 My Chloe's bosom grace,
 How happy should I prove,
 How happy should I prove,
 Might I supply that envied place
 With never-fading love!
 With never-fading love!

There, phoenix like, beneath her eye,
 Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die;
 Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there,
 More fragrant roses there:
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
 With envy and despair,
 With envy and despair.

One common fate we both must prove;
 You die with envy, I with love,
 You die with envy, I with love.

THE MODEST QUESTION.

CAN love be controll'd by advice?
 Can madness and reason agree?
 Oh! Molly, who'd ever be wise,
 If madness is loving of thee?
 Let sages pretend to despise
 The joys they want spirits to taste;
 Let me seize old Time as he flies,
 And the blessings of life while they last.
 Dull wisdom but adds to our cares;
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy;
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
 Too late may repent being coy.

Then

Then, Molly, for what should we stay,
 Till our best blood begins to run cold?
 Our youth we can have but to-day;
 We may always find time to grow old.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

BEHOLD the sweet flowers around,
 With all the bright beauties they wear,
 With all the bright beauties they wear;
 Yet none on the plains can be found,
 So lovely, so lovely, as Celia is fair,
 So lovely as Celia is fair.

Ye warblers, come raise your sweet throats,
 No longer in silence remain,
 No longer in silence remain;
 Oh! lend a fond lover your notes,
 To soften, to soften, my Celia's disdain,
 To soften my Celia's disdain.

Oft-times in yon flowery vale
 I breathe my complaints in a song,
 I breathe my complaints in a song;
 Fair Flora attends the sad tale,
 And sweetens, and sweetens the borders along,
 And sweetens the borders along.

But Celia, whose breath might perfume
 The bosom of Flora in May,
 The bosom of Flora in May;
 Still frowning pronounces my doom,
 Regardless, regardless, of all I can say,
 Regardless of all I can say.

Song

THE BULL-FINCH.

Song in Love in a Village.

HOPE! thou nurse of young desire,
 Fairy promiser of joy,
 Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
 Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
 Softest soother of the mind,
 Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
 Surest friend the wretched find.

DUET.

Kind deceiver, flatter still;
 Deal our pleasures unpossess;
 With thy dreams my fancy fill,
 And in wishes make me blest.

Song in Love in a Village.

WELL, well, say no more;
 So you told me before,
 I know the full length of my tether.
 Do you think I'm a fool,
 That I need go to school,
 I can spell you, and put you together.
 A word to the wife
 Will always suffice:
 Add sniggers! go talk to your parrot.
 I'm not such an elf,
 Thof I say't of myself,
 But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

Song in the Oratorio of Susanna. Set by Mr. Handel.

ASK if yon damask rose is sweet,
 That scents the ambient air;
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Susanna's fair.

Say,

THE BULL-FINCH.

239

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
And warble through the grove?
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
Let pride in splendour shine:
Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear;
Be fair Sufanna mine.

THE SCHOOL OF ANACREON. *A Cantata.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met, the social band
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent stand;
My sons (began the sage) be this the rule;
No brow austere must dare approach my school,
Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign within:
Old Care, begone! here sadness is a sin.

AIR.

Tell not me the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, or him that's great;
Wealth and wisdom I despise;
Cares surround the rich and wise:
The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
Me their friend and fav'rite own,
And I was born for them alone:
Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,
Give them to the fools I hate.

But let love, let life be mine:
Bring me women, bring me wine:
Speed the dancing hours away;
Mind not what the grave ones say;

Gaily

Gaily let the minutes fly,
 In wit and freedom, love and joy:
 So shall love, shall life be mine;
 Bring me women, bring me wine.

Song in The Miser.

HOW brim-full of nothing's the life of a beau!
 They've nothing to think of, they've nothing
 to do;

And nothing to talk of for nothing they know:
 Such, such, is the life of a beau;
 Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air;
 Spend the morning in nothing, but curling their hair;
 And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter, and stare:
 Such, such, is the life of a beau;
 Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing at night to the play-house they crowd;
 To mind nothing done there, they always are proud;
 But to bow and to grin, and talk *nothing* aloud:
 Such, such, is the life of a beau;
 Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing they run to th' assembly and ball:
 And for nothing at cards, a fair partner they call;
 For they still must be basted, who've nothing at all:
 Such, such, is the life of a beau;
 Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing, on Sundays, at church they appear;
 They have nothing to hope for, and nothing to fear:
 They can be nothing no where, who nothing are here,
 Such, such, is the life of a beau;
 Such, such, is the life of a beau.

THE BULL-FINCH.

241

Song by Mr. Bowden, in Love in a Village.

ONS! neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like this;
 What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss?
 The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace)
 Would do the same thing, were they in the same place.
 No age, no profession, no station is free;
 To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:
 That power, resistless, no strength can oppose;
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

Song. Set by Mr. Baildon.

WHEN first by fond Damon Flavella was seen,
 He slightly regarded her air and her mien;
 He slightly regarded her air and her mien:
 The charms of her mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm as a lover but cool as a friend;
 From friendship, not passion, his raptures did move,
 And he boasted his heart was a stranger to love;
 And he boasted his heart was a stranger to love.
 New charms he discover'd, as more she was known;
 Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own,
 Her face, &c.
 Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
 And ev'ry dear virtue beam'd forth in her mind:
 Still, still, for the sanction of friendship he strove,
 Till a sigh gave the omen, and show'd it was love;
 Till a sigh, &c.
 Now, proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the fair,
 Grows dull to all pleasure, but being with her;
 Grows dull, &c.
 He's mute, till his heart-strings are ready to break;
 For fear of offending forbids him to speak;
 And wanders a willing example to prove,
 That friendship with woman is sister to love;
 That friendship, &c.

M

A lover

THE BULL-FINCH.

A lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence;
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense;
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense:
 His passion nor wrinkles nor age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay;
 And time, that can beauty's short empire remove,
 Increasing her reason, increases his love;
 Increasing her reason, increases his love.

THE REASONABLE LOVER.

I Seek not at once in a female to find
 The form of a Venus with Pallas's mind;
 Let the fair-one I love have but prudence in view,
 That, though she deceives, I may still think her true;
 Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean;
 Let her temper be cloudless, and open her mien:
 By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led,
 Nor indebted to paint—for white or for red.

May her tongue, that dread weapon in most of the sex,
 Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex:
 Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
 For prudes I despise, and coquettes I detest:
 May her humour the taste of the company hit,
 Nor affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit:
 Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,
 And I'll love her for ever—I mean, if I can.

Song by Mr. Mattocks, in Love in a Village.

O How shall I, in language weak,
 My ardent passion tell,
 Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak
 That cruel word, farewell!

Farewell!

Farewell!—but know, tho' thus we part,
 My thoughts can never stray:
 Go where I will, my constant heart,
 Must with my charmer stay.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found?
 O Friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetener of life;
 Kind parent of ease and composer of strife;
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour!
 How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend!
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace:
 When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

COME, Rosalind, oh! come and see
 What pleasures are in store for thee;
 The flow'rs in all their sweets appear,
 The fields the gayest beauties wear;
 The fields the gayest beauties wear:
 The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove,
 Now warble out their songs of love,
 Now warble out their songs of love;
 For thee they sing, and roses bloom,
 And Colin thee invites to come;
 And Colin thee invites to come.

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M 2

Come,

Come, Rosalind, and Colin join;
 My tender flocks and all are thine:
 If love and Rosalind be near,
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year;
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.
 Come, see a cottage and a swain:
 Can'st thou my love or gifts disdain?
 Can'st thou my love or gifts disdain?
 Leave all behind, no longer stay,
 For Colin calls, then haste away;
 For Colin calls, then haste away.

AN ADDRESS TO THE LADIES.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
 Who trip in this frolicksome round,
 Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,
 The sexes at once so confound?
 What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
 With each motion design'd to perplex?
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
 And softness the test of your sex—dear girls,
 And softness the test of your sex.

The girl, who on beauty depends for support,
 May call ev'ry art to her aid;
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
 Are samples she gives of her trade:
 But you on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
 Should sily attack with coyness and wiles,
 Not with open and insolent air—brave girls,
 Not with, &c.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,
 And kindly should seem by the artist design'd,
 To serve as a model for you.

Then

Then learn with her beauties to copy her air;
 Nor venture too much to reveal:
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal—sweet girls,
 And double, &c.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
 Are charms which no art can procure;
 Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we'll pay,
 And your empire is solid and sure:
 But if Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters or aunts;
 Believe me, you'll never be wives—poor girls,
 Believe me, you'll never be wives.

Song in The Beggar's Opera.

VIRGINS are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
 Which in the garden enamels the ground;
 Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
 And gaudy butterflies frolick around.

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
 To Covent-Garden 'tis sent as yet sweet,
 There shrinks, and fades, and grows past all enduring,
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

Song. Set by Dr. Boyce.

AS Thyrsis reclin'd by her side he lov'd best,
 With a sigh, her soft hand to his bosom he prest,
 While his passion he breath'd in the grove:
 As the bird to his nest still returns for repose,
 As back to its fountain the constant stream flows,
 So true and unchang'd is my love.

Yet e'er this heart roves, or revolts from its chains,
May Ceres in rage quit the valleys and plains,

May Pan his protection deny:

In vain would young Phillis and Laura be kind;
On the lips of another no rapture I find;

With thee as I've liv'd, so I'll die.

More still had he sworn, but the queen of the May,
Young Jenny the wanton, by chance, tript that way,
And sought sweet repose in the shade:

With sorrow, young lovers, I tell the soft tale,
The lass was alluring, the shepherd was frail,

And forgot ev'ry vow he had made.

To comfort the nymph, and her loss to supply,
In form of Alexis young Cupid drew nigh,

Of shepherds the envy and pride:

Ah! blame not the maid if o'ercome by his truth,
Her hand and her heart she bestow'd on the youth,

And the next morn beheld her his bride.

Learn rather from Sylvia's example, ye fair,
That a pleasing revenge shall take place of despair;

Give sorrow and care to the wind:

If faithful the swain, to his passion be true;

If false, seek redress in a lover that's new,

And pay each inconstant in kind.

SONG.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass;
That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my
glass;

But to you men of reason, my reasons I'll own;
And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare;
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair:
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That make it as good and as charming as she.

My

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own;
But tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could frown:
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime;
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time:
But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd:
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy;
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love:
But in drinking, thank Heaven, no rival contends;
For the more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life
With nurses and babies, and squalling and strife;
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring;
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage;
It brings on diseases, and hastens old age:
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the
grave.

Perhaps like her sex, ever false to her word,
She had left me to get an estate or a lord:
But my bumper (regarding nor title or pelf)
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain;
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy:
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

Song in The Chaplet.

DECLARE, my pretty maid,
 Must my fond suit miscarry?
 With you I'll toy, I'll kifs, and play,
 But hang me if I marry—hang me if I marry:
 With you I'll toy, I'll kifs, and play,
 But hang me if I marry.
 Then speak your mind at once,
 Nor let me longer tarry:
 With you I'll toy, I'll kifs, and play,
 But hang me if I marry.
 With you, &c.
 Though charms and wit assail,
 The stroke I well can parry;
 I love to kifs, to toy and play,
 But do not choofe to marry:
 I love, &c.
 Young Molly of the Dale
 Makes a mere slave of Harry,
 Because, when they had toy'd and kifs'd,
 The foolish fwain would marry:
 Because, &c.
 These fix'd resolves, my dear,
 I to the grave will carry;
 With you I'll toy, and kifs, and play,
 But hang me if I marry—hang me if I marry:
 With you I'll toy, and kifs, and play,
 But hang me if I marry.

Song. Set by Dr. Boyce.

WHEN the nymphs were contending for beauty
 and fame,
 Bright Sylvia stood foremost in right of her claim;
 At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's;
 At court she was envy'd, and toasted at White's.

Bu

THE BULL-FINCH.

249

But how shall I whisper the fair-one's sad case?
A cruel disease has destroy'd her sweet face;
Her vermilion is chang'd to a dull settled red,
And all her gay graces of beauty are fled;
And all, &c.

Take heed, all ye fair, lest you triumph in vain;
For Sylvia, tho' altered from pretty to plain,
Is now more engaging, since reason took place,
Than when she possess'd the perfections of face;
Than when, &c.

Convinc'd she no more can coquette it, and tease,
Instead of tormenting, she studies to please;
Makes truth and discretion the guide of her life;
Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife;
Tho' spoil'd for a toast, she's well form'd for a wife.

Song. The Words by Mr. Gay.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye Jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sail among your crew?
William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cords glide swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.
So sweet the lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

M 5

O Susan!

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain;

Let me wipe off that falling tear:

We only part to meet again.

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be

The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;

They'll tell that Sailors, when away,

In ev'ry port a mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,

For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,

Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright;

Thy breath is Afric's spicy dale;

Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view

Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn;

Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,

William shall to his dear return:

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,

Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosoms spread;

No longer must she stay on board;

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head;

Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;

Adieu! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WAS Nanny but a rural maid,

And I her only swain,

To tend her flocks in verdant mead,

And on the verdant plain;

Oh!

Oh! how I'd pipe upon my reed,
 To please my lovely maid:
 While of all sense of care we're freed,
 Beneath an oaken shade.
 When lambkins under hedges bleat,
 And rain seems in the sky;
 Then to our oaken safe retreat,
 We'd both together hie!
 There I'd repeat my vows of love
 Unto my charming fair,
 Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart would prove
 A mind like mine sincere.
 Let others fancy courtly joys,
 I'd live in rural ease;
 Then grandeur, bustle, pride, and noise,
 Could ne'er my fancy please.
 In Nanny ev'ry joy combines,
 With grace and blooming youth,
 Sincerity and virtue shines,
 With modesty and truth.

STREPHON AND PHOEBE.

Set by Dr. Arne.

YOUNG Strephon long doated on Phœbe the fair,
 Whose heart of his anguish did secretly share;
 But fearing his passion would changeably prove,
 She prudently check'd the soft dictates of love.
 The beauties you fancy, the fair one would say,
 Are charms of a moment, and doom'd to decay;
 Love founded so slightly can never prove true;
 The bloom disappearing, the passion dies too.
 Oh! wrong not your beauty, reply'd the fond swain;
 Its lasting impression will ever remain;
 Tho' age, like the winter, may blast thy fair prime,
 Yet virtue, still blooming, gains vigour by time.

THE BULL-FINCH.

The strength of my eyes with your charms will
decline,

Nor gaze at a face that is younger than thine;
While this faithful heart, ever true to my vow,
Preserves thy dear image, as bright as 'tis now.

Then banish, dear Phœbe, each doubt, and each fear,
That make fancy'd evils like real ones appear;
The swift-flying moments with ardour improve,
And grant the reward that is due to my love.

Kind Phœbe assenting, believ'd the fond youth,
Who prov'd that his passion was founded on truth;
And, tho' envious age may her beauty impair,
Her virtue and honour will ever be fair.

Song in The Padlock.

WAS I a shepherd's maid to keep
On yonder hills a flock of sheep:
Well pleas'd, I'd watch the live-long day
My ewes at feed, my lambs at play:
Or, would some bird, that pity brings
But for a moment lend its wings;
My parents they might rave and scold,
My guardian strive my will to hold;
Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
But spite of all, away I'd fly.

THE BACCHANALIAN.

Sung at Vauxhall.

CONTENTED I am and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar that's plenteously stor'd?

See!

THE BULL-FINCH.

253

See! my vault door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
 Tap the cask, for the wine we will try;
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to your taste,
 And as bright as her cheeks to your eye.
 In a piece of slit-hoop I my candle have stuck,
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
 The foot of my glass for the purpose I've broke,
 For I hate that a bumper should stand.
 Sound that pipe—'tis in tune, and the bins are well
 fill'd,
 View that heap of Champagne in the rear;
 Those bottles are Burgundy—see how they're pil'd,
 Like Artillery—tier over tier.
 My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
 All gloriously rang'd in review;
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
 As kingdoms I've got to subdue.
 'Tis my will when I die not a tear shall be shed,
 No *Hic jacet* be grav'd on my stone;
 But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
 And say that my drinking is done.

THE REVENGE. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

WHEN I beheld you all divine,
 And fondly thought your passion true,
 I Chloe, call'd you only mine,
 And lov'd no other nymph but you.
 How could I think a face so fair,
 Cou'd now so false and fickle prove;
 That you who did so often swear,
 Would ever break the bonds of love?
 But I no longer feel your chain,
 Nor you possess your wonted pow'r:
 No longer I a slave remain,
 A Chloe's captive as before:

But

But go, and other hearts beguile,
 Go, and some other conquest find!
 'Tis you that show a flatt'ring smile,
 'Tis you can kill while yet you're kind.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr. Battishil.

TO reason, ye fair-ones, assert your pretence,
 Nor hearken to language beneath common-sense:
 When angels men call ye, and homage would pay,
 If you credit the tale, you're as faulty as they.
 Ten thousand gay scenes are presented to view,
 Then thousand oaths sworn, but not one of them true;
 Such passions, oh! heed not, unless to deride,
 Lest a victim you fall to an ill-grounded pride.
 Prefer ye the dictates of virtue to sound,
 True blessings can ne'er without goodness be found;
 Leave folly and fashion, misguiders of youth,
 And stick to their opposites, freedom and truth.

Song. Set by Mr. Handel.

O! had I Jubal's lyre,
 Or Miriam's tuneful voice,
 To sounds like his I would aspire,
 In songs like her I would rejoice.
 My humble strains but faintly show,
 How much to heaven and thee I owe.

THE CHARMS OF ISABEL. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

FAIR is the swan, the ermine white,
 And fair the lily of the vale;
 The moon, resplendent queen of night,
 And snows that drive before the gale,
 In fairness these the rest excel,
 But fairer is my Isabel,

Sweet

THE BULL-FINCH.

255

Sweet is the vi'let, sweet the rose,
And sweet the morning breath of May :
Carnations rich their sweets disclose,
And sweet the winding woodbines stray.
In sweetness these the rest excel,
But sweeter is my Isabel,

Constant the poets call the dove,
And am'rous they the sparrow call;
Fond is the sky-lark of his love,
And fond the feather'd lovers all.
In fondness these the rest excel,
But fonder I of Isabel.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

MY roving heart has oft with pride
Dissolv'd love's silken chains;
The wanton deity defy'd,
And scorn'd his sharpest pains,
But from thy form, resistless, stream
Such charms as must controul;
In thee the fairest features beam,
The noblest, brightest soul.
Pleas'd in thy converse all the day,
Life's sand unheeded runs,
With thee I'd hail the rising ray,
And talk down summer's suns.
Our loves congenial still the same,
With equal force shall shine ;
No cloy'd desires shall damp the flame,
Which friendship will refine.

A favourite

A favourite Ballad.

WHILST merit and reason give sanction to love,
 How can ye, ye fair-ones, my passion reprove?
 For none but the prude the soft passion disdains;
 And she boasts of a virtue, which yet she but feigns.

Genteel is my Damon, engaging his air;
 And his face, like the morn, is both ruddy and fair:
 No vanity sways him, no folly is seen;
 But open's his temper, and noble's his mien.

With prudence illumin'd his actions appear;
 His passion is calm, and his judgement is clear;
 Soft love sits enthron'd in the beams of his eyes:
 He is manly, yet tender; he's fond, yet he's wise.

He's young and good-humour'd; he's gen'rous and
 gay;

And his voice can, like musick, drive sorrow away;
 An amiable softness still dwells on his speech;
 He's willing to learn, though he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me as long as I live,
 And his heart is too honest to let him deceive:
 Then blame me, ye virgins, if justly you can;
 For merit and fondness distinguish the man.

A favourite Song in Lethe. Set by Dr. Arne.

THE card invites, in crowds we fly,
 To join the jovial routful cry;
 What joy—from cares and plagues all day,
 To hie to the midnight hark-away!
 Nor want, nor pain, nor griefs, nor care,
 Nor drowsy husbands enter there;
 The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
 All hie to the midnight hark-away.

Uncounted

THE BULL-FINCH.

257

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
And drowsy watchmen idly knock:
'Till daylight peeps we sport and play,
And roar to the jolly hark-away.
When tir'd with sport to bed we creep,
And kill the tedious day with sleep,
To-morrow's welcome call obey,
And again to the midnight hark-away.

A favourite DUET, in Solomon. Set by Dr. Boyce.

THOU soft invader of the soul,
O love, who shall thy pow'r control?
To quench thy fires, whole rivers drain,
Thy burning heat shall still remain.
In vain we trace the globe to try,
If powerful gold the joys can buy;
The treasures of the world will prove
Too poor a bribe to purchase love.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

WITH Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads,
And hasten away to the plain,
Where shepherds attend with their reeds,
To welcome my love and her swain.
The lark is exalted in air,
The linnet sings perch'd on the spray;
Our lambs stand in need of our care,
Then let us not lengthen delay.

What pleasures I feel with my dear,
While game some young lambs are at sport,
Exceed the delights of a peer,
Who shines with such grandeur at court.

When

When Colin and Strephon go by,
 They form a disguise for a while;
 They see how I'm blest, with a sigh,
 But envy forbids them to smile.

Let courtiers of liberty prate,
 T' enjoy it take infinite pains;
 But liberty's primitive state
 Is only enjoy'd on the plains.
 With Phillis I rove to and fro,
 With her my gay minutes are spent;
 'Twas Phillis first taught me to know,
 That happiness flows from content.

A favourite Song for two Voices. Set by Sig. Galli.

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
 Ah! me, what meant my throbbing breast?
 Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
 If love thou art, then farewell rest.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain,
 Those gentle smiles did first create;
 And though you may not love again,
 In pity, ah! forbear to hate.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep;
 They have nothing to do but to stray,
 I have nothing to do but to weep.
 Ye do not my folly reprove;
 She was fair—and my passion begun;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so complete would be fought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire,
 It banishes wisdom the while;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless and I am undone;
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how ye loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.

O, ye woods! spread your branches apace,
 To your deepest recesses I fly;
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
 I would vanish from ev'ry eye.
 Yet my reed shall resound through the grove,
 With the same sad complaint it begun,
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love,
 Was faithless, and I am undone.

Song. Set by Dr. Hayes.

LET the French hop and sing, and a cage relish
 best,
 Like birds who their freedom have lost from their nest;
 But Britons deserving a much better fate,
 (Should they chance to be caught by the lime-twigs
 of state)
 Are the birds that have fled and sweet liberty known,
 Whose songs are no more when their freedom is gone.

So

So Judah's sweet harps on the willows were hung,
 In a land of oppression, untun'd and unstrung;
 'To ask of the captives a song was in vain,
 'Till liberty strung them and tun'd them again.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
 My ravish'd eyes reprove,
 And chide them from the only face
 They can behold with love?
 To ease my pain, and sooth my care,
 I seek a nymph more kind,
 And as I rove from fair to fair,
 Still gentle usage find.
 But, oh! how weak is ev'ry joy
 Where nature has no part?
 Fresh beauties may my eyes employ,
 But you alone my heart.
 Thus wretched exiles, when they roam,
 Meet pity ev'ry where;
 But languish for their native home,
 Though death attends them there.

Song. Set by Dr. Boyce.

NO more shall meads be deck'd with flow'rs,
 Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bow'rs;
 Nor greenest buds in branches spring,
 Nor warbling birds delight to sing:
 Nor April violets paint the grove,
 If I forsake my Celia's love.
 The fish shall in the ocean burn,
 And fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
 The humble vale no flood shall know,
 When floods shall highest hills o'erflow;

Black Lethe shall oblivion leave,
If e'er my Celia I deceive,

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
The sun refuse to show his light,
And day be turned into night;
And in that night no star appear,
If e'er I leave my Celia dear.

Song in The Capricious Lovers.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
As thus—a decent blind,
Eetwene the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Resentment's in the snap;
A flirt expresses strong disdain,
Consent a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose
All modes of female art,
And to advantage sweetly shows
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
By Love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

Song in The Royal Shepherd.

VOWS of love should ever bind
Men who are to honour true;
They must have a savage mind,
Who refuse the fair their due.

Scorn'd

Scorn'd and hated may they be,
 Who from constancy do swerve;
 So may ev'ry nymph agree
 All such faithless swains to serve.

A favourite Song in Tamerlane.

TO thee, O gentle sleep! alone
 Is owing all our peace;
 By thee our Joys are heighten'd shown,
 By thee our sorrows cease.

The nymph whose hand by fraud or force
 Some tyrant has possess'd,
 By thee obtaining a divorce,
 In her own choice is bless'd.

Oh! stay, Arpasia bids thee stay,
 The sadly weeping fair
 Conjures thee not to lose, in day,
 The object of her care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,
 That motion chas'd her sleep:
 Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought,
 The griefs for which we weep.

SOLICITUDE. *A Pastoral. Set by Dr. Arne.*

WHY will you my passion reprove?
 Why term it a folly to grieve?
 Ere I tell you the charms of my love,
 She is fairer than you can believe:
 With her mien she enamours the brave;
 With her wit she engages the free;
 With her modesty pleases the grave:
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

THE BULL-FINCH.

263

When Celadon tries in the dance
Some favour with Phillis to find,
Oh! how with one trivial glance
Might she ruin the peace of my mind?
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—Oh! may Phillis beware
Of a magick there is in the found.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phillis's eyes:
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Celadon's tongue;
Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

Song in Eliza. Set by Dr. Arne.

THE woodlark whistles through the grove,
Tuning the sweetest notes of love
To please his female on the spray;
Perch'd by his side, her little breast
Swells with a lover's joy confest,
To hear and to reward the lay.

Come then, my fair-one, let us prove
From their example how to love:
For thee the early pipe I'll breathe;
And when my flock return to fold,
Their shepherd to thy bosom hold,
And crown him with the nuptial wreath.

Song

Song in The Padlock.

SAY, little foolish flutt'ring thing,
 Whither, ah! whither would you wing
 Your airy flight?
 Stay here and sing,
 Your mistress to delight.

No, no, no,
 Sweet Robin, you shall not go,
 Where, little wanton, could you be
 Half so happy as with me?

SONG.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose;
 Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
 Gentle as wind when Zephyr blows,
 Refreshing as descending rains
 On sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.
 True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun;
 Constant as gliding waters roll,
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon:
 From ev'ry other charmer free,
 My life and love shall follow thee.
 The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues;
 Sweet Philomel in shady bow'rs
 Of verdant spring her note renews:
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.
 Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the seasons rise;
 As winter to the spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
 No change on love the seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
 Ev'n marble tow'rs and walls of brass
 In his rude march he levels low:
 But time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from my soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
 The gentle godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding heart,
 To mingle with the blest above;
 Where known to all his kindred train,
 He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister fair, the soul,
 Twin-born, from heav'n together came;
 Love will the universe controul,
 When dying seasons lose their name:
 Divine abodes shall own his power,
 When time and death shall be no more.

A favourite Song by Mr. Harrison.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
 That Mary to Anna convey'd;
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
 And it seem'd to a fanciful view
 To weep for the buds it had left, with regret,
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
 And swinging it rudely (too rudely, alas!)
 I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

N

And

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind;
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
 Already to sorrow reclin'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
 Might have bloom'd with its owner a while;
 And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
 May be follow'd, perhaps, with a smile.

Song by Mrs. Kennedy.

SHOULD the rude hand of care wound my partner
 for life,
 He always shall find his best friend in his wife;
 In the midst of his cares if on me he'll recline,
 His sorrows, his anguish, his tears shall be mine.
 Should cheerfulness tempt him to mirthful employ,
 My invention shall seem to enliven his joy:
 When the light-footed hours all in gaiety shine,
 His pleasures, his transports, his smiles shall be mine.
 The wife 'tis agreed best her station adorns,
 When spreading life's roses and blunting its thorns;
 Then I'll strive to select its most valuable flow'rs,
 And their fragrance, their beauties, their bloom shall
 be ours.

Song. Set by Dr. Boyce.

THOUGH Chloe's out of fashion,
 Can blush and be sincere;
 I'll toast her in a bumper,
 If all the belles were here.
 What though no diamonds sparkle
 Around her neck and waist,
 With ev'ry shining virtue
 The lovely maid is grac'd.

THE BULL-FINCH.

267

In modest plain apparel,
 No patches, paint, or airs;
 In debt alone to nature,
 An angel she appears.
 From gay coquettes, high finish'd,
 My Chloe takes no rules,
 Nor envies them their conquests,
 The hearts of all the fools.
 Who wins her must have merit,
 Such merit as her own;
 The graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not she has one.
 Then grant me gracious heav'n
 The gifts you most approve,
 That Chloe, charming Chloe,
 May bless me with her love.

Song. Set by Dr. Boyce.

IF you my wand'ring heart would find,
 That heart you say is like the wind,
 That varies here, that wanders there,
 To ev'ry nymph that's kind and fair—
 I say, if then this heart you'd find,
 Turn to your own unsettled mind;
 If e'er it wanders, 'tis to be
 In wandering constantly with thee.
 How can it settle, when you fly,
 And shun this faithful votary:
 It oft a nymph that's fair doth find,
 But never yet the nymph that's kind.
 If you would fix this wand'ring heart,
 Join it with your's, 'twill ne'er depart;
 But in the pangs of death will prove
 It wander'd but to fix your love.

CANTATA. *The Words by the late Lord Lansdown,*

FROLIC and free, for pleasure born,
 Dull, self-denying fools I scorn:
 The proffer'd blifs I'll ne'er refuse,
 'Tis often troublesome to choofe.
 Lov'st thou, my friend? I love at fight.
 Drink'st thou? This bumper does thee right.
 At random with the stream I flow,
 And play my part where'er I go.

But, god of fleep! fince we muft be
 Oblig'd to give fome hours to thee,
 Invade me not, while the full bowl
 Glows in my cheek, and warms my foul!
 Be that the only time to fnore,
 When I can laugh and drink no more;
 Short, very fhort, be then thy reign,
 For I'm in hafte to live again.

But, oh! if melting in my arms,
 The nymph belov'd, with all her charms,
 In fome foft dream fould then furprife,
 And grant what waking fhe denies;
 Gentle flumber, pr'ythee ftay;
 Slowly, flowly, bring the day!
 May no rude noife my blifs destroy!
 Such fweet delufion's real joy.

Sung at the Theatres.

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englifhman's
 food,
 It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood;
 Our fouldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good:
 O the roast-beef of Old England!
 And O the Old Englifh roast-beef!

But since we have learnt from all-conqu'ring France
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaisance.

O the roast-beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song.

O the roast-beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name?
A sneaking poor race, half-begotten and tame,
Who sully those honours that once shone in fame.

O the roast-beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terrour if e'er she did frown.

O the roast-beef, &c.

In those days if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again;
As witness the vaunting Armada of Spain.

O the roast-beef, &c.

O then they had courage to eat and to fight,
And when wrongs were a cooking to do themselves
right;

But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night.

O the roast-beef of Old England!

And O the Old English roast-beef!

Song in The Chaplet.

YOU say, at your feet that I wept in despair,
And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair;
How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke?
What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
 And nothing but death should my passion remove;
 I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year:
 And not yet contented? Have conscience, my dear.

Song in The Chaplet. Set by Dr. Boyce.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
 To resist the tender dart;
 For examples move us never;
 We must feel, to know the smart.
 When the shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our beauties sets to view;
 Vanity, her aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due;
 Bids us think 'tis all our due.
 Softer than the vernal breezes
 Is the mild, deceitful strain:
 Frowning truth our sex displeases;
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain:
 But too soon the happy lover
 Does our tend'rest hopes deceive:
 Man was form'd to be a rover,
 Foolish woman to believe;
 Foolish woman to believe.

Song in The Chaplet.

WHAT med'cine can soften the bosom's keen
 smart?
 What Lethe can banish the pain?
 What cure can be met with, to soothe the fond heart
 That's broke by a faithless young swain?
 In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try
 The sports of the wake and the green!
 When Colin is dancing, I say with a sigh,
 'Twas here first my Damon was seen.

When

THE BULL-FINCH.

275

When to the pale moon the soft nightingale's moan,
In accents so piercing and clear;
You sing not so sweetly, I cry, with a groan,
As when my dear Damon was near.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,
And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove;
For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,
And Damon pretended to love.

Sung in The Chaplet.

DAMON.

CONTENTED all day I could sit by your side,
Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the cool
tide;

And, while the clear river runs purling along,
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song;
The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

LAURA.

Whilst you are but by me, no danger I fear;
Ye lambs, rest in safety, my Damon is near;
Bound on, ye blythe kids, now your gambols may
please,
For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease;
For my shepherd, &c.

DAMON.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay;
Ne'er yield to the swain till he makes you a wife,
For he who loves truly will take you for life;
For he who, &c.

LAURA.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the fair,
'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care;

N 4

Then

Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to defend;
Nor betray, &c.

DUETTO.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd;
Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found:
Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
To preserve in their age, what they gain'd in their youth;
To preserve in their age, what they gain'd in their youth.

Song in Thomas and Sally.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad;
To horse, my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay:
What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox!
O'er hill, and o'er valley, he flies:
Then follow; we'll soon overtake him — Huzza!
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.
Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like bacchanals, shouting and gay,
How sweet with the bottle and lads to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day!
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
Dull wisdom all happiness sours:
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

BACCHUS AND ARIADNE. *A Cantata.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

RECITATIVE.

THE faithless Theseus scarce had got on board,
When Ariadne wak'd, and mis'd her lord;
Sudden she rose, and to the beach she flew,
And saw his vessel less'ning to her view:

She

THE BULL-FINCH.

273

She smote her breast, she rav'd, and tore her hair,
Then in soft plaints, she vented her despair.

AIR.

Ah! Theseus, Theseus stay!
Cease, cease, ye winds to blow!
Kind Neptune, cease to flow,
Nor waft my love away!
Ah! whither wilt thou go?
Could I have serv'd thee so?
Ah! Theseus, faithless Theseus, tell me why
You fly from her who gave thee pow'r to fly?

RECITATIVE.

The jolly god, who rules the jovial bowl,
Bacchus, whose gifts re-animate the soul,
Heard and beheld poor Ariadne's grief,
And gently thus administer'd relief.

AIR.

Cease, lovely nymph, to weep,
Wipe off that falling tear;
Though Theseus plow the deep,
You've still a lover here:
I am Bacchus, god of wine,
God of revelry and joy;
If Ariadne will be mine,
Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.
Come, Silenus, fill a cup
Of my choicest cordial draught;
Fill it man, why fill it up;
'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought:
Fill it higher to the brink:
Come, my lovely mourner, drink!

RECITATIVE.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,
And to her lips the nectar'd cup apply'd:

THE BULL-FINCH.

The potent draught, with more than magic art,
 Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding heart:
 In wine ambrosial all her cares were drown'd,
 And with success the rosy god was crown'd:
 While old Silenus, as he reel'd along,
 Thus entertain'd them with his frolic song.

AIR.

Learn hence, ye fond maidens, who droop and who pine,
 Learn hence, ye fond lovers, the virtue of wine:
 Let the nymph, who's forsaken for one that's more
 fair,
 Take a comforting glass, and 'twill drown all despair;
 And let the fond youth, who would win the coy maid,
 Instead of his Cupid's, seek Bacchus's aid.
 Jolly Bacchus ne'er fails of performing his part;
 Let him gain the head, and you'll soon gain the heart.

THE NON-PARIELLE.

Set by Dr. Boyce.

THE nymph whom I lov'd was as chearful as day,
 And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May;
 Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove;
 And her face was as fair as the mother's of love:
 Tho' mild as the pleasantest zephyr that sheds,
 And receives gentle odours from flowery beds;
 Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
 And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.
 Her mind was unfully'd as new falling snow,
 And as lively as tints from young Iris's bow;
 As clear as the stream, and as deep as the flood;
 She, tho' witty, was wise, and though beautiful, good:
 The sweets that each virtue, or grace had in store,
 She cull'd, as the bee does the bloom of each flow'r,
 Which treasur'd for me, O! how happy was I!
 For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

THE BULL-FINCH.

275

Cantata. By Mr. Stanley.

AIR.

WHILE others barter ease for state,
And fondly aim at growing great,
Let me, with rosy chaplets crown'd,
Stretch'd on the flow'r-enamell'd ground,
The grape's nectarcous juices quaff,
Alternate sing, and love, and laugh.
Already see the purple juice
Resplendent o'er my cheek diffuse
A second youth!—again the bowl
With warm desires inflames my soul.

RECITATIVE.

Quickly, ah! quickly, must I leave
The joys which wine and beauty give;
Soon must I quit my wonted mirth,
And mingle with my parent earth,
Where kings, divested of their state,
With slaves sustain a common fate.

AIR.

Let then the present hour be mine,
Bless'd in the joys of love and wine;
Come, ye virgin throng, advance,
And mingle in the sprightly dance:
To the lyre's enchanting sound
Nimbly tread the blythesome round;
While the genial bowl inspires
Soft delight and gay desires.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,
And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn;
When sky-larks tun'd their carols sweet,
To hail the god of light and heat;

N 6

Philander,

Philander, from his downy bed,
To fair Lifetta's chamber sped,
Crying—awake, sweet love of mine,
I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
Which, that a kiss she might obtain,
She artfully had clos'd again:
He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,
Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap,
And near forgot that his design
Was but to be her Valentine.

She starting cry'd—I am undone!
Philander, charming youth, begone!
For this time, to your vows sincere,
Make virtue, not your love, appear:
No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes
(Forgive the simple fond disguise)
To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,
And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
Fair honour govern'd in its stead,
And both agreed, ere setting sun,
To join two virtuous hearts in one:
Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
The sweet effects of mutual love;
And, from that hour to life's decline,
She blest'd the day of Valentine.

THE SHEPHERD AND CUPID.

TWAS early on a holiday,
A harmless shepherd chanc'd to stray,
And wand'ring near a chrystal brook,
He sat him down to bait his hook:

Thus

Thus said the shepherd, free from care,
“ If I the gudgeon should ensnare,
“ Or any of the scaly fry,
“ I’d envy none beneath the sky.”

His sport was harmless as his mind;
Upon his hand his head reclin’d;
And list’ning to the wood-lark’s note,
He watch’d the motion of his float:
It scarce obtain’d a single swim,
Ere Cupid round the swain did skim,
With feather’d wings extended wide,
And settled by the shepherd’s side.

The swain had heard of bows and darts,
And Cupid’s snares that torture hearts;
Became uneasy at the sight,
But artfully conceal’d his fright;
“ I pr’ythee, Cupid, tell, I pray,
“ What brought thee out so soon to-day?”
“ In truth (said he) my sport’s like thine;
“ I hither come to wet my line.”

“ If that be true, thou pretty boy,
“ Then leave with me that glitt’ring toy;
“ I mean the arrow in thy hand;
“ Then equally we’ll share our stand.”
“ Shepherd, I’ll give thee any thing;
“ Pray take with it my bow and string.”
The swain secure his cheek did stroke,
And sily Cupid’s arrow broke.

But, lo! an angel’s voice he heard,
And soon an angel’s form appear’d;
With eyes so bright as poets say,
Should Phœbus sleep, might rule the day:
The shepherd listen’d to her song;
I fear the shepherd gaz’d too long;
For as her eyes their beams withdrew,
Her fatal looks the shepherd slew.

At first he felt uncommon smart,
 And fear'd the boy conceal'd a dart:
 Then faintly turning, "Child (said he)
 "This evil arrow comes from thee."
 "O! shepherd, it is no such thing;
 "Thou hadst my arrow, bow, and string,
 "But now I guess for whom you smart;
 "The nymph you saw has pierc'd your heart."

Cantata. THE MORNING.

Set by Dr. Arne.

THE glitt'ring sun begins to rise
 On yonder hill, and paints the skies;
 The lark his warbling matin sings;
 Each flow'r in all its beauty springs;
 The village up, the shepherd tries
 His pipe, and to the woodland hies.
 Oh! that on th' enamelled green
 My Delia, lovely maid, were seen;
 Fresher than the rose's bloom,
 Sweeter than the mead's perfume.
 Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey;
 As some lone turtle his lost love deploras,
 And with shrill echoes fills the sounding shores;
 So I, like him, abandon'd and forlorn,
 With ceaseless plaints my absent Delia mourn.
 Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along;
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song;
 The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Nor balmy sleep to lab'ers spent with pain,
 Nor show'rs to larks, nor sun-shine to the bee,
 Are half so pleasing as thy sight to me,

Song

Song. Set by Count St. Germain.

O H! wouldst thou know what sacred charms
This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
This destin'd heart of mine alarms;
What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree,
The maid that's made for love and me;
The maid that's made for love and me.

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear,
Who melts, &c.
From each ungen'rous passion free;
Be such the maid that's made for me,
Be such the maid &c.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessings she bestows,
Who feels the blessings, &c.
Gentle to all, but kind to me;
Be such the maid that's made for me,
Be such the maid, &c.

Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart,
Are all the natives, &c.
A gentle train, from falsehood free;
Be such the maid that's made for me,
Be such the maid, &c.

Avaunt! ye light coquettes, retire,
Where flatt'ring fops around admire,
Where flatt'ring fops around admire;
Unmov'd your tinsell'd charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me,
More genuine beauties are for me.

*The Words made to a favourite Scotch Air, in the
Overture of Thomas and Sally.*

Set by Dr. Arne.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
Blythe Jockey to young Jenny came;
But, tho' she lik'd him passing well,
She careless turn'd her spinning-wheel.
Her milk white hand he did extol,
And prais'd her fingers long and small,
Unusual joy her heart did feel,
But still she turn'd her spinning wheel.
Then round about her slender waist
He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd;
To kiss her hand he down did kneel,
But yet she turn'd her spinning-wheel.
With gentle voice she bid him rise,
He blest her neck, her lips and eyes;
Her fondness she could scarce conceal;
Yet still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.
Till bolder grown, so close he press'd,
His wanton thought she quickly guess'd;
Then push'd him from her rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her spinning-wheel.
At last, when she began to chide,
He swore he meant her for his bride;
'Twas then her love she did reveal,
And flung away her spinning-wheel.

Song in The Oracle.

WOULD you with her you love be blest,
Ye lovers these instructions mind,
Conceal the passion in your breast,
Be dumb, insensible, and blind:

But

But when with gentle looks you meet,
 And see the artless blushes rise,
 Be silent, loving, and discreet;
 The Oracle no more implies,
 When once you prove the maid sincere,
 Where virtue is with beauty join'd;
 Then boldly like yourselves appear,
 No more insensible, or blind:
 Pour forth the transports of your heart,
 And speak your soul without disguise;
 'Tis fondness, fondness must impart;
 The Oracle no more implies.
 Though pleasing fatal is the snare,
 That still entraps all womankind,
 Ladies, beware, be wise, take care,
 Be deaf, insensible, and blind:
 But should some fond deserving youth
 Agree to join in Hymen's ties,
 Be tender, constant, crown his truth;
 The Oracle no more implies.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of Celia to sing.
 For emblems of beauty I search thro' the spring;
 To flowers soft blooming, compar'd the sweet maid,
 But flowers, tho' blooming, at ev'ning may fade.
 Of sunshine and breezes I next thought to write,
 Of breezes so calm, and of sunshine so bright;
 But these with my fair no resemblance will hold,
 For the sun sets at night, and breezes grow cold.
 The clouds of mild evening array'd in pale blue,
 While the sun-beams behind them peep'd glittering
 through,
 Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise,
 Yet methought they look'd something like Celia's
 sweet eyes:

These

These beauties are transient; but Celia's will last,
 When spring, and when summer, and autumn are past;
 For sense and good-humour no season disarms,
 And the soul of my Celia enlivens her charms.

At length on a fruit-tree a blossom I found
 Which beauty display'd, and shed fragrance around;
 I then thought the Muses had smil'd on my pray'r,
 'This blossom, I cry'd, will resemble my fair;
 These colours so gay, and united so well,
 'This delicate texture, and ravishing smell,
 Be her person's dear emblem: but where shall I find,
 In nature, a beauty that equals her mind?

This blossom, now pleasing, at summer's gay call
 Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall;
 But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise,
 By nature disrob'd of his beauteous disguise:
 So Celia, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er,
 By her virtues improv'd, shall engage me the more;
 Shall recall ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime,
 When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

A favourite Song for two Voices. Set by Mr. Travers.

The Words by Matt. Prior.

WHEN Bibbo thought fit from the world to
 retreat,

As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat,

He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,

He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.

"Trim the boat, and sit quiet! (stern Charon reply'd)

"You may have forgot, you were drunk when you
 dy'd."

Song

THE BULL-FINCH.

283

Song in Artaxerxes. Set by Dr. Arne.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant, love,
A conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
O! let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create;
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah! I feel too much inclin'd
To take the traitor's part.

Song in Thomas and Sally.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
My wild desires to rally:
But now they're of themselves come home,
And, strange! no longer seek to roam;
They centre all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one! damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy.
Can love with ruin tally?
By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, oh! come, thou sweeter far
Than jessamin and roses are,
Or lilies of the valley;
Oh! follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest'd in Sally.

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Song.

Song. Set by Dr. Arne.

MYRTILLA, demanding the aid of my pen,
To tell what of her were the thoughts of the
men,

Insisted for once I would alter my tune,
And write panegyricks as well as lampoon:
With candour describing the woman I see,
When I steal from my glass, to Myrtilla and tea.

If the eyes sweet employ to the soul give delight,
And beauty's an object engaging to sight;
How kind is my fair-one, whose studies confess,
Her aim is at nature's amendment in dress!
'Though oft in the structure, mistaken the plan,
She spoils what she meant should give pleasure to man.

When I hear her sweet voice in its natural key,
Her good-humour'd prattle is musick to me;
Her kifs would soon make the dull hermit forego
His cell and high views for that heaven below;
But when for a trifle with anger grown bold,
Her words are but discord, her kisses are cold.

Like dew to the flow'rs is love to mankind;
Each sense's employment in woman we find,
Unless affectation, that bane to the fair,
Unfeters the heart they attempt to ensnare:
Let nature the science of pleasing direct;
A charm ill-display'd soon becomes a defect.

THE TOBACCO-BOX. *A favourite Dialogue.*

TOM. **T**HOUGH the fate of battle
On to-morrow wait,
Let's not lose our prattle
Now, my charming Kate:

Till

THE BULL-FINCH.

285

Till the hour of glory,
Pleasure may take place,
Nor damp the joys before you
With a future case.

No new beauties tasting
In their arts above,
Three campaigns are wasting,
But not so my love;
Anxious still about thee,
Thou art all I prize,
And never, Kate, without thee
Will I close my eyes.

KATE. Constant, never fear thee,
Still will I remain;
Trust me, I'll be near thee,
Love, the whole campaign;
And never cease the filling
Each night the bright cantin,
While I've a single shilling
Left my purse within.

TOM. If by some bold action
I the halbert bear,
Think what satisfaction
In my rank you'll bear:
Drest like any lady,
Fine from top to toe,
Rings your ears adorning,
A lac'd cap and shoe.

KATE. If a serjeant's lady
I should chance to prove,
Clean linen shall be ready
Always for my love;
And never more will Kitty
The captain's laundress be,
I'd think myself too pretty
For any one but thee.

TOM,

TOM. Here, Kate, take my 'Bacco-Box,
A soldier's all,
And if by some bold Frenchman's hand
I'm doom'd to fall,
That when thy Tom's life's ended,
Thou may'st boast and prove
Thou had'st his first, his last,
His only pledge of love.

KATE. Tom, take back thy 'Bacco-Box,
Thou art my all,
And trust me, I'll be near thee, love,
If thou should'st fall:
For the hour of danger
I will always share,
I'll not be kept a stranger
To my soldier's fare.

TOM. Check that rising sigh,
Stop that falling tear,
Come, my pretty messmate,
Let us drink our beer:
O! may heav'n defend thee—
Hark!—the drums command;
Honour, I attend thee;
Love, I kiss thy hand.

KATE. I can't refrain from crying,
And tears I disdain,
Yet I own 'tis trying
Hard, the point to gain:
May angels still be with thee,
Conquest on thee wait,
One kiss, if I must leave thee,
Alas! poor Kate.

THE BULL-FINCH.

287

AGE. *Set by Dr. Boyce.*

RECITATIVE.

OFT am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon—thou grow'st old :
Look how thy hairs are falling all,
Poor Anacreon! how they fall.

AIR.

Whether I grow old, or no,
By the effect I do not know ?
'This I know, without being told,
'Tis time to live if I grow old.
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the most to make,
And manage wisely—the last stake.

Song in The Merchant of Venice.

MY blifs too long my bride denies,
Apace the wafing fummer flies ;
Nor yet the wint'ry blafts I fear,
Nor ftorm, nor night, fhall keep me here.
What may for ftrength with fteel compare ?
O! Love has fetters ftonger far :
By bolts of fteel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the mind.
No longer then perplex thy breaft,
When thoughts torment, the firft are beft :
'Tis mad to go—'tis death to ftay—
Away, my Jeffy, hafte away.

Song by Mr. Bannifter, in Liberty-Hall.

SEE the courfe throng'd with gazers, the fports are
begun,
The confufion—but hear—I bet you, fir—Done—
Ten thoufand ftange murmurs refound far and near,
Lords, hawkers, and jockies affail the tir'd ear ;
While

While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his
breast;

Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
The high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
Lam'd, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some
blood;

Well-knowing postillions his pedigree trace,
Tell "his dam won this sweepstakes—his sire that
race;"

And what matches he won to the ostlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at some hedge alehouse door;
While the harness fore galls, and the spurs his sides
goad,

The high-mettled racer's—a hack on the road.

Till at last having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees he bends on to his fate;
Blind, old, lean and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws sand till the sand of his hour-glass stands still;
And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view
In the very same cart he the day before drew:
What a pitying crowd his sad relicks surrounds,
The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

CANTATA. *Set by Mr. Stanley.*

RECITATIVE.

TO wisdom's cold delights (a foe to love)
Philander dedicates his blooming youth:
Retir'd from the fair, he vainly thought
Himself secure from Love's all-conqu'ring pow'r;
And thus, exulting with a victor's pride,
The beardless sage the god of love defy'd.

AIR.

AIR.

Cupid's power I despise;
 Love's a foe to liberty:
 Coral lips and sparkling eyes
 Ne'er shall force a sigh from me.

RECITATIVE.

Scarce had he spoke, when 'cross the verdant plain
 The beauteous Delia tripp'd: th' admiring swain,
 With wonder struck, pursues her with his eyes,
 And feels new passions in his bosom rise:
 Subdu'd at length, he sought the winding grove,
 There met the nymph, and sighing own'd his love.
 An inward joy her scornful looks confess;
 And thus she mocks the humble youth's distress.

AIR.

Tell me, boaster, where art now,
 Thy look austere, thy rigid brow,
 And fancy'd charms of liberty?
 Try if reason can controul
 The rising passion in thy soul,
 Nor implore relief from me.

RECITATIVE.

Her fixt disdain th' enamour'd swain perceives,
 And (but too late) his boasted wisdom grieves;
 Too late convinc'd how vain is reason's aid
 To guard the heart which beauty's charms invade.

AIR.

Ye youths, who the pleasures of loving disdain,
 Be warn'd by the fate of this confident swain:
 Confess the soft god, and submit to his sway;
 For, sooner or later, ye all must obey:
 The chearful, the serious, all kneel at his shrine,
 And grey-headed wisdom proclaims him divine.

[Da Capo.]

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

ONE summer eve, as Nancy fair
 Sat spinning in the shade,
 While soaring sky-larks shook the air
 In warbling o'er her head;
 In tender coos the pigeons woo'd;
 (Love's impulse all must feel)
 She sung, but still her work pursu'd,
 And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

" While thus I work with rock and reel,
 " So life by time is spun;
 " And as runs round my spinning-wheel,
 " The world turns up and down:
 " Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
 " While I no changes feel,
 " But get my bread by sweat of brow,
 " And turn my spinning-wheel.
 " From me let men and women too
 " This homespun lesson learn,
 " Not mind what other people do,
 " But eat the bread they earn:
 " If none were fed, were that to be,
 " But what deserv'd a meal,
 " Some ladies then, as well as me,
 " Must turn the spinning-wheel."

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
 Thus sung her witless strain,
 When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,
 And brought home Nancy's swain:
 " Come," cries the dame, " Nance, here's thy spouse,
 " Away throw rock and reel:"
 Blythe Nancy with the bonny news
 O'erset her spinning-wheel.

THE BULL-FINCH.

291

Song. Set by Dr. Arre.

O Love, thou bitter foe to rest,
Who hast, within this harmless breast,
So home the sick'ning arrow sent,
Relieve a poor unwary maid,
Who, fondly gazing, was betray'd,
Nor knew what self-delusion meant.

Since custom, cruel to the fair,
Forbids my passion to declare;
Assist, blind god of soft desire:
To thy omnipotence I kneel;
Let him my secret anguish feel,
And burn for me with equal fire.

Then if the lovely youth appear
By turns inclin'd to hope and fear,
And tenderly his passion move,
My heart shall flutter to his sighs;
With gentle looks I'll meet his eyes,
And never, never cease to love.

HAUGHTY STREPHON.

YE gods, that round fair Celia wait,
From her bright eyes to bring our fate,
Bear to the nymph my softest sighs,
And tell her, her adorer dies.

But if that won't her pity move,
And she (proud thing) disdains to love,
Then let her know, 'tis all a lye,
For haughty Strephon scorns to die.

THE BULL-FINCH.

GLEE. *Set by Dr. Cooke.*

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
 Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
 By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay.
 And freedom shall a while repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Song. The Words by Matt. Prior.

HASTE, my Nannette, my lovely maid,
 Hasten to the bow'r thy swain has made;
 For thee alone I made the bow'r,
 And strew'd the couch with many a flow'r:
 None but my sheep shall near us come;
 Venus be prais'd, my sheep are dumb!
 Great god of Love, take thou my crook,
 To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock;
 Guard thou the sheep to her so dear,
 My own, alas! are less my care;
 But of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
 Come not to us to call for aid;
 For with her swain my love shall stay,
 Though the wolf stroll, and the sheep stray.

GLEE. *Set by Dr. Cooke.*

HARK! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins to rise,
 His steed to water at those springs,
 On chalic'd flowers that lies.

And

THE BULL-FINCH.

293

And winking mary-buds begin
To ope' their golden eyes,
With ev'ry thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet arise.

Song by Mr. Edwin, in The Agreeable Surprise.

AMO, amas,
I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender;
Sweet cowslip's grace
Is her nom'tive case,
And she's of the feminine gender.

CHORUS.

Rorum corum
Sunt divorum,
Harum scarum! divo!
Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hat-band,
Hic, hoc, horum genitivo!

Can I decline,
A nymph divine?
Her voice as a flute is dulcis;
Her oculus bright,
Her manus white,
And soft, when I tacto, her pulse is.

Rorum corum, &c.

Oh, how bella
My puella!
I'll kifs secula seculorum:
If I've luck, sir,
She's my uxor,
O dies benedictorum?

Rorum corum, &c.

Song by Mr. Edwin.

HERE's an old song made by an ancient pate;
Of a worthy old gentleman who had a good
estate:

And kept a very plentiful house at a very plentiful rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.
Moderation, moderation, O wonderful moderation!

With a good lady, whose anger a good word assuages,
Who never knew what belong'd to coachmen, foot-
men, or pages;

But every quarter paid her old servants their wages,
And kept twenty or thirty old men in blue coats and
badges.

Moderation, &c.

With an old library fill'd full of learned old books,
And a reverend old chaplain, you might know him by
his looks,

An old buttery hatch worn off the old hooks,
And a good old kitchen that maintains half a dozen
good cooks.

Moderation, &c.

With an old hall hung round with guns, pikes, and
bows,

An old frize coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of good old cherry to comfort his copper
nose.

Moderation, &c.

With a good old custom when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum;
And have good cheer enough in every old room,
And liquor enough to make a cat speak, and a wise
man dumb.

Moderation, &c.

With

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a pack of
hounds,

With which he ne'er hunted but on his own grounds;
For he like a wise man kept himself within bounds,
And when he dy'd left each child a good old thou-
sand pounds.

Moderation, &c.

Then to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to be of the same bounteous
mind;

But in the end you shall hear how he was inclin'd,
And left his good old father's precepts behind.

Alteration, &c.

Like a young gallant who had just taken possession of
his land,

He took up a thousand pounds upon his own bond;
Kept a brace or two of creatures at his own command;
And drinking at taverns 'till he could neither fit or
stand.

Alteration, &c.

With a new lady who was fresh and fair,
And never knew what belong'd to housekeeping or
care;

Who kept a dozen or two of fans to play the wanton
air,

And half a dozen dresses made of horses manes and
cow-tail hair.

Alteration, &c.

With a new library stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new-fashion'd sort of a chaplain who swears
faster than he prays;

Also a new buttery hatch that opens but once in five
or six days,

And a large kitchen stor'd with nothing but kickshaws
and toys.

Alteration, &c.

With

With a new hall built just where the old one stood,
In which was never seen fire, either of turf, coal, or
wood;

It was hung round with pictures which did the poor
little good,

The subject whereof were all profane and lewd.

Alteration, &c.

With a new fashion when Christmas is come,
In a post-chaise for London we must be gone,
And leave nobody at home but our new porter, John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with
a stone.

Alteration, &c.

With a new valet, his person to adorn,
In order to attend my lord's levee in the morn;
In horse-racing, gaming, masquerades and plays,
The young gallant consumes health, wealth, and days.

Alteration, &c.

New titles are bought with his father's old gold,
For which many of his father's good old manors were
fold,

Which is the reason most men do hold,
That open house-keeping is now a-days grown so very
cold.

Alteration, alteration, O! wonderful alteration.

CORYDON AND PHILLIS. *A Pastoral.*

Written by Mr. Cunningham.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close to a grove,
To hide from the heat of the day;
And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
Among the sweet violets lay:

A young

THE BULL-FINCH.

297

A young lambkin, it seems, had been stole from its
dam,

('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot)

That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
Arrive at the critical spot.

As through the green hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the fair nymph with surprise;

Ye gods if so killing, he cry'd, while she sleeps,
I'm lost if she opens her eyes:

To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,

I'll homeward my lambkin to trace,

But in vain honest Corydon strove to depart,

For love held him fast to the place.

Cease, cease, pretty birds, what a chirping you keep,

I think you too loud on the spray;

Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep,

You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day.

How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!

Her cheeks he mistakes for the rose:

I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid

My boldness would break her repose.

Then Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,

Kind shepherd, said she, you mistake;

I laid myself down for to rest me awhile,

But, trust me, I was not asleep.

The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,

He plac'd himself down by her side;

And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,

But yesterday made her his bride.

Song in the Interlude of True Blue.

NOW away, my brave boys, hoist the flag, beat
the drum,

Let the streamers wave over the main,

When Old England she calls us, we merrily come,

She shan't call a sailor in vain.

O 5

Already

Already we seem an Armada to chace,
 Already behold the galleons;
 Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the face,
 And return with a load of doubloons,
 Then farewell for a time, lovely sweethearts, dear
 wives,
 Nancy, fear not the fate of True Blue;
 Though we leave you and merrily venture our lives,
 To our doxies we'll ever be true;
 With spirit we go an armada to chace,
 With rapture behold the galleons,
 Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the face,
 And return with a load of doubloons.

INVOCATION TO CUPID. *Written by Mr. Birch.*

LET virtue soothe the hoary sage,
 Let wine the gay inspire:
 Me softer numbers now engage,
 To Cupid strike the lyre!
 Him, of immortal birth, I sing,
 Fair Venus' beauteous boy!
 Who tun'd Apollo's fav'rite string,
 And wak'd the world to joy.
 With burnish'd bow and venom'd spear,
 Olympus owns his sway;
 Who caus'd the mighty thunder there
 To sigh his hours away.
 In vain we strive his pow'r to fly,
 Too sure he aims his dart;
 He revels in the brightest eye,
 And warms the coldest heart.
 O, could those eyes my numbers move,
 To comfort as they wound;
 My whitest kid, thou god of Love!
 Should on thy shrine be bound.

Or

Or quit the throne of Flavia's eye,
 Or Flavia's heart subdued:
 Or grant at least the pow'r to fly,
 Where Flavia can't pursue.

THE MULBERRY TREE. *Sung in The Jubilee.*

BEHOLD this fair goblet—'twas carv'd from the
 tree,
 Which, oh! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by
 thee:

As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
 What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree;

Bend to thee,

Bless'd mulberry!

Matchless was he

That planted thee.

And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
 Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep
 the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
 To root out the natives at prices so dear;

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
 Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast;
 Of the fir we make ships—there are thousands that
 fight,

But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
 Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flow'rs,
 The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
 With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

THE BULL-FINCH.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
 Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church;
 But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find—
 He gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
 From him and his merits this takes its degree:
 Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
 The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,
 More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
 So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
 Has the laurel and bay, and the vine all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hallow'd tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be;
 Let's fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
 'To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.



CHORUS in *Judas Maccabeus*. Set by Mr. Handel.

SEE the conqu'ring hero comes,
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
 Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
 Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the godlike youth advance,
 Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance:
 Myrtles wreath, and roses twine,
 To deck the hero's brows divine.

A favourite

A favourite Song in Cymon. Set by Dr. Arne.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
You've waken'd my passions, my senses have
charm'd;

In vain against merit and Cymon I strove,
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,
From youth that is frostnipt no raptures can flow;
Elysium to him but a desert will prove:

What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
Her buds and her flow'rets make blithsome sweet May;
Love blesses the cottage and sings thro' the grove
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love?

A favourite Song in the Oratorio of Judith.

Set by Dr. Arne. Sung by Mrs. Pinto.

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flow'r,
Pageant of an idle hour;
Born just to bloom and fade;
Nor less weak, less vain than it,
Is the pride of human wit;
The shadow of a shade.

THE COMPARISON.

Set by Dr. Arne.

PARTING to death we will compare;
For sure to those who love sincere,
So dreadful is the pain,
Such doubts, such horrors, rend the mind:
But, oh! when adverse fate grows kind,
How sweet to meet again,

To

To those try'd hearts, and those alone,
 Who have the pangs of absence known,
 The blissful change is given;
 And who—oh! who would not endure
 The pangs of death, if they were sure
 To reap the joys of heaven?

THE YOUNG-MAN'S WISH.

FREE from the bustle, care, and strife,
 Of this short variegated life,
 Oh! let me spend my days,
 In rural sweetness with a friend,
 To whom my mind I may unbend,
 Nor censure heed, nor praise.

Riches bring cares—I ask not wealth;
 Let me enjoy but peace and health,
 I envy not the great;
 For these alone can make me blest'd,
 The riches take of east and west,
 I claim not these, or state.

Though not extravagant, nor near,
 But through the well-spent chequer'd year,
 I'd have enough to live;
 To drink a bottle with a friend,
 Assist him in distress—ne'er lend,
 But rather freely give.

I too would wish (to sweeten life)
 A gentle, kind, good-natur'd wife,
 Young, sensible, and fair;
 One who could love but me alone,
 Prefer my cot to e'en a throne,
 And soothe my ev'ry care.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,
 My life I chearfully would spend,

With

With no vain thoughts oppress'd;
 If heav'n has blifs for me in store,
 Oh! grant me this, I ask no more,
 And I am truly blest'd.

THE ENGLISH PADLOCK.

Words by Matt. Prior.

MISS Danaë, when fair and young,
 (As Horace has divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
 By doors of steel, and walls of brass.

Tell us, mysterious husband, tell us
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
 Can harsh restraint, the bolt, the bar,
 Make thee secure, thy wife less fair?

Send her abroad, and let her see
 That all this world of pageantry,
 Which she, forbidden, longs to know,
 Is powder, pocket-glass, and beau.

Be to her virtues ever kind,
 Be to her faults a little blind,
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
 And clap your padlock—on her mind.

ANNA. *A favourite Song.*

SHEPHERDS I have lost my love,
 Have you seen my Anna?
 She's the pride of ev'ry grove
 Upon the banks of Banna;
 I for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountain;
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain,

Never

Never shall I see them more,
 Until her returning;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning:
 Whither is my charmer flown?
 Shepherds, tell me whither;
 Ah! woe is me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever, and for ever.

A PASTORAL.

YE shepherds, so careless and gay,
 Who sport with the nymphs of the plain,
 Take heed lest you frolick away
 The peace you can never regain;
 Love's morning, how blithsome it seems,
 With an aspect deceitfully fair;
 Its day oft in sorrow decline,
 And it sets in the night of despair.
 How hard is my lot to complain
 Of a nymph whom I e'er shall adore?
 Though she loves not her shepherd again,
 Her Damon must love her still more:
 'Twas his the fair nymph to behold,
 He hop'd—and he rashly believ'd;
 'Twas her's to be fatally cold,
 He lov'd—and was fondly deceiv'd.
 Yet surely my Phillis did seem
 To prize me most shepherds above,
 But that might be only esteem,
 Whilst I foolishly constru'd it love:
 Yet others, like Damon, believ'd
 The nymph might have favour'd her swain;
 And others, like him, were deceiv'd,
 Like him, though they cannot complain,

Of Phyllis was always my song,
 For she was my pride, and my care,
 And the folks, as we wander'd along,
 Would call us the conjugal pair:
 But now the delusion is o'er,
 Those day-dreams of pleasure are fled;
 Now her Damon is pleasing no more,
 And the hopes of her shepherd are dead.

SONG.

COME all ye young lovers, who, wan with despair,
 Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair,
 Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms,
 And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms;
 Be wise by example, take pattern from me;
 For, let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne I saw, in the net soon was caught;
 I lied, and I flatter'd, as custom has taught;
 I press'd her to bliss, which she granted full soon;
 But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon.
 She vow'd she was ruin'd, I said it might be,
 I'm sorry, my dear, but by Jove I'll be free.

The next was young Phyllis, as bright as the morn,
 The love that I proffer'd she treated with scorn;
 I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
 That none can be handsome but such as are kind.
 Her pride and ill-nature were lost upon me;
 For, in spite of fair faces, by Jove I'll be free.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys;
 Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise;
 Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis sure a strange rage,
 And, like birds, they sing best when they're put in a
 cage;

Confinement's the devil; 'twas ne'er made for me;
 Let who will be bond-slaves, by Jove I'll be free.

Then

Then let the brisk bumper run over the glass,
 In a toast to the young and the beautiful lass,
 Who, yielding and easy, prescribes no dull rule,
 Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool.
 Let us bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee,
 For, in spite of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be free.

Song. Written by Mr. Birch.

AWAKE, my love! in smiles awake!
 For night withdraws her sable veil,
 The clouds of morn refulgent break,
 And odours breathe in ev'ry gale.
 Arise! and aid the dawn, my fair!
 Dispute the blush with yonder east:
 The breath shall mock the fragrant air,
 Thy light thy radiant eyes increase.

SONG.

THE dauntless sailor leaves his home,
 Each softer joy and ease:
 To distant climes he loves to roam,
 Nor dreads the boist'rous seas.
 His heart, with hopes of vict'ry gay,
 Scorns from the foe to run:
 In battle terrors melt away,
 As snow before the sun.
 Though all the nations of the world
 Britannia's flag would low'r,
 Her banners still shall wave unfurl'd,
 And dare their haughty pow'r!
 But see, Bellona sheathes her sword;
 Hush'd is the angry main:
 The cannon's roar no more is heard;
 Sweet peace resumes her reign!

MARY

MARY OF THE DALE.

'TWAS at the cool and fragrant hour,
 When evening steals upon the sky,
 When lovers seek the silent bow'r,
 Young William taught the grove to sigh;
 His heav'nly form and beauteous air,
 Were like the flow'ry vale,
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love
 Of Mary of the dale.

When o'er the mountain peeps the dawn,
 Oppress'd with grief he'd often stray,
 O'er rising hill and fertile lawn,
 To sigh and weep his cares away:
 Though he had charms to win each fair,
 That dwells within the vale,
 Yet did he sigh, and all for love
 Of Mary of the dale.

The merry dance, the chearful song,
 Could now no more a charm impart,
 No more his hours glide smooth along,
 For grief lay heavy at his heart:
 This cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
 Was like the primrose pale,
 Sighing, he died, and all for love
 Of Mary of the dale.

SONG.

YE gay sons of Bacchus replenish the bowl,
 'Tis the mirror that shews us mankind;
 Pride, envy, and malice, admit its controul,
 And leave undisfigur'd the mind.

The.

The sage, who of old wish'd a window were plac'd
 To discover the haunts of the soul,
 Would have done full as well had he ply'd ev'ry guest;
 With the mystic contents of the bowl.

Round the heart that is honest, the balm it supplies
 To cure ev'ry sorrow that basks;
 But to knaves and to slaves all its pleasure denies,
 And gradually steals off their masks.

Then let pedants and milk sops our bev'ridge disclaim,
 Its virtues they never can know:
 While *we* ply the bowl, tis an ocean of fame,
 And a speedy reliever of woe!

THE ROSY FAIR.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Freemasons Hall.

ARISE, my rosy nymph of May,
 And with your Colin early stray,
 To taste the new-morn air;
 The lark his tuneful notes hath rung,
 To hail you with a bridal song;
 Then rise, my Rosy Fair.

Twelve moons are past this May-day morn,
 Since you beneath the white blown thorn
 Avow'd to me, I swear,
 That this same hour you'd kindly yield:
 By ev'ry flow'r that deck the field,
 You vow'd my Rosy Fair.

No longer then such blifs deny,
 But with your Colin's suit comply,
 That he may ever wear
 That gentle, kind, and wish'd-for chain,
 Which is to bind your Colin's swain,
 My charming Rosy Fair.

'The nymph she hasten'd to her love,
 With joy he led her to the grove,
 And fragrant was the air;
 The linnets tuneful perch'd the spray,
 And warbled forth their dulces lay
 To hail the Rosy Fair.

Then soon they join'd the rural train,
 In sportive dance they tripp'd the plain,
 To Hymen's temple, where
 The golden chain, connubial band,
 To Colin bound the lily hand
 Of his sweet rosy fair.

LOVELY ANNA.

WHEN lovely Anna first I view'd,
 Amid the num'rous throng;
 Fearful my heart should be subdu'd,
 I thus address'd my song—
 Sweet son of beauty, now forbear
 Thy bow to bend in vain;
 Not once enchain'd to all that's dear
 My freedom will maintain.

With scornful look, the youth reply'd,
 Can nought those charms inspire?
 To such the gods would be ally'd,
 Perfection all admire.
 He straight let fly an arrow keen,
 A chasm wide was op'd;
 Soft pleasure flow'd, I view'd the mien,
 To gain her all I hop'd.

THE BOWL.

OH! come thou rosy God of wine,
 Chase all sorrow from my heart;
 'Tis time enough sure to repine,
 When the bowl and I shall part;
 For whilst in that—such charms I find,
 Care—I give thee to the wind.

When with hopeless love oppress'd,
 To thy shrine I oft repair;
 There is found both peace and rest,
 There I banish gloomy care:
 Around my temples then entwine
 The sweet enchanting heav'nly vine.

When duns and bailiffs teize my soul
 With odious debt and odious jail;
 Then I fondly clasp the bowl,
 And in the bottom look for bail;
 Nor look in vain—whilst there I find,
 Jovial spirits—free and kind.

For when elated by their pow'r,
 No gaol I fear, nor debts unpaid;
 Jovial passes ev'ry hour,
 'Till their magic spells are laid:
 'Tis then, alas!—freed from the snare,
 I lose my bowl—and find my care.

TIME.

Written by Mr. Birch.

TIME like the winged courser, flies,
 When youthful pleasures round us roll;
 But ah! how faint, how slow he is,
 When grief or pain obscures the soul.

THE BULL-FINCH.

311

No filken cords of love can bind,
Nor wealthy bribe entice his stay;
Nor can the means the wretched find
To urge his cruel cold delay.

The sons of pleasure never heed
The moments which their transports crown;
Too late perceive the traitor's speed,
And wonder where their joys are flown.

Da Capo.

The sons of woe, with sighs and tears,
Wish every tedious minute gone:
Unmoy'd the sullen tyrant hears,
Nor mends his pace, but slumbers on.

Da Capo.

THE WORLD WELL LOST.

WHILE the tedious hours beguiling,
I with Daphne fondly toy,
Heaven throughout her aspect smiling,
Big with unexhausted joy!
Soft content and love united,
Wake each feeling into bliss;
Thus employ'd, and thus delighted,
Rapture breathes in ev'ry kiss.
What are then the boasted treasures,
Pomp or pride of erring man!
Rich in nature's choicest pleasures,
To enjoy is all our plan.

JE PENSE A VOUS.

Sung by Mr. Incedon, at Vauxhall.

JE pense à vous—where'er I stray,
While sorrow marks my lonely way;
The sports of spring unmov'd I view,
Alone I sigh and think of you.

*Je pense à vous.
Ah!*

Ah! why in absence do I mourn,
 Why vainly wish for your return;
 While transient pleasure you pursue,
 Alone I sigh and think of you.

Je pense à vous.

Come then to cheer our native plain,
 Return to bless a constant swain;
 With love reward a love so true,
 O think of him who thinks of you.

Je pense à vous.

Song by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall Gardens.

THEN here's to thee Tom, and now here's to
 thee, Will,

Since we're met let us sing, and let's merrily quaff;
 The bottle and bowl sha'n't a moment stand still;

Who knows when again we thus gaily may laugh:
 This day is our own, be the day without sorrow,
 For life, my brave boys, may be over to-morrow.

Whate'er you intend, or to do or to say,

Make sure of the present, and all will go right,
 For he who has liv'd as he ought all the day,

May sleep with content on his pillow at night.
 Make sure of to-day that the next mayn't be sorrow,
 Since life, my brave boys, may be over to-morrow.

Ye lovers who're young, and more so who are old,
 Neglect not a moment to make the fair kind;

For love has got wings, and your girls may be cold,
 If to-day you can't get them to be of your mind.

If you lose but an hour, it may be to your sorrow,
 Love and life, my brave boys, may be over to-morrow.

Then trust not to-morrow, to-morrow's not here,

To-day is the season for business or play;
 Who've not lost their time, can have nothing to fear,

Who thinking of to-morrow are losing to-day.

Now, now is our own, nought of time let us borrow,
 Let us live as if life should be over to-morrow.

THE BULL-FINCH.

313

THE COACH BOX.

YOU may feast your ears with a fife and drum
Or the cat-gut tickle or wire strum,
But next to the smack of a sweet girl's lip,
The music, for me, is the smack of a whip.
 With my ding, dong,
 Dash along,
 Heigh gee ho.

II.

As the statesman's driving the patriot pouts,
While the changes he rings on the inns and outs,
And swears every courtier's a minister's hack,
For none but the devil's own cattle are so black.
 With my ding, dong, &c.

III.

While the prodigal son takes the reins in his hands,
And the go-by gives to his house and lands;
With black, white and brown his career he runs,
But, alack, he's at last o'er ta'en by the duns.
 With my ding, dong, &c.

IV.

But let them quarter the road of care,
While I on the road have a birth to spare,
If I overturn a friend that is put to the shift,
Overturn me plump but I'll lend him a lift.
 With my ding, dong, &c.

V.

Once to ride in my coach little Teague had a mind,
But for want of the cash took the basket behind;
When the fear that put poor paddy in a pother
Was the basket and coach running foul of each
 other.

With my ding, dong, &c.

P

When

VI.

When to silence all his scruples at once
 He was pitch'd in the boot to secure his sconce;
 Now, says he, push away, I'll complain no more,
 Since I'm first at last tho' behind before.

With my ding, dong, &c.

VII.

But whether before or behind we are slow'd,
 When in life we are over the upland road,
 May the vale of years then the prospect crown,
 And the journey end in a safe set-down.

With my ding, dong, &c.

S O N G.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of
 day,

And the horns and the hounds call each sportsman
 away;

Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now they
 bound,

While health, rosy health, is in exercise found.

Hark away is the word, to the sound of the horn,
 And echo, blithe echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,

While pufs flies the covert, and dogs quick pursue;

Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,

While the loud opening pack pursue her amain.

Hark away, &c.

At length pufs is caught, and lies panting for breath,

And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for death.

No joys can compare to the sports of the field,

To hunting all pastimes and pleasures must yield.

Hark away, &c.

Sung

THE BULL-FINCH.

315

Sung by Mr. Wilfon in Gretna Green.

MY bottle is my wife and friend,
When low, her spirits rear me;
If ever Rorry does unbend,
Oh! how her spirits cheer me.
Lovely bottle
Warms my throttle,
Makes me niddle, noddle queerly;
Stammer stumble,
Stare and tumble,
Wimble womble dearly.

II.

She's my doctor and my nurse,
My champion in a hobble;
Although she empties oft my purse,
She makes my blood right noble,
Lovely bottle, &c.

III.

When by the waist I feize my wife,
She fires me with love stories;
As I'm wedded to her firm for life,
I'll dance and sing her glories.
Lovely bottle, &c.

THE MULBERRY TREE.

THE sweet-briar grows in the merry greenwood,
Where the musk rose diffuses its perfumes so
free;
But the blight often seizes both blossom and bud,
While the mildew flies over the mulberry tree.

II.

In the nursery rear'd, like the tenderest vine,
 Mankind of all orders and every degree;
 First crawl on the ground then spring up like the
 vine,
 And some branch and bear fruit, like the mulberry
 tree.

III.

To the fair tree of knowledge some twine like a twig,
 While some sappy sprouts with its fruits disagree;
 For which we for birch now and then pluck a sprig,
 Which is not quite so sweet as the mulberry tree.

IV.

That vast tree of life we all eagerly climb,
 And impatiently pant at its high top to be;
 Tho' nine out of ten are lopp'd off in their prime,
 And they drop like dead leaves from the mulberry
 tree.

V.

Some live by the leaf, and some live by the bough,
 As the song, or the dance, their vocation may be,
 And some live and thrive, though we know no more
 how,
 Then the dew that flies over the mulberry tree.

VI.

But like weeping willows we hang down the head
 When poor wither'd elders we're destin'd to be,
 And are minded no more than mere logs when
 we're dead,
 Or the dew that flies over the mulberry tree.

VII. Yet

VII.

Yet like lignum vitæ we hearts of oak wear,
 Or the cedar which keeps from the canker worm
 free;
 While the wine juice we drain to dissolve every care,
 Like the dew that flies over the mulberry tree.

SONG.

Set by Mr. Hook.

WHEN first I kenn'd young Sandy's face,
 He sung and look'd with sic a grace,
 He stole my heart, but did na care,
 The lad he lov'd a lass more fair;
 And oft I sung o'er Brae and Burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.

He lov'd a lass with fickle mind,
 Was sometimes cauld, and sometimes kind;
 Which made the love-sick laddy rue,
 For she was cauld, when he was true,
 He mourn'd and sung o'er Brae and Burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
 Where cowslips and sweet lav'rocks join'd,
 To make a garland for her hair,
 But she refus'd the gift so fair;
 This scorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be borne!
 But sweet's the love that meets return.

Just then he met my tell-tale e'en,
 And truest love is soonest seen;
 Dear lass, said he, my heart is thine,
 For thy soft wishes are like mine;
 Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,
 For sweet's the love that meets return.

My answer was both frank and kind,
 I lov'd the lad, and told my mind;
 To kirk we went with hearty glee,
 And wha sa blest as he and me?
 Now blithe we sing o'er Brae and Burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.

ROSES AND LILIES,

Set by Mr. Dibdin.

BEAUTY I sell, who'll buy? who'll buy?
 Roses and lilies, girls, here am I,
 Neither black, brown, or fair,
 Shall have cause for complaint,
 They shall all look like angels,
 And all without paint;
 Come maids and be beautiful, easy's the task,
 Use this Rouge newly taken from modesty's mask;
 As it blooms shall fair truth show your hearts in
 the flush,
 And duty's enamel shall polish the blush;
 For duty gives charms that will last all your lives,
 None but dutiful daughters make beautiful wives.
 Now's your time, all ye wives, would you beautiful
 grow,
 Draw some drops from content's lucid fount, as
 they flow,
 Take the mildness of love, throw away all the art,
 Mix those in endearments, alembic the heart;
 Let the fire of attention the whole gently boil,
 Then add nature's best gloss, a perpetual smile.
 Come round me, I've ware, for maid, widow and
 wife,
 'This essence of truth, to the eyes give a life;

This

THE BULL-FINCH.

319

This tincture of sweetness, shall lilies disclose,
And from these, virtue's balm, shall spring beauty's
 best rose,
Then while art's in fashion, why should you refuse,
That which nature and reason permit you to use.

TO-MORROW.

A favourite song, sung by Mr. Collins, at the Lyceum.

IN the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,
 May my fate no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow chair can afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o'er looks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad poney to pace o'er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the morn,
 Look forward with hope for To-morrow.

II.

With a porch at my door both for shelter and shade
 too,
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
 And a barn for the use of the flail;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
 And a purse when my friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
 Nor the honours that wait him to-morrow.

III.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be com-
 pletely
 Secur'd by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal on me more sweetly,
 By the sound of a murmuring rill;

And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow;
 With my friends will I share what to-day may afford,
 And let them spread the table to-morrow.

IV.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,
 Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
 On the verge of the grave I'll not seek to keep
 hov'ring,
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
 But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
 Nor repine at each wrinkle and furrow,
 As this old worn-out stuff which is threadbare to-day
 May become EVERLASTING to-morrow.

Sung by Mr. Darley, in the The Farmer.

ERE around the huge oak that o'er shadows yon mill
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine,
 Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
 Or a rook built his nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
 Since my fore-fathers toil'd in this field,
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate
 Is the same that my grandfather held.

He dying bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which unsullied descended to me,
 For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame,
 And it still from a spot shall be free,

Sung

*Sung by Mr. Bannister jun. in the Doctor and
Apothecary.*

SIGHING never gains a maid,
I'll tell you what is better far,
Call good humour to your aid,
And play the lads a tune upon your sweet guitar.

If a heart has nature dealt her,
Music's charms will surely melt her;
But should the gipsy answer no,
Sing Fal la de ral and let her go.

Sung by Mrs. Bland in Cymon.

Set by Mr. Linley.

TO fondness and truth my young heart was inclin'd,
'Till I found truth and fondness were lost on mankind;
Love had not a subject less fickle than me,
When my heart it first beat, beat pitty patty.

II.

My swain knelt and languish'd, he wept and he sigh'd,
And we vow'd to love on, Oh! at least till we dy'd;
I was all to him he the world was to me,
And my heart it still beat, beat pitty patty.

III.

My passion it lasted three days and a half,
 On the fourth I ceas'd sighing, on the fifth I could
 laugh;
 For my swain I found true to three more beside me,
 So my heart no more beat, beat pitty patty.

FAIR ROSALE,

*Sung by Master Walsh at the Theatre Royal in the
 Hay Market.*

ON that lone bank, where Lubin dy'd,
 Fair Rosale, a wretched maid,
 Sat weeping o'er the cruel Tide,
 Faithful to her Lubin's shade;
 "O may some kind, some gentle wave,
 " Waft him to this mournful shore,
 " These tender hands should make his grave,
 " And deck his corps with Flowers o'er.

II.

" I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
 " And pray for his eternal rest;
 " When time his Form had worn away
 " His Dust I'd place within my breast."
 While thus she mourn'd her Lubin lost,
 And echo to her grief reply'd;
 Lo! at her feet his corpse was toss'd,
 She shriek'd, she clasped.—Sigh'd and dy'd.

C O N T E N T S.

A.

<i>A Clerk I was in London gay</i>	-	Page 19
<i>Across the fields this morning</i>	-	92
<i>A dawn of hope my soul revives</i>	-	230
<i>Adieu adieu my only life</i>	-	12
<i>Adieu to the village delights</i>	-	67
<i>A fond father's bliss is to number his race</i>		48
<i>Ah! Strephon, what can mean the joy</i>	-	55
<i>Ah! will no change of time</i>	-	76
<i>All in the downs the fleet was moor'd</i>	-	249
<i>All will hail the joyous day</i>	-	96
<i>Amo, amas, I love a lass</i>	-	293
<i>And are you sure the news is true</i>	-	25
<i>And canst thou leave thy Nancy</i>	-	126
<i>Arrah Tippoo your highness give over your fun</i>		81
<i>Arise, my rosy nymph of May</i>	-	308
<i>A sailor's life's a life of woe</i>	-	5
<i>As Chloe came into the room i' other day</i>	-	154
<i>As cross the fields the other morn</i>	-	78
<i>As down on Banna's bank I stray'd</i>	-	29
<i>As health rosy health from cheerfulness flows</i>		23
<i>Ask if yon damask rose be sweet</i>	-	238
<i>As Thyrsis reclin'd by her side he lov'd best</i>		245
<i>As tink'ring Tom through streets his trade did cry</i>		98
<i>At the close of the day when the hamlet is still</i>		26
<i>At setting day and rising morn</i>	-	202
<i>A voyage over seas had not enter'd my head</i>		17
<i>Awake my fair, sweet Chloe wake</i>	-	13
<i>Awake, my love, in smiles awake</i>	-	306

C O N T E N T S.

A youth adorn'd with ev'ry art - 127

B.

<i>Beauty I sell, who'll buy who'll buy</i>	318
<i>Behold around the sons of war</i> -	82
<i>Behold the sweet flowers around</i> -	237
<i>Behold this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree</i>	299
<i>Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear</i> -	129
<i>Beneath a green shade a lovely young swain</i>	27
<i>Blithe as the hours of May</i> - -	193
<i>Blow, blow, thou winter's wind</i> -	125
<i>Blow high, blow low, let tempest tear</i>	190
<i>Bob Backstay was a soaking lad</i> -	201
<i>Bright Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day</i>	314
<i>Britons attend, I sing in merry lay</i> -	111
<i>By dimpled brook and fountain brim</i> -	130
<i>By the gaily circling glass</i> - -	123

C.

<i>Can love be controll'd by advice</i> -	236
<i>Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer</i> -	170
<i>Come all ye young lovers, who wan with despair</i>	306
<i>Come cheer up, my lads</i> - -	146
<i>Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear</i> - - -	34
<i>Come haste to the wedding</i> - -	140
<i>Come, Hope, thou queen of endless smiles</i> -	64
<i>Come live with me and be my love</i> -	107
<i>Come now all ye social pow'rs</i> -	145
<i>Come, Rosalind, O come and see</i> -	243
<i>Come roaze, brother sportsmen</i> -	44
<i>Come, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse</i>	157
<i>Come sing around my fav'rite tree</i> -	21
<i>Come ye party jangling swains</i> -	218
<i>Consider, fair Sylvia, ere wedlock</i> -	72

CONTENTS.

<i>Contented all day I could sit by your side</i>	271
<i>Contented I am and contented I'll be</i>	252
<i>Cupid, cruel knave of hearts</i>	24
<i>Cupid, god of soft persuasion</i>	234
<i>Curtis was old Roger's wife</i>	206

D.

<i>Daughter sweet of voice and air</i>	156
<i>Daughter, you're too young to marry</i>	33
<i>Dear Chloe while thus beyond measure</i>	42
<i>Dear Sir this brown jug that now foams with mild ale</i>	177
<i>Declare, my pretty maid</i>	248
<i>Distress me with those tears no more</i>	66
<i>Does the languid soul complain</i>	38

E.

<i>Encompass'd in an angel's frame</i>	63
<i>Ere around the huge Oak that over shadows you mill</i>	320

F.

<i>Fain would I sing my Daphne's face</i>	76
<i>Fair is the swan, the ermine white</i>	254
<i>Fair Kitty beautiful and young</i>	46
<i>Fair Hebe I left with a cautious design</i>	224
<i>Fickle bliss fantastic treasure</i>	23
<i>Flow thou regal purple stream</i>	79
<i>For tendernefs form'd in life's early day</i>	70
<i>For thee my fair a wreath has wove</i>	67
<i>For various purpose serves the fan</i>	267
<i>Forth from my dark and dismal cell</i>	164
<i>Free from sorrow, free from strife</i>	131
<i>Frolic and free for pleasure born</i>	268
<i>From flow'r to flow'r the butterfly</i>	167
<i>From</i>	

CONTENTS.

<i>From hope's fond dream tho' reason wake</i>	85
<i>From night to morn I take my glass</i>	212
<i>From tyrant laws and customs free</i>	176
<i>From ploughing the ocean and thrashing Monsieur</i>	36

G.

<i>Give me but a wife I expect not to find</i>	36
<i>Go George I can't endure you</i>	87
<i>Go patter to lubbers and swabs</i>	200
<i>Go rose, my Chloe's bosom grace</i>	236

H.

<i>Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd</i>	187
<i>Hail to thy living light</i>	128
<i>Happy hours all hours excelling</i>	154
<i>Happy the man whose wish and care</i>	148
<i>Hark! the horn calls away</i>	47
<i>Hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings</i>	292
<i>Hark! 'tis I your own true lover</i>	38
<i>Haste, haste, Amelia, gentle fair</i>	102
<i>Haste, my Nanette, my lovely maid</i>	102
<i>Here's an old song made by an ancient pate</i>	294
<i>Here a sheer bulk lies poor Tom Bowling</i>	199
<i>Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen</i>	152
<i>He's as tight a lad to see to</i>	97
<i>Her mouth which a smile</i>	59
<i>Her sheep had in clusters crept close to a grove</i>	296
<i>Hope, thou nurse of young desire</i>	238
<i>How blest the maid whose bosom</i>	52
<i>How blest has my time been, what days have I known</i>	223
<i>How blithe was I each morn to see</i>	226
<i>How brimful of nothing's the life of a beau</i>	240
<i>How gentle was my Damon's air</i>	219
<i>How happily my life I led</i>	90
How	

C O N T E N T S.

<i>How happy a state does a miller possess</i>	-	51
<i>How happy a state does a virgin possess</i>	-	120
<i>How happy were my days till now</i>	-	227
<i>How little do the landmen know</i>	-	181
<i>How long must hapless Colin mourn</i>	-	65
<i>How much superior beauty awes</i>	-	222
<i>How oft, Louisa, hast thou said</i>	-	192
<i>How sleep the brave who sink to rest</i>	-	292
<i>How sweet in the woodland with fleet bound and horn</i>	- - -	28
<i>How sweet the calm of this sequester'd shore</i>		75

I.

<i>I am a brisk and sprightly lad</i>	-	94
<i>I am a jolly pedlar</i>	-	83
<i>I be one of those sailors who think 'tis no lie</i>	-	194
<i>Je pense à vous</i>	- - -	311
<i>If I live to grow old</i>	- - -	184
<i>If love's a sweet passion how can it torment</i>		124
<i>If o'er the cruel tyrant Love</i>	- -	283
<i>If that man is happy whose life is most free</i>		132
<i>If those who live in shepherd's bow'r</i>	-	43
<i>If you my wand'ring heart would find</i>	-	267
<i>I'll sing you a song, faith I'm singing it now</i>		18
<i>I'm dashing Dick the dust-man</i>	-	6
<i>In airy dreams soft fancy flies</i>	- - -	61
<i>In all the sex some charms I find</i>	-	229
<i>In April when primroses deck'd the sweet plain</i>		104
<i>In a vale clos'd with woodland</i>	-	56
<i>In infancy our hopes and fears</i>	-	185
<i>In love should there meet a fond pair</i>	-	175
<i>In May fifteen hundred and eighty and eight</i>		60
<i>In my pleasant native plains</i>	-	185
<i>In the downhill of life when I find I'm declining</i>		349
<i>In this shady blest retreat</i>	- -	57
<i>I sail'd from the downs in the Nancy</i>	-	1
		<i>I seek</i>

C O N T E N T S.

<i>I seek not at once in a female to find</i>	-	247
<i>I sigh and lament me in vain</i>	-	70
<i>I travers'd Judah's barren sand</i>	-	21
<i>I've kiss'd and I've prattled</i>	-	59
<i>I was the pride of all the Thames</i>	-	14

L

<i>Let ambition fire thy mind</i>	-	35
<i>Let Bucks and Bloods to prize London agree</i>	-	10
<i>Let fops pretend in flames to melt</i>	-	106
<i>Let gay ones and great</i>	-	136
<i>Let me wander not unseen</i>	-	ibid.
<i>Let misers with their treasure</i>	-	202
<i>Let not rage thy bosom fring</i>	-	97
<i>Let Philosophers prate about reason and rules</i>	-	9
<i>Let the French hop and sing</i>	-	259
<i>Let the tempest of war</i>	-	121
<i>Let virtue soothe the hoary sage</i>	-	298
<i>Life's like a sea in constant motion</i>	-	208
<i>Love never more shall give me pain</i>	-	128
<i>Love sounds the alarm</i>	-	140
<i>Love's a gentle, gen'rous passion</i>	-	37

M.

<i>Miss Danaë when fair and young</i>	-	303
<i>My banks are all furnish'd with bees</i>	-	223
<i>My bliss too long my bride denies</i>	-	287
<i>My bottle is my wife and friend</i>	-	315
<i>My former time how brisk and gay</i>	-	41
<i>My heart's my own, my will is free</i>	-	228
<i>My love for Henry to conceal</i>	-	77
<i>My Nancy leaves the rural train</i>	-	166
<i>My native land I bade adieu</i>	-	90
<i>My roving heart has oft with pride</i>	-	255
<i>Myrtilla demanding the aid of my pen</i>	-	284
		My

C O N T E N T S.

My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine 49

N.

<i>Nature to woman still so kind</i>	-	86
<i>Near a thick grove whose deep embow'ring shade</i>	188	
<i>No more shall meads be dick'd with flow'rs</i>	260	
<i>No more the festive train I'll join</i>	-	109
<i>Nor on beds of fading flow'rs</i>	-	35
<i>Now away, my brave boys, hoist the flag</i>	296	
<i>Now Phæbus sinketh in the West</i>	-	108

O.

<i>O Betsy wilt thou gang with me</i>	-	134
<i>O dearly do I love to rove</i>	- -	74
<i>O'er moorlands and mountains</i>	-	179
<i>O ever in my bosom live</i>	- -	84
<i>Of all sensations pity brings</i>	-	205
<i>Oft am I by the women told</i>	- -	287
<i>O had I Jubal's lyre</i>	- -	254
<i>Oh, come thou rosy god of wine</i>	-	310
<i>Oh, how shall I in language weak</i>	-	242
<i>O Love, thou bitter foe to rest</i>	-	291
<i>O mighty chief the trembling captive spare</i>		83
<i>Once the Gods of the Greeks</i>	-	162
<i>One summer eve as Nancy fair</i>	-	290
<i>On pleasure's smooth wings how old Time</i>		159
<i>On that lone bank where Lubin dy'd</i>		322
<i>On thy banks, gentle Stour</i>	- -	33
<i>Oons, neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like this</i>		241
<i>O say, simple maid, have you form'd any notion</i>		20
<i>O the days when I was young</i>	-	182
<i>O wouldst thou know what sacred charms</i>		279

P. Parting

C O N T E N T S.

P.

<i>Parting to death we well compare</i>	301
<i>Poor Orra tink of Yanko dear</i>	62
<i>Pour, pour me out the parting glass</i>	153
<i>Push about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart</i>	233

Q.

<i>Queen Bess could twang the bow-string</i>	212
--	-----

R.

<i>Rail no more, ye learned asses</i>	106
<i>Resolv'd, as her poet, of Celia to sing</i>	281

S.

<i>Say, little foolish fluttering thing</i>	264
<i>Search all the world over thro' all times and ages</i>	80
<i>See from the silent grove Alexis flies</i>	217
<i>See the conqu'ring hero comes</i>	300
<i>See the course throng'd with gazers</i>	287
<i>See, ye swains, yon streaks of red</i>	58
<i>Shepherds I have lost my love</i>	303
<i>Shall I wasting with despair</i>	187
<i>Should the rude hand of care</i>	266
<i>Sick of the town fair Delia flew</i>	122
<i>Sighing never gains a maid</i>	320
<i>Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove</i>	93
<i>Since you mean to hire for service</i>	123
<i>Sin not, O king! against the youth</i>	56
<i>Soft pleasing pains unknown before</i>	39
<i>Soft Zephyr, on thy balmy wing</i>	62
<i>Some time ago I married a wife</i>	193
<i>Spirit of my fainted fire</i>	93
	Stand

C O N T E N T S.

Stand to your guns my hearts of oak	-	176
Sure Sally is the loveliest lass	-	133
Sweet are the charms of her I love	-	264
Sweet Inmate Sensibility	-	96
Sweet mercy is the loveliest flower	-	40
Sweet Poll of Plymouth was my dear	-	63
Sylvia wilt thou waste thy prime	-	105

T.

Tell me, lovely shepherd, where	-	136
The blithest bird that sings in May	-	234
The card invites in crowds we fly	-	256
The dauntless sailor leaves his home	-	306
The dusky night rides down the sky	-	173
The echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad	-	272
The faithless Theseus scarce had got on board	-	272
The festive board was met, the social band	-	239
The gentle swan with graceful pride	-	138
The glitt'ring sun begins to rise	-	278
The heavy hours are almost past	-	52
The honest heart whose thoughts are free	-	110
The lass of Pattie's mill	-	161
The main had darkness mantled o'er	-	9
The man who in his breast contains	-	135
The midnight moon serenely smiles	-	75
The moon had climbed the highest hill	-	68
The morning fresh, the sun in East	-	117
Then farewell my trim built wherry	-	173
The new-flown birds the shepherd sings	-	230
Then here's to thee, Tom	-	312
The nymph whom I lov'd was as chearful as day	-	274
The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r	-	265
There was an old man	-	99
The rose with sweet fragrance delights	-	79
The shepherd's plain life	-	44
The silver moon's enamour'd beam	-	40
The		

C O N T E N T S.

<i>The smiling dawn of happy day</i>	-	55
<i>The smiling morn, the blooming spring</i>	-	32
<i>The soldier tir'd of war's alarms</i>	-	125
<i>The sprightly horn</i>	- - -	119
<i>The streamlet that stow'd round her cot</i>	-	95
<i>The sweet-briar grows in the merry greenwood</i>		315
<i>The topsails shiver in the wind</i>	-	64
<i>The wand'ring sailor ploughs the main</i>	-	69
<i>The wanton god who pierces hearts</i>	-	137
<i>The women all tell me I'm false to my lass</i>		246
<i>The woodlark whistles through the grove</i>		263
<i>The world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit</i>		243
<i>They that would contentment find</i>	-	118
<i>This cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd</i>		301
<i>This life is like a sea</i>	- - -	198
<i>Though pity I cannot deny</i>	- - -	85
<i>Though the muses ne'er smile by the light of the sun</i>		22
<i>Though time has from your lordship's face</i>	-	91
<i>Though Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl</i>		172
<i>Though Chloe's out of fashion</i>	-	266
<i>Though my features I'm told</i>	- - -	217
<i>Though prudence may press me</i>	-	175
<i>Though the fate of battle</i>	- - -	284
<i>Thou soft flowing Avon</i>	- - -	121
<i>Thou soft invader of the soul</i>	- - -	257
<i>Thurs. day in the morn the nineteenth of May</i>		167
<i>Tight lads have I sail'd with</i>	-	213
<i>Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair</i>	-	166
<i>Time like the winged courser flies</i>	-	310
<i>To Anacreon in Heav'n as he sat in full glee</i>		142
<i>To Bachelors' hall we good fellows invite</i>		195
<i>To curb the will with vain pretence</i>	-	129
<i>To dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long</i>		151
<i>To ease his heart and own his flame</i>	-	280
<i>To fondness and truth my young heart was inclin'd</i>		321
<i>Together let us range the fields</i>	- - -	55
		To

CONTENTS.

To heal the smart a bee had made	-	110
To hug yourself in perfect ease	-	169
To keep my gentle Jessy	-	176
Tom loves Mary passing well	-	225
To reason, ye fair ones, assert your pretence	-	254
To thee, O gentle sleep, alone	-	262
To the feast of brave Bacchus	-	15
To the winds, to the waves, to the woods I com- plain	-	16
To wisdom's cold delights a foe to love	-	288
'Twas at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells	-	114
'Twas at the cool and fragrant hour	-	307
'Twas early on a holiday	-	276
'Twas when the seas were roaring	-	53
'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town	-	147

V.

Vain is Beauty's gaudy flow'r	-	301
Vain is ev'ry fond endeavour	-	270
Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre	-	245
Vows of love should ever bind	-	261

W.

Was Nanny but a rural maid	-	250
Was I a shepherd's maid to keep	-	252
Water parted from the sea	-	52
We bipeds made up of frail clay	-	197
Well met pretty nymph	-	139
Well, well, say no more	-	2,8
What are the boasted joys of love	-	76
What blest hours untainted with sorrow	-	91
What means that tender sigh, my dear	-	226
What med'cine can soften the bosom's keen smart	-	270
What		

CONTENTS.

<i>What mortal e'er saw such a creature</i>	-	95
<i>What shepherd or nymph of the grove</i>	-	185
<i>What's sweeter than the new blown rose</i>		146
<i>When all the attic fire was fled</i>	-	50
<i>When Bacchus, jolly god, invites</i>	-	221
<i>When Bibb thought fit from the world to retreat</i>		282
<i>When bidden to the wake or fair</i>	-	58
<i>When blushes dy'd the cheek of morn</i>	-	275
<i>When Britain first at Heav'n's command</i>		178
<i>When daisies py'd and violets blue</i>	-	143
<i>When first by fond Damon Flawella was seen</i>		241
<i>When first I kenn'd young Sandy's face</i>	-	317
<i>When first I saw thee graceful move</i>	-	285
<i>When first I sought your heart to move</i>	-	79
<i>When first this humble vale I knew</i>	-	68
<i>When forc'd from dear Hebe to go</i>	-	130
<i>When Harold was invaded</i>	-	191
<i>When here Lucinda first we came</i>	-	150
<i>When I beheld you all divine</i>	-	253
<i>When I drain the rosy bowl</i>	-	71
<i>When I return with courage bold</i>	-	195
<i>When I took my departure from Dublin's sweet City</i>	-	3
<i>When I was at home I was merry and frisky</i>		8
<i>When I was a young one</i>	-	231
<i>When I was young</i>	-	125
<i>When late I wander'd o'er the plain</i>		283
<i>When lovely Anna first I view'd</i>	-	309
<i>When mighty roast-beef was the Englishman's taste</i>	-	268
<i>When once love's subtil poison gains</i>	-	220
<i>When Phæbus the tops of the hills does adorn</i>		104
<i>When spring dispensing sweets around</i>	-	209
<i>When summer comes the swains on Tweed</i>		160
<i>When the anchor's weigh'd and the ship's unmoor'd</i>	-	203
<i>When</i>		

CONTENTS.

<i>When the nymphs were contending for beauty and fame</i>	- - -	248
<i>When the rose is in bud</i>	- - -	100
<i>When the trees are all bare</i>	- - -	101
<i>When the rosy morn appearing</i>	- - -	57
<i>When the sheep are in the fauld</i>	- - -	163
<i>When the young Chloe's rising charms</i>	- - -	28
<i>When trees did bud and fields were green</i>	- - -	108
<i>When wars alarms entic'd my Willy from me</i>	- - -	180
<i>When Werter fair Charlotte beheld</i>	- - -	183
<i>When William at eve meets me down at the stile</i>	- - -	58
<i>Wherever I'm going and all the day long</i>	- - -	141
<i>Where the jessamine sweetens the bow'r</i>	- - -	149
<i>While happy in my native land</i>	- - -	29
<i>While high the foaming surges rise</i>	- - -	73
<i>While others barter ease for state</i>	- - -	275
<i>While the lads of the village so merrily, ah</i>	- - -	175
<i>While the tedious hours beguiling</i>	- - -	311
<i>While warbling Italians decoy the gay throng</i>	- - -	210
<i>Whilst merit and reason give sanction to love</i>	- - -	256
<i>Whilst on thy dear bosom lying</i>	- - -	39
<i>Whither my love ah whither art thou gone</i>	- - -	87
<i>Who'd know the sweets of liberty</i>	- - -	45
<i>Who'er with curious eye has rang'd</i>	- - -	31
<i>Who'll buy a heart, Myrtilla cries</i>	- - -	222
<i>Why heaves my fond bosom, ah! what can it mean</i>	- - -	221
<i>Why will Florella when I gaze</i>	- - -	260
<i>Why will you my passion reprove</i>	- - -	262
<i>Will great lords and ladies</i>	- - -	88
<i>With horns and with hounds</i>	- - -	45
<i>With idle tales you fill my head</i>	- - -	198
<i>With lowly suit and plaintive ditty</i>	- - -	86
<i>With Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads</i>	- - -	257
<i>With the man that I love was I destin'd to dwell</i>	- - -	122
<i>With women and wine I defy ev'ry care</i>	- - -	151
		Would

C O N T E N T S.

<i>Would you hear a sad story of woe</i>	-	204
<i>Would you taste the noon-tide air</i>	-	144
<i>Would you with her you love be blest</i>	-	280

Y.

<i>Ye belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things</i>	244
<i>Ye fair married dames who so often deplore</i>	174
<i>Ye fair possess'd of ev'ry charm</i>	49
<i>Ye gay sons of Bacchus</i>	307
<i>Ye gods that round fair Celia wait</i>	291
<i>Ye mortals or sons of dull care</i>	207
<i>Ye mortals whom fancies and troubles perplex</i>	147
<i>Ye nymphs whose softer souls approve</i>	54
<i>Ye parents who breathe the cool ev'ning of life</i>	119
<i>Yes, Delia, 'tis at length too plain</i>	32
<i>Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now</i>	158
<i>Ye shepherds give ear to my lay</i>	258
<i>Ye shepherd so careless and gay</i>	304
<i>Ye sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too</i>	168
<i>Yet awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me</i>	110
<i>Ye true honest Britons</i>	103
<i>Ye warblers while Strephon I mourn</i>	228
<i>You ask me, dear Jack</i>	65
<i>You may feast your ears with a fife or a drum</i>	313
<i>Young Jockey he courted sweet Moggy</i>	155
<i>Young Strephon long doated on Phæbe the fair</i>	251
<i>Young women should shun tittle tattle</i>	95
<i>You say at your feet that I wept in despair</i>	269
<i>You tell me I'm handsome I know not how true</i>	232

2

FINIS.



04
44
80

44
74
49
07
91
07
47
54
19
32
58
58
04
68
10
03
28
65
13
55
51
95
69
32

